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Southern lyrics

Robert Paine Hudson

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Robert Paine Hudson



Young for Art's sake.
Robert Paine Hudson,
Nashville, Tenn., 1907.

Lyrics

A SERIES OF OF
POEMS

THE, HENRY
SOLD

THE, HENRY
SOLD

Nashville, Tenn.
LYRICS



Image for Art's sake.
John H. Brown, Hudson,
New York, 1907

Southern Lyrics

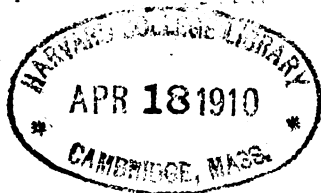
A SERIES OF ORIGINAL
POEMS ON

LOVE, HOME, AND THE
SOUTHLAND

BY
ROBERT PAINE HUDSON
Author of "Across the Two Mexicos"

Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A.
SOUTHERN LYRICS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1907

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The Author

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Dedication

To all true lovers of American song, whether they reside on the sun-kissed hills or in the flowery vales of my native Southland, or beneath the spreading pines or in the great population centers of the North and East; whether on the broad plains of the far West, including the isles of the Pacific, or in Old England, the mother of English song—this volume of lyrics is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR

Nashville, Tenn., May 5, 1907

PREFACE.

THESE poems, mainly lyrics on love, home and the Southland, were composed for the most part during the author's early life, when and wherever occasion permitted, but seldom with any thought of publication. They were in most instances letters to friends and loved ones, setting forth his experiences in life, at the same time his love for the beautiful. Not one was written to order nor for pay, nor was one ever sold in manuscript. They are lyrics of the heart rather than of the head, and the author does not claim for them any great erudition. The great majority was written when he was but sixteen to twenty-one years old. He wrote verses as early as fourteen, but those are not included in this volume.

In January, 1880, the author published a volume of poems under the title of "Roving Footsteps," selling 2,000 copies with his own hands. In July, 1887, he published another volume entitled "Songs of the Cumberlands." Then he bade his Muse farewell, and for twenty years wrote scarcely a line, going out of poesy to engage in other vocations.

Now, after twenty years of hard work along professional lines, he finds time to turn his attention again to his neglected Muse, this time in gathering into one volume all his poems that he would now publish. True, some have been omitted.

The given names of ladies to whom these love

poems were addressed have been added, believing that no one will object, since many of these ladies are now grandmothers, while others have passed into the Spiritual World. Also the dates and places have been added, because, in most cases, each poem is a reflection of the author's surroundings at that time.

The author wishes to say that the publication of this volume, whether well received or not, closes his aspiration in the poetic field. Since few Southern authors have appeared in song, especially those enthused with love for soil and people, he believes that a limited edition of this book may find a place. Because the trials and experiences of many young people entering life are similar to those of the author, he believes that here, if not elsewhere, these lyrics will strike a responsive chord. He believes further that the reading world will at last tire of fiction, at least in part, and go back to the beautiful in nature, the language of primitive life—poetry. Already he sees a faint streak of dawn of that coming day. Furthermore, he believes that no people can be truly patriotic who do not love a literature that interweaves the traditions and glories of the home land, and that the South, realizing this, will one day to her home writers open wide her gates.

NASHVILLE, TENN., October 6, 1907.

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SOUTHERN LYRICS.

COME, ERATO, AND WOO ME.

COME, Erato,* and woo me, Muse of mine!

Years dash their spray about me, yet you shun
My footsteps; queen of the celestial Nine,

Make me your phonograph through whom shall run
Your soulful melodies—you've shunned me long;

My heart is tuneless lest you whisper there;
This world has beauties, muse, of which your song
Should boldly speak, your tunes should fill the air.

Make me your agent, Erato! I've tried

To raise some inspiration, yet in vain;
Set me on Pegasus, there let me ride

And fear not, I can cling to tail and mane.
Here's much to sing; behold, this spacious land
Is filled with legends, fountains gurgle forth,
Glad rivers laugh and kiss each pearly strand,
While Ceres strows her gifts from south to north.

Seek not abodes of genii, so much here

Is yet unsung; I've naught to do but sing;
And now as autumn gathers round me sear,
Help me to turn the season back to spring.

*Muse of lyric and amatory poetry.

I dare not sing of love; there's naught so cold
As now my heart; a cinder it must be:
It one day burst with love, then from it rolled
A plaintive song that moaned from sea to sea.

I'll lay not down my lyre, though it is broken,
But key anew, and touch to other strain;
Then, critics, dear, O my! the things that you have
spoken

To crush my life may soothe me once again.
Muse, turn the music on—your soul release! .

No matter what the theme, yours is the song;
War is inspiring, but these times are peace;
I'm but your agent, muse, and, right or wrong,
I'll write and publish till you bid me cease.

NASHVILLE, TENN., October 14, 1883.

WEAVING A POEM.

I HAVE woven a song of material
I gleaned in wild places away;
I just took a big bushel basket
And stayed with the fairies all day.

With humming birds, crickets and wild flowers
And all the strange things of the glen,
They filled this big basket and tramped it,
Then filled it and tramped it again.

I came away trailing with love vines,
With katydids singing a din,
To a grove where green mosses were carpets,
And the loom was here set to begin.

The warp was the grasses and love vines,
 So the green and the gold could be seen,
 And butterflies' wings and the wild flowers
 Were the woof that was woven between.

So the shuttle was plied with much vigor,
 Interweaving the grasses and things,
 Till finally there came such a clamor
 Of voices and buzzing of wings,

I lifted my eyes from the batten
 And looked out the best that I could,
 And there moved about me the fairies
 And all the wild birds of the wood.

Then these woodnymphs took charge of the weaving,
 And these birds brought the filling, you know,
 And soon all the poem was finished,
 And here it is woven just so.

And this is the poem the fairies
 Did weave on their loom as of old,
 And its warp was the grasses and love vines,
 And its woof was the butterfly's gold.

MONTEAGLE, TENN., July 15, 1904.

FLY FAR, MY SONG!

FLY far, my song! now let thy tiny wing
 But lift thee up, then all the people woo;
 But if thy wooing no response shall bring,
 Sink back to earth and fade as I must do.

Fly far, my song, and fondly speak my love
Where'er the willing human heart may be;
But should each pulsing heart at last reprove,
Come back, my song, and calmly die with me.

Fly far, my song, for I would speak to men
A song of love and beauty in each home;
But if they hear us not, what shall we then?
Why surely we will try that world to come.

Fly far, my song! and yet it matters not
To me about the verdict that must be;
What though my songs on earth be soon forgot,
I know I'll sing through all eternity.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., November 15, 1905.

STROLL IN THE SOUTHLAND.

FROM the wild Appalachians, long lost in the haze,
I stroll in the Southland through long sunny days;
I passed the dense heathers of Cumberland heights;
The deer bounded by me, whose eyes were great lights.

I left the Warito,* whose smiles yet I trace,
But stooped in my wonder and kissed its bright face;
I've gone from the fountains that gush from those hills
To bathe in the seas that my heart ever fills.

Removed from my loved ones, I stroll o'er this strand,
Where summer forever is queen of the land;
Where palm and the cypress encircle the lakes,
And this glittering Pontchartrain of laughter partakes;

*Indian name of Cumberland River.

Where gay birds unwearied flit over the scene,
And the gray, friendless spider is weaving his screen :
Each prospect that greets me as daily I rove
Brings back to my memory the home that I love.

These waters unbounded go sporting along,
And wake in my bosom a volume of song ;
My days are a joy in the rapturous wood,
And my nights even more as I float on the flood.

Could a shadow of grief ever dawn in this place,
To darken the sunlight of beauty I trace?
Oh ! no, but when fancy transforms each dear spot,
And pictures my home where I know it is not.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 10, 1878.

MAID OF TALLAHASSEE.

TO ADA.

MID the oaks of Tallahassee
 'Way down South, so far away,
I have found a little lassie
 With bright eyes of darkest gray ;
With a face just like the morning
 'Twixt the dawn and full-grown light,
And long tresses, so adorning,
 Touched with deepest shades of night.
She is happy, always laughing,
 Never rude but ever meek,
While those orbs of hers are quaffing
 All your thoughts before you speak.

When I meet this charming maiden,
Gift of beauty from above,
Oh! my happy heart is laden
With the thoughts of long-lost love.

And it turns my heart to Heaven
To behold that perfect face,
For to earth is seldom given
Beauty such as here we trace.

Little maid of Tallahassee,
Full of love and life and play,
I would claim you for my lassie
If I had not passed your day.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., November 7, 1904.

LOVED ONES AFAR.

ON the soft gleaming sands of the seashore to-night
I wander and gaze on the sea;
The full moon on high, with her arrowy light,
Gilds nature with beauty for me.

The cool, balmy breezes come whispering along
With the billows that thunder ashore;
The mocking bird, piping his varied song,
Is heard above ocean's loud roar.

Wave rises and rushes to fall on the shore
Where its comrade soon dashes its spray;
Like armies they come, while the columns before
Forever are melting away.

I gather the seashells for loved ones afar,
From whose kindness I long have been gone;
They kiss me and whisper, "Wherever you are
Forget not the hearts yet your own."

I love the deep ocean, the seashore, this light
That gilds the broad prospect for me,
But I'd rather be back with those loved ones to-night
Than gaze on this beautiful sea.

FERNANDINA, FLA., April 15, 1883.

AT THE GATE.

TO NETTIE.

I FOUND you waiting at the gate
One day in that far Northern land;
I found you lone without a mate
Awaiting there my heart and hand.

I met you next among the hills
Of my own native Tennessee,
Where sweet contentment ever fills
My heart, and memories live with me.

Again we met 'neath Southern skies
Amid the break of tropic seas,
Where Flora's wealth made glad our eyes,
And Zephyr kissed with fragrant breeze.

Blow, gentle breeze, with life for me!
Sing, mocking bird, with joy e'ermore!
We breathe your love in Tennessee,
We live that love on Flora's shore.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 30, 1906

LOS ANGELES.

I KNOW a city, far away,
And yet on earth, the people say;
'Twas not in Heaven, for I was there
And viewed its groves and mansions fair,
Los Angeles!

I saw the groves of apricots,
The beds of pinks and touch-me-nots,
The figs of purple on the trees,
The ladies fair who gave me these,
Los Angeles!

I bathed in sunshine's white and gold,
I heard the warbler's song unrolled,
I felt a kiss as zephyr's breeze
Went skipping by from sunny seas,
Los Angeles!

And then I said, "O land of bliss!
If ever thus I knew thy kiss,
I need not die to reach my heaven,
For here it is to mortals given,
Los Angeles!"

PENSACOLA, FLA., May 14, 1905.

MY SWEETEST SWEET.

TO LENA.

My sweetest sweet, my dearest dear,
My fairest fair, my truest true,
I'll write to you this day from fear
You'll think that I'm neglecting you.

For that would never do, you know,
Once to neglect my little sweet;
I would not change that cheek's bright glow,
Nor break that bosom's perfect beat.

But let me tell you in my song,
The message you must now endure,
I cannot make my letter long,
For I shall see you Sunday sure.

DAWSON, GA., October 4, 1901.

A SUN-KISSED SEA.

TO LENA.

OH! if my love could but be with me
Down by this laughing, sun-kissed sea,
What would there be in reserve for me
Here on the brink of this sunlit sea?

Joys that would flow with a rush like this tide,
Oh! if my love could but be by my side;
Blisses as broad and as deep as this sea,
Oh! if my love could but be with me.

Out in a cocoanut grove I heard
Twitter and piping of strangest bird;
Onward I followed, in joy I strove
Till lost at last in the depths of love.

O depths of love! O my sunlit sea!
Forever would this be the place for me,
If my sweetest sweet, and my dearest dear,
And my fairest fair were only here.

PALM BEACH, FLA., December 20, 1901.

I'M FAR AWAY, LOVED ONE.

TO LENA.

I'M far away, loved one, 'mid emerald isles
That are kissed by an ocean of gold;
Where life is delight, and extravagance smiles—
But the half has not yet been told.

Here tropical fruits dangle sweet in each grove,
Birds are kissing the flowers of each tree;
I know if your bosom was ever in love
'Twould be now, in this journey with me.

Sometimes I repair to the ocean and breathe
The sweet zephyrs that languidly blow,
Then I hear a low voice from these tropical seas:—
"My love like this ocean shall flow."

O tropical isle that my bosom so thrills!
O ocean of beauty for me!
Please say to my loved one far over the hills,
"My love is as broad as this sea."

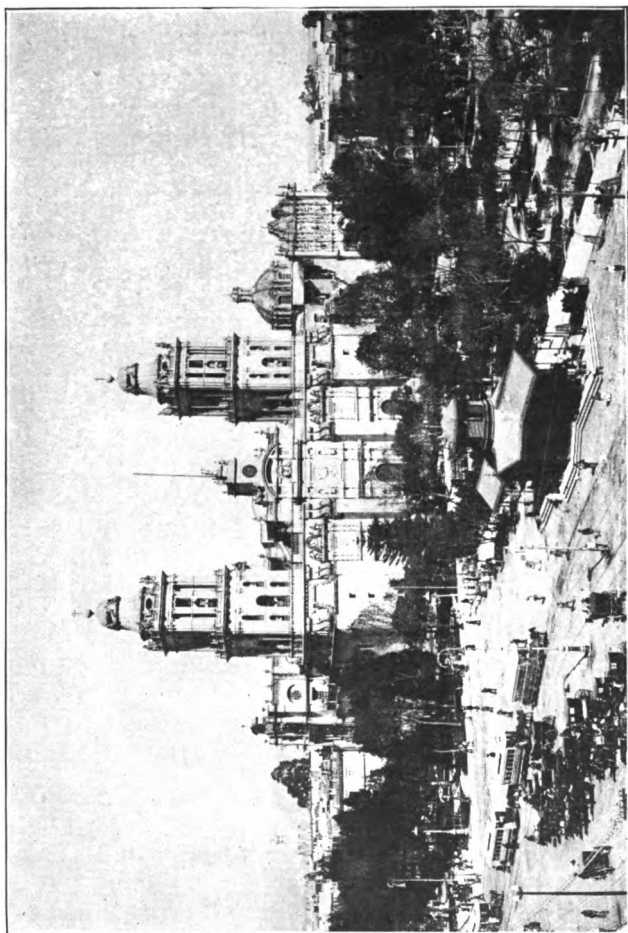
KEY WEST, FLA., January 16, 1902.

MAID OF CHIHUAHUA.

TO CARMELITA.

DARK-EYED beauty of Chihuahua,
Though this night you've captured me,
"Buenos noches!"* I must leave you,
Softly, "Adios!"† said she.

*Good night. †Good-by.



THE ZOCALO, MEXICO CITY.

"In the shades of Tenochtitlan
I must soon my love declare."

Fain would I remain to cheer you
Till this fleeting life is gone,
But the snows of Orizaba
Beckon me to hurry on.

There are scenes in distant Tula,
Ancient homes I must explore ;
There are maids in Guanajuato
Whose dark eyes I must adore.

I must hie to Zacatecas,
To that cool, delightful clime
Where dark maidens' smiles are lovely,
Where the mountains rise sublime.

On the plaza, dear, in Aguas
I must see those maidens fair ;
In the shades of Tenochtitlan
I must soon my love declare.

Soon I must explore Cholula,
Puebla, too, is calling me ;
And those ladies of Jalapa
I am longing, dear, to see :

For the Lord has painted beauty
On each maiden's face aglow,
Like the angels wear in Heaven,—
That is why I love them so.

In all Mexico, I know not
Some fair maiden's face will glow
Like my maiden's in Chihuahua,
So I somewhat dread to go.

Adios! my prayers will bless you
All the way through Aztec land;
When again I reach my country
Your sweet face will still command.

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, July 20, 1903.

MY MOCKING BIRD.

My mocking bird, whose twisted lay
I hear all night, again all day—
My mocking bird, I see you not,
Concealed there in that tangled spot.

Though, mocking bird, I see you not,
Concealed somewhere in mystic spot,
I listen to that thrilling lay
Throughout the night, through all the day.

However far my footsteps rove,
I hear that varied song of love;
'Mid citrus groves, by Southern seas,
That song is there my soul to please.

Bird, when I reach my home above,
I'll list to hear that song of love;
But if in Heaven I hear it not,
I'll seek again this tuneful spot.

Thus all my days my prayer has been
To sing for men and not be seen;
I long to hide my face away
And lift, like you, some tuneful lay.

RED BOILING SPRINGS, TENN., May 27, 1906.

I LOVED TWO GIRLS.

I LOVED two girls, but I am loth
To say I loved and lost them both ;
I loved two girls, 'twas years ago,
And which the most I hardly know ;
I did not love them both together,
But loved the one and then the other :
I truly know that nevermore
Was love like that for me in store.

The happiest man beneath the sun
Would I have been had either one
But married me, but gods that day
Threw blocks of rubbish in the way,
Then there were those some less divine
Who swore that neither should be mine,
Who all their days in worry tossed
To see my love and pleasure crossed.
The gods and others did succeed,
They saw my wounded bosom bleed,
And now, with both my beauties lost, •
My early hopes seemed ever crossed.

'Tis said, beneath the ocean's wave
Are fairer pearls than those we have ;
'Tis said that birds of finest quill
Are those that roam in freedom still,
That ladies, too, await us yet
As fair as those we could not get.

This may be true with all but me,
As pretty girls I've hoped to see ;
But rove and gaze where'er I may,
I find no ladies fair as they,

And I can never love again
With that same truthful love as then,
For that was a celestial love,
The same as angels know above;
And I shall never know again
The love that filled my bosom then
Till this frail flesh in ashes lies,
And I have passed beyond the skies.
But I shall have *one* then as fair,
And I shall know that love as rare,
For Heaven is where all blisses are,
And broken love can never mar.

PENSACOLA, FLA., March 14, 1905.

WHENCE THESE SONGS?

"WHENCE these songs?" the children ask me
As they press their lips to mine;
"Have you others?" yet they task me,—
Little fairies half divine.

Youthful Muses overtake me
When my country bursts to spring;
Thousand happy voices make me
Thrill with pleasure, so I sing.

Every spike that spreads its sweetness
Where the loud-note songsters throng;
Every mountain, in its greatness,
Whispers to my heart a song.

'Tis the music of the wildwood,
That you read in rhythmic chimes;

'Tis the stories of my childhood
Brought to me from olden times.

'Tis the lofty palms that greet me,
And the voice of Southern seas;
'Tis the children dear that meet me
Everywhere that give me these.

MOBILE, ALA., March 10, 1885.

WILD PIPER.

I HEAR an orchestra's sweet pleading
This eve as the shadows grow long,
I hear a wild piper's loud carol
Converting the vale into song.

The soft breeze is rife with the flute notes
That ring from the mountain away;
They come as bright dreams of the parted,
As joys of a happier day.

WALLING, TENN., June 4, 1880.

DARK WARRIORS ARE WHERE?

I WENT to the vale of the echoing Fred,
The walls of dark granite affronted the cloud;
They were blackened with smoke, but the warriors
had fled;
There thundered the cascade, and spray was its
shroud.

I turned to the caverns, the inmates had fled,
The twilight recesses I ventured to probe;
But on the damp pavements where revels had sped
Old Loneliness sat in her odious robe.

The warriors' grim ensigns of victory hung there,
I viewed each strange trace of a people and sighed;
On leaving I spoke, "The dark warriors are where?"
"Dark warriors are where?" all the caverns replied.
SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., May 6, 1880.

OOTHTENOKEE.

(Falls of Taylor's Creek, Tenn.)

HOVERING here, excluding day,
Ever hangs this cloud of spray;
Through the trees the tempest howls;
Far below the water scowls;
Here a tempest cleaves its way
Through this fissure night and day;
Leaping from the cliffs around,
Fall the streams with deafening sound;
Dancing, sparkling, wild they come,
Bursting into mist and foam:
Sometimes, when the vapors sway,
Struggles through a beam of day;
Then, in mists again immured,
Thus this grandeur is obscured.
Through the cloud that wraps the scene
Iris bends her lovely mien,
While above the mantling spray
Glow the silver shafts of day.

Where these dark abutments stand
Smile and frown go hand in hand,
Beauties greet you, yet beware,
Dark, deep chasms await you there.
Oothtenokee, in despair,
Sought these cliffs to end his care ;
On the hungry rocks below
Broke his cumbrous load of woe.

July 4, 1880.

ROBIN, SING!

ROBIN, sing, you lazy bird,
Burst your throat or herald May!
Many a rollicking laugh is heard,
Yet you've twittered not a lay.

Sing, you dreamy, drowsy sprite,
Sleeping out the sunlit day!
Here's the dogwood blossom white
Blooming o'er your silent spray.

Oh! the spring is bursting wide,
Onions tint the gardens green,
Silvery clouds through heaven glide,
Scarcely yet your plumes are seen.

Deep amid the valleys bloom
Honeysuckles, columbines ;
Bursting through the mountain's gloom,
Laugh the wild pinks, nod the vines.

Here you huddle on your perch
Sneaking from the light of May,
While is robed with leaves the birch,
While the streamlets toss their spray.

Sing or fly, you ugly dude!
Not a note I've heard to-day;
Sing or die, this stone is rude,
It may shade in black your May.

Mercy no! my robin's throat
Stretches, and he lifts his lay;
Joy, all joy, the thrilling note—
Live, my bird, to sing each May!

QUEBECK, TENN., May 10, 1883.

MY TENNESSEE.

RESPLENDENT sun with glorious light,
Whose parting leaves the evening lull
To stud the sky with stars so bright,
'Tis here you are most beautiful!

O crystal streams from mountain's peak,
Whose waters every sport assure,
And thousand springs from hills that break,
The world has nothing else as pure!

O beauteous vales that spread between
These mountain heights and picture bliss,
Fanned by a breeze from skies serene,
There's not another scene like this!

Bright, peaceful homes reflected here
In rivers that seem but the sky,
Shadowed by trees and rocks as dear,
No happier prospects meet the eye!

Dear, sighing groves, I want to find
Your shadows by some sparkling brook,
And, basking in the cooling wind,
Give up the eve to pen and book!

I want to find a water mill
That rumbles far up some ravine,
For there I know the blissful thrill
Of solitude in peace serene.

I love to know the peace that shrouds
These fields where armies spent their might,
Or walk among the floating clouds
Of Lookout Mountain's dizzy height.

There's not a dream the age records
Of iron wheels that banish space,
There's not a blessing earth affords,
But in its glory here we trace.

Young Spring, 'tis here your sweetest stroke
Dissolves in lovelier depths I see;
Each flowery bank and shadowy oak
Affords a paradise for me.

Oft by the noisy waterfall
I view the tides that whirl and seethe,
Or listen to the pewit's call
While strolling where the willows wreath.

My Tennessee, from east to west
Yours is the fairest earth imparts;
There's not another land so blest
With pretty girls and noble hearts.

O Tennessee, the rich and great,
Forever thus your triumphs be!
Let others seek some distant State,
I'll live and die in Tennessee.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., June 14, 1883.

*PEAK OF ORIZABA.**

THY feet are bathed in ocean's spray,
In lap the daisies blow,
About thy knees the cloudcaps play,
Thy mantle is the snow.

No foot of man pollutes thy snows,
Nor smoke and dust there rise,
Thy skirts are whiter than the rose,
Thy head's against the skies.

Man, with his filmy toy balloon,
Is playing round thee yet;
Thou'rt first to greet the sun and moon,
And last to see them set.

*Citlaltepetl, or Orizaba Peak, Mexico, rises 18,200 feet above the sea that washes its base, and is capped with snow all the year.

Time swings his scythe across the world,
And death his swath must be;
But backward is that sickle hurled
When once it reaches thee.

Though peaceful now, there was a time
When thunders shook thy form,
When blazes wrapped that head sublime
And cyclones rolled a storm.

While in that agony, afar
Who dared e'en look on thee?
While boulders flew like shooting star,
And lava poured a sea.

Thou, first to greet the man at sea,
And last to bid adieu,
Aristocrat of God, in thee
I inspiration view.

Above the clouds, above the storm,
Above the reach of time,
Forever lift that giant form,
O mountain peak sublime!

And may that form majestic stand
With shadow on the sea;
Now covering this romantic land,
That shadow falls on me.

Farewell! with nobler thoughts I go,
Yet look again on high
And see there spread those fields of snow
That seem to float in sky.

JALAPA, MEXICO, August 6, 1903.

APPEAL TO VENUS.

AGAIN do Venus' wreaking fires
Awake my heart to warm desires ;
Ah, Venus ! let me slumber now,
Nor wake my heart to nights of woe.

Methought thy rigid reign was o'er,
That nights of woe were mine no more ;
But, as the waking spring returns,
Again thy fire within me burns.

Ah, spare me ! let the seasons roll,
Nor wake new tortures in my soul ;
But, if my pleadings fail to move,
I fold my arms and yield to love.

WALLING, TENN.. March 12, 1879.

THE OLD TENNESSEE.

SHADOWED by mountains that play with the cloud,
Marked in your course by the gray rocks of time,
Dark, rushing waters that sprays often shroud,
River, your road all the way is sublime !

Gathering the bright, sportive streams as you move,
River, you've parted the heights that oppose ;
Leaving the hills far behind I so love,
Through valleys romantic your rapid flood goes.

Borne on your bosom, your march I've pursued,
Seen you united with floods not your own ;
Doubting, how often my hopes you've renewed !
River, I love you for times that are gone.

Spring ushers in, and your long fertile vales,
River, outbloom all the rest of the land;
Autumn returns, but your corn never fails,
Loaded with nuts here your tall hickories stand.

Angling, how often I've rowed o'er your tide!
Sporting, how oft I have known your embrace!
Often have stood on your steep, pearly side,
Viewing the moon as it danced on your face.

Mirroring back the grand scenes where you rove,
River unbounded, flow ever as free!
Others may choose what they will for their home,
Give me a home by the old Tennessee.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 20, 1885.

I WROTE SOME VERSES.

I WROTE some verses long ago
And what I wrote I hardly know,
Perhaps I was not thinking then
They might one day be read by men;
I wrote some verses, who did not
In early life and them forgot?
And mine were soon forgotten, too,
But now are brought again to view.
For thirty years* those verses lay

*For many years the Author lost sight of his early poems, because he did not intend to publish them; and would never have done so but for a series of disturbing dreams which occurred in 1905, while spending the winter in Florida. One

Concealed in musty drawers away ;
In all that sleep they were not read,
But lay as silent as the dead,
No one to ask if all was well,
No friends to sing the song they tell ;
At length is passed the darksome night,
Day throws across each page its light,
And back to life my verses start
To lodge, I trust, within your heart.

PENSACOLA, FLA., March 22, 1905.

WHEN I MUST SHELTER.

WHEN I must shelter from life's blast,
And sickness bids me cease to roam ;
When death shall shroud my form at last,
O angels, waft my spirit home !

I fain would leave this darksome place,
Where fiercely blows misfortune's blast,
In search of some sweet, smiling face,
Or dwell where pleasures ever last.

night an angel or good spirit, if not his forsaken Muse, appeared in glowing white, and placed in the Author's hand a beautiful book. On opening the book it proved to be the Author's early poems. No attention at first was paid to this dream. But the next night this same good spirit came again with the same book, and so continued for weeks ; nor did he cease coming till the Author, unable to stand it longer, telegraphed home for his old manuscripts, and settled down to transcribing them.

And who would not exchange this place
Of trouble for a home above?
Yet fear of being lost in space
Still keeps us from that home of love.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., June 23, 1876.

WHEN EARTH INWRAPS.

TO LETHE.

WHEN earth inwraps this languid clay
And vital spark has winged its way,
O Lethe! let thy sweets be strowed
Above that desolate abode.

May flowers be twined together there
Of odors sweet and colors rare!
But not a granite shaft to show,
Or mark that silent scene of woe.

No mournful cry above my tomb
To mar the day or nightly gloom;
Let Zephyr, with her gentle wind,
Breathe whispers to the corse confined.

Let peace repose upon that sod
That's ne'er by sad ones to be trod,
There, Lethe, hush each moan nor sigh
Where roses spring to life and die!

For I have not a home on earth,
For I to this was doomed from birth;
Nor look with pity on that sod,—
My life and home are with my God.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 2, 1877.

LOST IN FLORIDA.

TUSTENUGGEE, tell me, guide,
Where we are; we perish here;
Tempests gather far and wide,
Thunders grate upon my ear.

What a grand, terrific light
Flashes through this wilderness!
Yet each blaze that breaks the night
Adds no hope in our distress.

Through the fan-palms crocodiles
Seek the pathway where we grope;
Greeted by their hungry smiles,
We may bid adieu to hope.

'Mong these breaking, crashing trees
Who would tremble not with dread?
Near us break the angry seas,
While the clouds their torrents shed.

Gladly would we say good night
To this flashing, swaying scene;
No, we wander here till light
Tears away the sable screen.

Indian's hut perhaps is near,
Hajo, speak your signal call;
Nothing but these hammocks hear,
Where no human footsteps fall.

Yet may not a shelter be
In this tangled forest found?

Yonder, lo! an orange tree
Spreads its sheltering leaves around.

Guided by the lightning's blaze,
Marshes, miring sands, we press;
Chilled by rains and salt sea sprays,
Thus we tramp this wilderness.

DAYTONA, FLA., April 11, 1881.

LAUGHING SPRING.

PATIENT Spring has suffered so
Waiting for the frosts to go;
Moved at last the hoary fields,
She her gentle influence yields;
Waked to life, each forest rings,
Earth the brightest verdure brings.
Sold to joy, I seek the wood;
Trilliums, vines obstruct the road,
Shimmering leaves shut out the sky,
Brooklets mumble, zephyrs sigh.
Through each dark, secluded grove
Follow me if Spring you love;
Ever blossom, ever ring,
Happy, gentle, laughing Spring.

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 20, 1880.

CHICKAMAUGA.

(On visiting this battlefield, September 12, 1881.)

THIS evening a shudder came o'er me
As I tramped this broad battlefield o'er,
And thought of the men who, before me,
Had hurried there dripping with gore,

I thought of each struggle so gory
With thousands that wrestled for might,
Each call on the soldier for glory
With the plea that he fought for the right.

The plain is a ruin of forest
And fort that depict the fierce fray;
The plowshare, in efforts the poorest,
Would hide each grim vestige away.

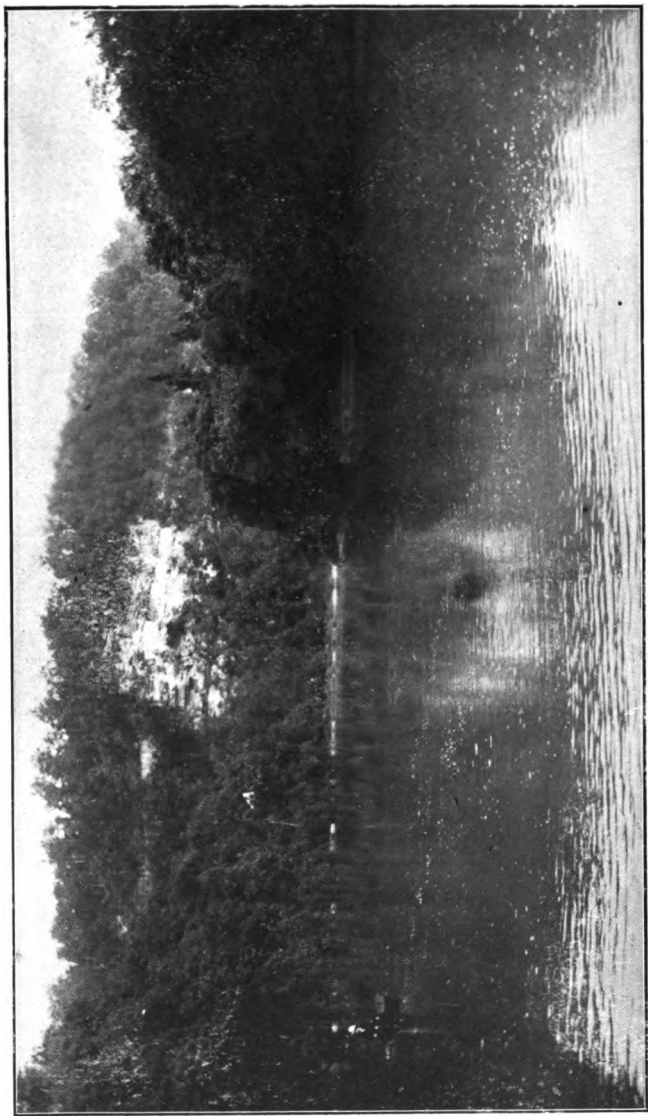
Broken bayonets are seen at each fastness,
There molder the musket and blade;
The graveyard bespeaks, in its vastness,
The havoc these relics have made.

I turned from the field as the shadows
Marked out the long lines of the foe,
To picture the orphans and widows,
And hearts yet unsoothed in their woe;

The rattle of steel seemed to follow,
The guns from each rampart to speak;
I heard the poor sufferers hollo—
O fearful imagining, break!

But why has humanity such weakness
As in conflict like this to be seen?
'Tis a lack of that spirit of meekness
Which lived in the poor Nazarene.

If men would but list to His teaching
And make that the whole of this life,
A brotherly love would go reaching
All hearts, and there'd be no more strife.



SCENE ON THE CANEY FORK AT BAILIFF'S FERRY, HORSESHOE BEND, TENN. (THE AUTHOR IS SEEN IN THE BOAT.)
"O my river of all rivers!"

ODE TO THE CANEY FORK.

CRYSTAL river, circling, seething,
Foaming river, babbling, moaning,
Pearly river, bright, reflecting,
Playful river, ever laughing,
Pleading river, always calling,
Rushing river, now unwieldy,
Wild, deep river, oft defiant,
O my river of all rivers!
Clustered round your noisy cascades,
Filling, blessing all your waters,
Resting on your cliffs and mountains,
Live my dearest, sweetest memories.

O my earliest friend and comfort,
I have spent so many summers
Wading, trolling in your rapids,
Rowing on your circling eddies,
Trode your vales from morn till evening,
Heard my voice from cliffs responded,
Sheltered in your caves from tempests,
Swam your cooling tide by moonlight,
No, I never can forget you,
Never, never breaks my fondness.

Flowery isles and rippling fountains,
Cloudless skies with balmy breezes,
Towering rocks with deepest shadows,
Waterfalls half hid in vapor,
Lovely girls that kiss you, bless you,—
Make your course a tour of rapture,
Most endeared of all the rivers,
Mimic sea, the heaven's mirror!

When through other lands I wander,
Though I meet with cliffs as lofty,
Waterfalls that speak as loudly,
Yet I find me sighing, sighing,
For your rocky banks, my river!

In my heart enthroned forever,
Time nor fate can e'er depose you;
Far though be my straying footsteps,
I will oft return to greet you,
Rest from cares that daily haunt me,
Shun a world of envy, censure,
View the sands my feet imprinted,
Seek your cliffs, my early shelter,
Plunge into your throbbing bosom,
Source of all my youthful pleasure,
O my river of all rivers!

WALLING, TENN., September 10, 1884.

ELMER RUSSELL HUDSON,

Born to spirit life December 17, 1893.

DEAR little heart that beat with love
For mamma and his papa, too,
Has joined the throng that beats above
To beat with love as angels' do.

Dear little feet that never walked*
Are walking now the golden streets;
The little tongue that never talked
Is talking now, and love repeats.

*His natural feet never walked, but his spiritual feet are walking now.

Dear little mouth that ever laughed
Is laughing now where angels greet;
The little throat that bitters quaffed
Is drinking now the nectars sweet.

Dear little life that shone about
Us like a meteor passing by,
Too soon that little light goes out
To us and leaves a darkened sky.

Somewhere go place this lump of clay,
'Twill be his dwelling place no more;
And hide his little toys away—
For him are better ones in store.

The dear, sweet boy, he had to go
To be an angel bright, for aye;
It seems so far, and yet we know
'Tis but a step across the way.

Good-by! these parting kisses here
In tears, that now our hopes destroy,
The angels are repeating there
In sweet reception of our boy.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 20, 1893.

SUNSET AT BARRANCAS.

THE sun goes down into the dappled sea,
A fading ruby glimmer marks his grave,
The dewdrops kiss the opening flowers, the bee
Well freighted seeks its isle across the wave.

The breezes cease to fan the fisher's brow,
The billows hush their thunders on the shore,
The weary bird grows silent in his bough,
And nature whispers, "Sunset, day is o'er!"

This were a desert were these songsters mute,
These pines present a moaning colonnade;
This sand, this sea of sand, who can compute
Its vast extent, or tell us why 'twas made?

Here is a lighthouse, let me turn aside
To look across the sea from out its height;
No, I am weary with the ocean wide,
You do the climbing, let me rest to-night.

BARRANCAS, FLA., May 1, 1881.

BY CANEY FORK'S STREAM.

FEW summers have passed since I wandered
By Caney Fork's clear, sparkling stream,
Or stood by its waters and pondered
On each dancing, ephemeral beam.
Ofttimes, without spirit affrighted,
I glided where dark billows roll;
Though toilsome, I still was delighted,
For loving had seared not my soul.

Not billows nor winds could impede me,
As my spirited skiff I propelled;
No boat I allowed to outspeed me,
At swimming I was not excelled.

No morning or evening was dreary,
No pleasure was dark in its goal,
No limb of my body grew weary,
For loving had seared not my soul.

Through bottom, o'er hill I would ramble
And gather the blossoms of spring,
Or sit near some deep, hidden bramble,
And hear the birds' matinees ring.
The wilderness dreary I courted,
In its solitude often to stroll;
On the lawn and the meadow I sported,
For loving had seared not my soul.

How few are the days that have taken
Those pleasurable moments from me!
Yet many a heart has forsaken
Since thus I was happy and free.
No songs of the birds now can haunt me,
No billows around me can roll,
No beauties of nature enchant me,
Since loving has famished my soul.

The fetter of loving has bound me,
I wither and die 'neath its touch;
The horrors of living surround me,
The terrors of death are too much.
I dream of the idol who binds me
Still in her tyrannic control;
I bear with my grief, which reminds me
That loving has famished my soul.

O days of my youth that departed,
Return, in a moment return!

Relieve me while thus broken-hearted,
While thus in derision I burn.
I languish for moments that faded
When I mounted the billows that roll;
When the Caney Fork rapids I waded
Ere loving had famished my soul.
MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 5, 1877.

WILD WAVES BREAKING.

BREAK, madly break, ye wild waves of the sea!
Ever break with that booming roar;
And break round the world to eternity
With the thunders you break on this shore.
Splash, madly splash, ye wild waves, evermore,
With thy millions of tongues out at sea;
Though I see not and hear not beyond this dark shore,
Out there thou art breaking as free.
Boom, loudly boom, ye wild billows set free,
Like a beast that escaped from his lair;
Boom on till the land is all washed into sea,
Sea here and the continents there.
DAYTONA BEACH, FLA., December 5, 1905.

SONNET TO SPRING.

STILL frolics Spring, the fields with spikes are strown,
The mumbling brooklets through the meadows flow,
The mock-birds trill, the busy planters go;
Good-by to Winter since his frosts are gone:
I stroll among the rugged cliffs alone



Still frolics Spring, the fields with spikes are strown.

(53)

At eve to see the sunset's dying glow,
Or troll in rapids where the blushing bow
Of Iris bends above me as my own.
O Spring, with life for me! O glorious Spring!
Reward of four months' suffering in the frost!
We laugh forever 'neath your verdant wing,
But sigh forever when your smiles are lost;
Sear Autumn may have pleasures yet to bring,
But flowers and sunshine children love the most.
SUMMITVILLE, TENN., May 25, 1882.

DARK IS THE WILDERNESS.

DARK is the wilderness, sad is my heart,
Naught now my soul can bless nor bliss impart;
Jesus, who rules on high, lend me thine aid,
Unto my soul draw nigh ere life shall fade.

Hear this unworthy prayer breathed in thine ear,
Give me a soul to bear this dread and fear;
'Fore thee I humbly bow, asking thy grace;
Take me, O Jesus, now in thy embrace!

Give me a home above in endless life
Where all is peace and love and no more strife;
Where could I look for rest but rest in thee?
Where else could I be blest? to thee I flee.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., January 27, 1876.

NIGHT OF GRIEF.

SEE me, the tempest-driven boy,
Who scarce has known one hour of joy;

See me rejected in the world,
Far from all scenes of pleasure hurled.
Last night one gleam of hope flew by,
For then my love was beaming nigh;
To-night her absent form I mourn
And think she will no more return.

Oh! how can happiness be known
When from my soul that life has gone?
No gifts of fortune comfort me
When her sweet smile I cannot see.
Gold, worshiped gold, if thou wert mine,
No brighter suns would on me shine,
If ever from my eyes were moved
The object I so long have loved.

Fate, ruling goddess, spread thy arms
And bear to me her absent charms,
That I may 'bove the world be blest
In warmest love, in perfect rest;
Through life to me thy hand has dealt
All woes a human heart e'er felt.

BARDWELL, KY., January 8, 1878.

AMMA BY THE RIVER.

AMMA, walking by the river,
Where the Bailiff mill once stood,
While the moonbeams blandly quiver,
Sees herself beneath the flood.
At the sight her visage brightens,
And she strives to reach the shade;
But the laughing thing she frightens,
And its beauties dance and fade.

Now the water's face is stiller
Where her rounded arms were laid;
Nothing marks it but the miller,
And again there stands her shade.
Ah! sweet angel, smiling ever,
Ne'er before my heart could love;
Let me seek thee in the river,
Let me with thee ever rove.

Now the love-enraptured daughter,
Early by love's zephyr blown,
Dips again her arms in water,
And again the shade is gone.
Ammma, all my fate has been thus,
I have lost whate'er I sought;
Phantoms in this world will win us,
Flit away and leave us naught.

WALLING, TENN., November 5, 1879.

A SERENADE TO MINNIE.

SWEET Minnie lay in blissful dreams
Supine upon her trundle-bed;
A new moon's peaceful, feeble beams
In silence through the pane were shed.

They flitted through the realms of space,
Fell softly through the light thin air,
Then, lighting on her winsome face,
They printed fast their kisses there.

She dreamed of banks that teemed with flowers,
Of birds of every kind and hue
That sang amid those happy bowers,
And round her beauties blandly flew.

They sang so loud, so sweet and clear,
They roused her from those blissful dreams;
She listened, to her happy ear
Sweet music floated on those beams.

The sounds of hautboy, harpsichord,
Pianoforte, organ, horn,
All mingled with melodious words,
Right through that window pane were borne.

She sprang in rapture from her bed,
The window sash she quickly raised,
And, when appeared her shapely head,
She heard the shouts, "Be praised! be praised!

"We hail thee with a fervency
That nevermore can be outdone;
We greet thee with our minstrelsy
Because thy lovely life has won.

"May angels guard thee through the day,
Protect thee from all nightly dread;
May Heaven's brightest, happiest ray
Forever fall upon thy head!

"Farewell, sweet Minnie! now we go,
Yet blessing thee where'er we fly;
Full many a prayer from us shall flow
For thee to Him beyond the sky."

Then ceased the music, and the band
Retreated through the moonlit wood,
While Minnie, waving high her hand,
Yet by the open window stood.

BARDWELL, KY., December 8, 1878.

I MET THEE THERE.

TO MINNIE.

WHILE wandering through the land of sleep
I met thee, Minnie, there,
And angels did thy guidance keep
And all thy feelings share.

I ne'er before had viewed a mien
Like thine, so heavenly bright;
No, never had these eyes e'er seen
A robe so purely white.

Perhaps in Heaven I met thee, fair,
Since Heaven is found through sleep;
Then how I long to meet thee there,
And thy sweet guidance keep!

BARDWELL, KY., January 16, 1878.

ADOWN THE STREAM.

TO MINNIE.

THOUGH there's joy around thee strowed,
And a sun that sweetly gleams;
Though upon thy velvet road
Nothing, love, malicious seems,—

Will the moment e'er return,
Even though thou distant be,
When thy love will gently burn,
And thy thoughts be placed on me?

Will my semblance, in thy sleep,
Linger with thee as of yore?
Shall we scramble down the steep
To the dark and craggy shore?
Shall we drift adown the stream
In the boat we used to row?
Even though it be a dream,
Let us think it were not so.

If, on hills of distant Spain,
Thou shouldst chant in Luna's beam,
Though between us roll the main,
Shall I ever be the theme?
Be it granted, though apart,
Oft thy thoughts may turn to me,
As each hope within my heart
Ever brilliant dwells on thee.

BARDWELL, KY., May 10, 1878.

I MISS THEE THERE.

TO MINNIE.

My love, the solitary hours
Move slowly o'er these silent bowers;
Though once they echoed to thy notes,
Now stillness o'er the aspect floats;

And yonder, where we used to greet
And laugh and romp with flying feet,
And spirits which did never tire,—
I trace no beauty, no desire
I have to rise and wander there.
I miss thee there as everywhere,
Thy voice is gone that filled the air ;
At morning when I rise to walk
Through fields and view each tender stalk,
The birds have scarce a note to move
A heart of anxious, severed love.

The river rolls as pure and free
As when we crossed it joyfully,
But now, when rowing o'er the tide,
Thou, love, art absent from my side,
And all the joy that would be here
Afar has moved, and naught can cheer.
I miss thee in my moonlight stroll,
There grief presides with grim control ;
But when I enter home, how sad !
No smiles are there to make me glad,
No gentle one to soothe my woe,
Or comfort when these teardrops flow.

Roll on, ye slothful wheels of time,
Bring faster each suggestive chime,
Fly with these seasons that must roll
Ere Minnie greets again my soul.

WALLING, TENN., July 24, 1879.

DEPART, YE WILD FANCIES.

TO MINNIE.

OH! why should my soul be immovably fixed
On a heart that responds not to mine?
Why wish all my teardrops with thine to be mixed?
Ah! wherefore my fortune be thine?

An affection for thee I had firmly denied,
Till thy beauties me ne'ermore could move;
I met thee, my soul stood and tremblingly sighed,
And plead through my eyes for thy love.

The rock-covered mountains remembrance still claim,
There are charms on the wave-beaten shore;
Though I love them, alas! I shall sigh at their name,—
There, love, I shall meet thee no more.

Youth's gone, and its visions repose in the past;
With them thou wert parted from me;
It had been far less happy though longer to last,
Had I passed it with other than thee.

The pathway I travel inclines to the east;
Thine, wandering, turns to the west;
And when thou art reveling in pleasure's sweet feast,
Remember I, too, shall be blest.

I'll rejoice but to learn that thy home is e'er blest
With joys, though they be not my own;
How truly, indeed, would my heart be distressed
To know that thy happiness was gone!

Then why should I love thee and wish thou wert mine?
I know that thou never wilt be ;
But my spirit submissive still bows at its shrine,
And my joy is to look upon thee.

Depart, ye wild fancies, adieu, all my hills,
Ye rivers of canopy's blue!
Dark shades of the woodland and mossy-banked rills,
Past joys and my loved one, adieu!
HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., December 13, 1879.

MEMORIES OF YOU.

TO MINNIE.

DEAR girl, in the vale where your lovable form
Was sheltered in earlier years,
Where we greeted the sunshine or breasted the storm
To mingle our blessings and fears ;
Where we rowed o'er the river* that glided along
With a rollicking laugh ever new,
Or squandered the moments in transport and song,—
I count o'er my memories of you.

Here stands the gray crag that we mounted to view
The landscape before us that lay ;
Above it the sky bends as cloudless and blue
As it did in our happiest May.
The skiff that we paddled here rests on the shore,
But time has corroded its chain ;
The gunwales are broken, the burdens it bore
Perhaps it will bear ne'er again.

*The Caney Fork.

Here the cataract falls, and its thunders are heard
On the mountain and thorn-covered moor ;
Here often we strayed and we spoke not a word,
But by gesture, so deafening the roar.
Here circle the eddies and bubble the boils
Where we waited and angled of yore ;
Here the old water-wheel with its burden still toils,
The mill rocks and groans as before.

Here rises the dwelling that sheltered your head,
But its rooms have been silent for years ;
The beauteous soul that adorned it has fled,—
I view the old cottage through tears.
The fences are broken, the lilies are gone,
Your eyes so delighted to view ;
Here Loneliness sits on the fountain's cold stone,
Day and night she is mourning for you.

The "too-who" of the owl echoes loud through this
vale,
Like our pleasures the day softly dies ;
Now comes on the breezes the night-bird's sad wail,
And the moon drops her light from the skies.
How pensive to stand in this valley and see
Sable Night spread her mantle abroad !
My comrade removed, here is left but for me
Wandering love and a crag-covered road.

HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., October 10, 1881.

HILLS THAT ECHOED.

Composed during a visit of the Author's to the home of his youth.

HILLS that echoed to my voice
When o'er you in youth I wandered,
Shades that made my heart rejoice
When amid your depths I pondered,—
Charms of yore I find not here,
See not in this retrospection;
All have gone and little dear
Rises to my recollection.

Not a vine, nor bird, nor flower
Meets the wand'ring eye of any,
Not a leaf upon my bower
Quivers where were once so many;
See the cottage on the hill,
Every part the winds are rending,
By the river see the mill
In one heap of ruins blending.

See the grasses on the lawn,
All are fallen, seared and mangled;
See, the garden fence is gone,
And the briars are there entangled.
There, my favorite tree is dead;
When in strangers' hands I placed it
Well I knew would droop its head
Ere my arms again embraced it.

Where are friends who made this place
What it was in days of rapture?
Where is she whose smiling face
Did at last my spirit capture?
Fortune, ah! thy dread behest
Led them forth to scenes of sorrow;
Then, ye hills which once I blessed,
Fare you well for each to-morrow!

HORSESHOE BEND, WHITE COUNTY, TENN., October 26, 1877.

IN SOLITUDE.

HERE where the Indian war-whoop rung
And nature rugged scenes unfolds,
Here where the dying song was sung,
Dark Solitude his kingdom holds.
The dark-eyed maiden now is gone
Whose footsteps flitted through the vale;
No sound disturbs the mountains lone
Save winds that round their summits wail.

Who now that treads the pathless wild
Of mountains wrapped in sullen gloom
Feels not distressed for nature's child
Who mid these vales has found a tomb?
And yet I love these vales and caves,
Their depths reflect my own dark mind;
In them a race have found their graves,
Within their gloom mine let me find.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., January 4, 1880.

ON MOVE THE RIVERS.

TO JOHN.

THOUGH sterile seem these crags, this rock-girt soil,
Where war's destructive vipers once could coil,
Though storms of wind and lightning round them fret,
They, John, can claim some merit even yet.
The gentle spring, affecting everywhere,
Refuses not to pause and linger here,
Adorning hill and mountain, vale and crag,
With leaflet, lily, pink and blooming flag;
Nor has she now neglected to return
Those birds for which we've oft been wont to mourn.

Ah! Spring has seized these mountains, wrought them
o'er,
And made them lovelier far than e'er before;
These stubborn rocks, which once seemed lost to all,
She woos and covers with a verdant pall;
On move the rivers, laughing on the road,
Sweet thirst-abaters, witness of a God:
Young Zephyr trips along, O happy Spring!
E'er woo us with thy gentle, balmy wing;
We cannot give thee up, remain awhile,
And let us court the sunlight of thy smile.

The Sabbath comes, the happy maidens skip
Along the mead with kisses on each lip,
And, like the noon's unclouded April skies,
Are beaming day and night their winsome eyes;
To see them once is ever to admire,
And e'en to kindle Venus' quenchless fire.

What being could in all this universe,
'Mid scenes like these, a single moment curse?
Who once could think that Love, the archer, wooed
And caused despair around my haunts to brood?
These mountain scenes, though once by me beloved,
Have not attractions that my heart have moved.

I stalk with rod in hand where torrents roar,
And wish sometimes this dreary life were o'er,
Since whomsoe'er I love, though mild her eyes,
Turns wild and mocks me like the angry skies.
But come and see, assist me to contend,
These girls, perhaps, your person will befriend;
They will not mine, and yet I've not resigned
The field, for care and contest suit my mind.
Come, linger with me, 'twill be ours to know
Some comfort, though my heart is prone to woe;
Come, wander with me, 'twill be joy to see
You win the girls who ne'er were meant for me.
The blossoms that adorn the forest trees,
And fill with spicy fragrance every breeze,
Will yield us pleasure as we walk along,
Or listen to the warbler's matin song.
Some sweet contentment I shall strive to find
To soothe the sorrows of a parching mind,
And I will make a mighty struggle here
To number sorrow with the things that were.
Why should I mourn, though disappointment crown
My efforts, and my siren ever frown?
I'll quit the field, and struggle to suppress,
By nightly prayer and absence, this distress.

WALLING, TENN., March 30, 1879.

A FRIEND DEPARTS.

TO JOHN.

SEE, the summer departs, and those radiant beams,
Now broken, are stealing away;
But back through the vapor his countenance gleams,
Thus yielding the soft light of May.

So thou art departing; the pleasure we've known,
Now cleft, was too blissful to last;
But a radiant glow from the face that is gone
Long over my soul will be cast.

ROWLAND, TENN., September 21, 1881.

LOVE'S DEADLY CHAIN.

OH! may my vision never know
This maiden's face again;
I would not feel the stunning blow,
Nor wear the deadly chain,
That I have felt, that I have worn
In days when sneers were hurled,
If she were of a princess born,
Or empress of the world.
Too well I've known her blissful smile,
Too well her unbelieving;
How oft I've tried to reconcile,
Yet she kept on deceiving!
Oh! never may these eyes of mine
Behold her form again,
Yet it my bosom must enshrine
Till I am dead to pain.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., February 4, 1876.

BY THE MISSISSIPPI.

(An acrostic giving the Author's name.)

ROWING in his bark canoe,
Once the Indian here exulted ;
By this ~~flood~~ the raven flew,
Ere by jowlers' yelps insulted ;
Round this isle, in joy romantic,
Turtles swam and fish were frantic.

Poised on yonder cypress tree
At the dawning eaglets courted ;
In this wood, with footstep free,
Nothing but the reindeer sported,
Ever bounded joyfully.

Heaven bade a change to come,—
Unperceived is rustic sweetriess ;
Down this stream, beset with foam,
Steamers plow with wondrous fleetness :
On this shore how changed the phases !
Nature yields and art amazes.

COLUMBUS, KY., June 1, 1879.

OUR NATION'S CENTENNIAL, 1876.

THE nation rolls its splendid tide
Of luxury and peerless pride,
From Golden Gate and distant Maine,
To burden Philadelphia's plain.

The people lift the common cry,
"Our nation's birth we celebrate;"
They rally round the flag on high,
Proclaiming, "Peace is our estate."

Our banner to the breeze is flung,
Centennial's now on every tongue;
While patriotism now claims its part
Enthusiasm o'erflows each heart.

The people sing and clap their hands,
"Glory to-day, our nation stands!
Naught can her sister States dissever—
Union and peace are ours forever.

"Our former fathers sowed the seed,
Though mid the scenes of blood and fray;
And since this harvest is our mead,
Come, let us celebrate the day.

"Let's rend the rocks like Gibraltar
In memory of our natal day;
Let's swell the shouts, we're free from war,
No foemen now our hearts dismay.

"Long live this nation, great and strong,
Long live remembrance of her birth;
May her proud fleets forever throng,
In gentle sway, the seas of earth!

"May her bright banner ever stay
Triumphant on the sea and land;
May ages pass, ere she decay,
As countless as the ocean's sand!"

MT. PISGAH, TENN., January 10, 1876.

CEVILIA ON THE ICE.

So playful, flitting, and so nice,
While sunbeams gently quiver,
Cevilia skates upon the ice
That covers all the river.
To yonder shore she swiftly goes,
And there the ice she presses;
Now, as the gentle west wind blows,
How gayly float her tresses!
Adown the stream, away, away,
What skater now can match her?
Though I may strive the livelong day,
Alas! I cannot catch her.
From early morn till evening late
Cevilia's on the river;
Oh! would it were my happy fate
To skate with her forever!

COLUMBUS, Ky., February 10, 1879.

MEMORIES OF GEORGIA.

FROM the dark Cohuttah Mountains
Where Cotakah and Ellijay
Clasp their tiny hearts in wedlock,
Down the reedy Coosawattee
Till it weds the Connesauga,
Down the rocky Oostanaula,
Through the trodden field Resaca,
Till the Etowah and Coosa
Mingled with the Tallapoosa,

And the glorious Alabama
Gave me to the Montezuma,—
Oh! my heart so much exulted
I was weary once with pleasure.

In the vale of Oothcaloga
Waved the harvest, sang the plowman,
And the peaks of Allatoona
Echoed back the dying numbers,
And the yellow Chattahoochee
Rolled its majesty before me,
Till it met the Thronateeska,
Made the Apalachicola.

All alone by the Ocmulgee
In the shadows of the pine trees
Oft I fished away the evenings,
Rowed upon its smooth, deep waters
To the sandy, dark Oconee,
Rested on the Altamaha,
Drifted to the Great Ohoopee.

Once I loved the Withlocochee,
Strolled among its cool, dense hammocks;
But the laughing Allapaha
Won me with its brighter lupines,
And the little Suwanoochee
Lured me to the old Suwanee.

Once I sought the swift Tallulah,
Till it wedded the Chattooga,
Followed on the clear Tugalo
To the beautiful Savannah,
Bathed my bark in the Kiokee,
Sheltered in the lap of Uchee,
Rested on the far Ogeechee.

Far beyond the Ocklokonee
And the gentle Okopilco,
Where no more the Kinchafoonee
Leads us to the Thronateeska,
And the moaning Ichawaynockaway,
Spread the brakes of Okefenokee.
Once I floundered in its jungles
As I rambled in the Southland,
But a gentle ignis fatuus
Led me back to the Satilla.

Good-by, Georgia! yet your Soquee
Fills my heart like Auchee Hachee,
And the sobbing Tobesofkee
Calls my thoughts to Towaliga.
O the shades of Apalachee!
They are loved as the Toccoa,
And your Cannochee reminds me
Of my Tennessee's Hiwassee,
Of the playful stream Sequatchee.

MACON, GA., June 5, 1885.

WALK IN FLORIDA.

ZEPHYR flitting o'er the seas,
Wooing e'er this land of spring,
Zephyr with the spicy breeze,
Fan me with your cooling wing!

Kiss me! I was late relieved
From old Winter's icy clutch;
Kiss me! I am not deceived,
'Tis your lips' delightful touch.

Day and night sweet notes I hear,
Filling every citrus grove;
Genial spirits hold me near,
Angels greet me where I rove.

Thousand lakes embraced with flowers
Glad in every walk my eyes;
Golden fruits and cooling bowers
Beckon as the morning flies.

Waterfowls of gayest plume,
Fishes sportsman's arts decoy,
Blooming groves, with Heaven's perfume,
Make this land a scene of joy.

LONGWOOD, FLA., April 26, 1881.

THE TRIFLE LIFE.

EACH being's heart is prone to strive
And to some office must belong;
Mine, daring still in rhyme to live,
Must either burst or yield to song:
Then let me yield my heart to May,
And sing the trifle life away.

The Spring returns, and nature's phase
To every heart some joy can give;
In laughter birds their carols raise—
I too must laugh or cease to live:
Then take the harp, no more I'll play,
But laugh the trifle life away.

Ah! spring recedes, my laughing hours
And scenes of revelry are o'er;
Amid the shades of vernal bowers
I'll court the Muse and laugh no more:
Then let me rove where hermits stray,
And sigh the trifle life away.

My aching breast finds no relief
While with the hermit thus I stroll;
Sighs cannot vent my burd'ning grief,
Tears only can relieve my soul:
Then go, ye fleeting scenes of May,
I'll weep the trifle life away.

Not so, these things may be a part,
But not the whole, of life for me;
To Heaven I ope my mind and heart,
And then some different things I see:
Life's trifles I must cast away
And serve my fellow-men each day.

WALLING, TENN., April 21, 1879.

THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

THE gates of Heaven are wide open now,
Forever are open wide;
Then why don't men rush in? Because
They would rather remain outside.

The heavenly life is a different life
From what we now care to know;
While we often talk of living above,
We would rather remain below.

For he who would enter that heavenly land,
And live in that atmosphere,
Must have in his soul that heavenly life,
And the garments of angels wear.

So the gates of Hell are open, too,
To the inmates, whatever their sin;
Then why don't the devils rush out? Because
They would rather remain therein;

Because in the Hells they find their own,
Exactly their own mad love;
It is there the companions are like themselves,
But unlike in the homes above.

So man in this world and the world to come
Follows after his like and love,
Which lead him on to the Hells below
Or up to the Heavens above.

Then let us put off this life of self
And prepare for the life to come;
A life of faith and of charity here
Will give us a heavenly home.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 8, 1904.

GOLDEN FRUIT BE THINE.

TO VIRGINIA—WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

JUST like the scene I soon shall greet
I'd have thy fortune be,—
A sunshine fraught with fragrance sweet
And flowers on every tree.

Nor flowers and sun be all, my friend,
But golden fruit be thine;
I'd bless thee truly to life's end,
Though I mid deserts pine.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., March 27, 1881.

I'M NOW IN HELL.

(A Voice from the Pit.)

WHEN first I entered Paradise—that is,
The World of Spirits, or the common ground
On which all spirits meet—it was not thought
My destiny was Hell; the angels of the Lord
Approached and sought to lead me on and up
Into the higher life,—e'en Heaven above.
But when they sought to teach my barren soul
The doctrines of the Lord and love to men,
I cursed the Lord and drove the angels hence.
Again they sought me, but my heart was fixed
In evil, and I would not yield, but tore
The mask away and showed my evil life;
Then all was changed, for soon I sank below
Into the depths of my own deepest Hell.

I'm now in Hell. No spark of love exists
Within my soul, but selfishness supreme,
And kindred loves,—to kill, or torture men,
Or realize the lusts that in me burn.
I've not the faintest trace of conscience left;
Nor can I be redeemed, for every truth
Is hateful to me now, and false is true.
If all the angels of the Heavens should come

And plead with me, I'd spurn them to the last,
Because I hate the Lord and everything that's good.
I am in Hell, where darkness is my light ;
I flounder in the filth and mire of swamps
That seem but golden streets ; I breathe the stench
Of vilest cesspools, yet they smell as sweet
To me as roses, for these things reflect
The image of my own mad, selfish life.

I came here guided by my ruling love ;
Nor is the Lord to blame, nor does he hold
Me here ; I'm not a victim of his wrath
Or non-forgiveness ; no, He holds not aught
Against me, and His gates stand open wide.

If this be true, then why remain ? why not
Shake off these chains, and seek the light of day ?
Ah, me ! there are no chains but evil love,
To shake off which would but destroy my life.
This is my joy, my home, my heaven ; not
Created by the Lord for me, but by
My own perverted love ; the Lord in love
Has mitigated all these tortures here.

Once I arose and tried to change my life,
And go up higher where the angels are,
But when I came into their light I saw
My hands were leprous, that my form was like
Some hideous beast, and vilest odors rolled
Out of my mouth ; and as I went my breath
Grew short ; in fact, I could not breathe
The air of Heaven, and the life they live
Was foreign to my love : then torture came.
So back I sank into my own mad Hell
Among companions who are like myself.

Here I can hate the neighbor and the Lord
 With all my heart, and love myself supreme.
 Here I am God, and selfishness my life;
 Here love is hate, and truth is all reversed,
 And all I see reflects my own mad love.
 I am in Hell, and I shall not come out,
 For Hell is in me—here my ownhood is,
 And here my woes will always be the least;
 For Hell is not a place of punishment,
 But refuge where the wicked suffer least.

ELORA, TENN., May 6, 1906.

DRIFTING APART.

FLY, my bird, whose tuneful lay
 Cannot longer bless my stay;
 Song and grief must drift apart,
 Song would only break my heart.

Take these flowers, I love them not,
 Let them cheer some happier lot;
 Flowers and I must live apart,
 They would only break my heart.

Rivers, lift your plaintive moan;
 Do not smile, my hope is gone;
 Smiles and grief must drift apart,
 Smiles would only break my heart.

Spring, I beg you, change your mien,
 Mine should be a drearier scene;
 Spring and grief live best apart,
 Spring could only break my heart.

Life has lost its sweetest beam,
Hopes that blessed me dimly gleam;
Would that Love had lost his dart
Ere he pierced my bleeding heart!

FLINTVILLE, TENN., June 19, 1885.

FAIRY CAVERNS.

I ALWAYS loved a dark, deep cave,
A sated sense it always gave
Its silent chambers to explore,
Which man may ne'er have seen before.

At last I found a cave, beware!
Beneath a snow-capped peak somewhere,
A peak that forms a mighty dome,
You'd think it was some giant's home;
A narrow way once led me through
To chambers you may never view.

They told me of this narrow way
That wandered in from light of day,
Of chambers, pitfalls, goblins there,
Of wonders waiting everywhere.
With silent awe I heard the tale;
I then resided in the vale
This monarch mountain overlooks;
I threw aside my pen and books,
And said, "No longer I'll forego
The things I so much wish to know."

That day I searched throughout the vale
For guides, but all of no avail;
I did not stop and pine, oh, no!
I could not miss so great a show.

What then? Could one alone explore
A cave of thousand rooms or more?
I seized a lamp, the cave I sought,
Of dangers then I hardly thought;
'Twas twilight as I hurried on,
Reaching the door as day was done;
I stooped and passed the narrow way,
The lamp shot forth its burning ray.

On, on I pressed and reached a room,
My light dispelling all the gloom;
How strange beneath that taper's glare
A palace stood! 'twas Nature's own;
What wonders had her fingers done!
There stood two statues snowy white,
One on the left, one on the right;
Great pictures on the walls I spied,
But things looked strange on every side.
I entered walking on the sands,
The statues laughed and clapped their hands;
What can this mean? I turned to fly,
'Twas but a twinkling of the eye,
'Tis all a fancy, I'll pursue
The road that leads this cavern through.

I walked along and soon the room
Behind me lay in silent gloom,
Another rose upon my sight,
Whose darkness fell before my light,
The shadows bowed and bade me come,
I walked along as if at home;
A fountain spouted from the floor,
And tumbled back with ceaseless roar,
I listened to its voice awhile,

It seemed to speak, it seemed to smile ;
I thought I heard its mumblings say,
"We welcome you this very day."
I took a cup and caught a wave
Which on the margin loved to lave,
Then, lifting to my lips, I drank—
Such water never filled a tank ;
I reached the pool and dipped some more,
And drank more deeply than before.
Unwilling though I turned away
And left the fountain in its play,
The pathway up a terrace wound,
I lost the fountain's rippling sound ;
Along a wet and narrow room
My lamp again dispelled the gloom,
And, hurrying on, the muddy road
By my unwearied feet was trod :
And thus I ran, my flaming light
Clothed many a granite post in white ;
Waking the echoes from their sleep,
I heard them laugh and sigh and weep.
I passed a lake's benighted shore,
No boat its placid waters bore ;
Another narrow way at hand,
I crawled upon the cold, damp sand,
Then in a room, another world,
My light its silver wings unfurled.
A boundless field, a salty plain,
Seemed spread before my dazzled brain ;
I stepped upon its brittle crust,
My feet reduced the cakes to dust ;
Away along the glittering scene

Shone weirdest yellow, white and green,
A hundred ghosts I now espied,
'Tis fairyland, I thought, and sighed.
What! shall some fancied ghosts betray
Me now and bid me lose the way?
Not so, and yet 'twould please my mind
To leave this fairy host behind.
Then turning on this scene my back
I strove to trace my mystic track,
But up and down and round and round
The hidden door could not be found;
I thought some elf had blocked the way
And shut me from the light of day.

What could I now? my hope was lost,
Great heaps of rocks the way had crossed;
Hours rolled on hours, I searched in vain,
At last my light began to wane;
I watched each fading, glimmering ray,
And shadows as they danced in play;
Another move, the blaze was gone,
And I was left in darkness lone.
Hope now departed from my breast,
And troubles on me thick were pressed;
I looked on high and breathed a prayer,
It rose upon that midnight air,
It seemed the rocks I heard it rend,
I knew it reached some heavenly friend.

Hours passed, a thirst and sickness seized me,
I searched, but naught was found that eased me;
So much fatigued, I could not stand,
But fell upon the salty sand;
Had I not found a truant's grave

Far in this mystic, fairy cave?
Sleep, gentle mistress, sought me there,
She touched me with her raven hair,
Then pressed me to her heart and bade
The troubles of my bosom fade.

I slept and dreamed I roved afar
Where granite walls no longer bar,
Yes, roved in spirit o'er a plain;
'Twas summer and the stalks of grain
In places yielded to my feet—
Be sure I did not fail to eat.
A rippling fountain gave me drink,
I lingered long upon its brink,
But here my happy dream was o'er,
I waked to all I knew before.

But, list! there came a lonely voice,
It made my famished soul rejoice,
It floated softly on the air,
I knew not whence, saw no one there;
I listened silently and long,
And this is part of that sweet song:

"There is many a charm in our fairy home,
To live and be blest you have but to come;
The fountains are free, their waters are pure,
The vineyards are rife, and forever endure.

Our cavern's adorned with velvets and laces,
And your heart shall be glad with the smiles of sweet
faces,

Our queen is so kind, she has bid me come
To search this dark chamber and bring you home."

These words fell softly on my ear,
My soul was dead to every fear,
I looked and, lo! a radiant light
Rose beaming on my aching sight;
I saw a lady young and fair,
None lovelier ever moved through air,
Her tresses curled and hung behind,
Her smile was sweet, her step refined,
A taper flamed within her hand,
She tripped along the glist'ning sand;
A moment passed, and then she stood
Above me and my visage viewed.
I looked upon her heavenly mien,
Such beauty I had never seen;
The beauties of the morning skies
Seemed centered in her radiant eyes.

Said she: "Young man, I've come to bless
You in this hour of dire distress;
Arise, the hour of danger now
Shall 'fore a youthful victor bow."
I rose and clasped her lily hand,
We hurried o'er the yielding sand,
She helped me over granite blocks,
The darkness hid behind the rocks,
Through many a varied scene we passed,
It seemed the road would always last;
At last she paused, with gentle knock
Her fingers fell upon the rock,
I saw the wall by magic part,
I felt alarm within my heart;
We entered, what a grand array!
A hundred fairies thronged the way,

My cheek a hundred kisses pressed—
No more my bosom felt distressed.
They took me to a spacious room,
A thousand lights dispelled the gloom,
Then led me to a table near
That glistened with most costly ware;
The plates were made of solid pearls,
The waiters were the fairest girls,
The cups were made of diamonds, and
The casters gold, a fairy fanned.
All that the heart could wish they had,
I drank and ate, my soul was glad;
I rose, they met me with a smile
And led me down a lengthy aisle;
Again before me stood a wall,
I saw their fingers on it fall;
Again the rock was split asunder,
I looked upon the scene with wonder,
I heard the whispering fairies say,
"The queen is at her best to-day."

We passed the opening in the rock
Which shut behind us with a shock,
A thousand chandeliers I saw,
Then paused a moment, struck with awe,
Ten thousand blazes met my sight
And shed around a glorious light,
A silken carpet 'fore me spread,
A mellow light its luster shed;
Arch rose on arch above the aisle
All wreathed with flowers, and many a smile
Did greet me; on the left and right
Were fairies dressed in dazzling white,

Then notes of music rose above
The rustle with a tone of love.
I passed along the open way,
It seemed to be the month of May,
For everywhere I looked, behold,
Were plants abloom in pots of gold;
Before me rose a diamond throne
On which a lady sat alone,
A seat was vacant by her side,
I thought the groom had left his bride;
We reached the throne, my escort bowed,
A thousand hands were clapped aloud,
Then, rising from the mat of gold,
She said, "My gracious queen behold."

I looked upon her majesty,
What matchless beauty did I see!
Oh! never did an angel trace
More beauty in his comrade's face:
I ne'er before had seen an eye
That viewed me with such witchery.
In ringlets bright her tresses rolled
And fell behind in many a fold,
Upon her lip I saw a smile
Of softness beaming all the while;
She rose with satin folds undone,
Her jewels sparkled like the sun,
She bowed and bade me mount the throne.
My sense, it seemed, was nearly gone
As I now climbed that sparkling throne;
My heart grew weak and ceased to beat,
I fell before the lady's feet;
She took me by the hand and said,

"Fear not, there's nothing here to dread ;"
Her touch was some mysterious spell
Which in me every fear did quell,
Then with a courage still untold
I reached the mat which gleamed with gold,
Then sank into a cushioned seat—
Had life before e'er been so sweet?

The queen a moment waved her hand,
Then spoke, I could not understand ;
I looked and there were seen no more
The fairies that had filled the floor,
Then, turning with a matchless grace,
The queen exposed her lovely face ;
I hardly dared to look thereon,
That face with so much luster shone.
"I heard you lingered in the cave,"
She said, "you thought to be your grave ;
I bade my prettiest nymph be gone
And bring you to my diamond throne ;
Now rest from all your dangers free,
And yours is all you here can see.
That chair has long been desolate,
My soul has dwelt without a mate ;
I thought to share no other fate,
But since your pleasant face I view
I offer all of this to you,
And more than this can I impart,—
The homage of a constant heart."

My soul was overjoyed to learn
A princess' heart for mine did yearn.
What could I say but, "Here am I,
Submissive till the hour I die ;

I never saw a face before
My bosom could so much adore,
I ne'er before beheld a throne
I so much wished to sit upon ;
Though not for throne nor grandeur's sake
This offer of my heart I make,
'Tis for your youth and loveliness,
In hope I might your future bless ;
And now I offer here my love
As you have seemed your own to prove,
And, making such an offering, dear,
'Tis not a plight for single year,
'Tis not a promise to resign
My heart while thus your beauties shine ;
No, 'tis a pledge for future years
To share your hopes and all your fears,
And with this hand I offer here
My many vows you need not fear."

I gave her here a gentle grip,
Then stamped a kiss upon her lip,
I looked into her big brown eyes
And wished that kiss were centuries,
So sweet a lip, so warm a breast
I knew I ne'er before had pressed.

"Behold this spacious grot," she said,
"A thousand lights their splendor shed,
Its walls are plated with pure gold,
Our vaults unnumbered millions hold,
A thousand chambers like this one
Are round us radiant as the sun ;
See yonder by that twinkling vase
Is seen a doorway's sculptured face,

And through that way beyond the reach
Of human eye these chambers stretch,
Adorned as this, as costly, too,
As aught that here presents to view ;
All these this moment I control—
I'll make you sovereign of the whole.
The king, my father, gave me this,
Another fairy world is his ;
Then we shall early wedded be,
And father's realm will go to see.
My fame with his when looked upon
Is like the moon beside the sun,
But ere we wed you must return
And tell the friends that for you yearn.
The light of day I cannot know,
Or with you I would gladly go ;
The way is long and dark and lone,
I'll sorely pine when you are gone ;
But stay, let music glad your soul,
We'll let some hours of rapture roll,
Then I shall bid you part and go
And soothe the friends whose tear drops flow."

She waved a wand, again the room
Was filled with nymphs of youthful bloom,
Then 'gan a scene of revelry
It ne'er had been my lot to see.
They kissed me as the coming groom,
And kissing rang all round the room,
Some voices rose in perfect song,
I heard a lute the notes prolong,
Then sweeter music rose and fell
Than tongues of earth could ever tell ;

The bowl went round, the sparkling wine
Was taken from a wounded vine,
And thus in joy the moments flew,
Though how they passed I hardly knew ;
I skipped along beside my queen
From room to room, from scene to scene ;
They hailed me from all sides and said,
"Behold the groom our queen will wed !
Be theirs a life of length and peace,
And love with them e'er more increase !"

My time was up, the queen was pale,
I now must seek my native vale ;
"Here is a talisman," she said ;
A radiance like the sun it shed ;
" 'Twill guide you on your mystic way,
However far, to realms of day,
And whate'er danger there may be
Before this talisman 'twill flee ;
But if you drop it from your hand,
Grim darkness will assume command,
And dangers fall upon your head
Such as the stoutest heart might dread ;
Oh ! more than this, you ne'er could dwell
With her who bids you now farewell !"

I trembled as she whispered this,
Each gave to each a parting kiss,
I took the wonder that was given ;
It seemed to be a star of heaven,
A halo of refulgent light
Glowed round it, putting dark to flight ;
Along the narrow, rugged road
I trod before, the wonder glowed.

Soon halls of beauty met my sight,
I put their darkness all to flight,
Away o'er many a fallen stone
That rose up like a monarch's throne,
Through many a deep and echoing hall,
Where pending rocks it seemed would fall,
By many a spring and lakelet bright
I chased the shadows with the light;
I thought my eyes would be undone,
My light was so much like the sun.

I wrapped it in my mantle's fold,
If thus I might some rays withhold;
Not so, it was as bright to see
As when I held it open, free:
Behind the rocks the shadows stood
And trembled in that radiant flood.

Thus on for hours I swiftly ran,
Still trusting in that talisman,
Thinking of her I left behind;
The mystic way I did not mind,
I knew the magic thing I bore
Was mine till dangers all were o'er;
I reached the fountain I had seen
Ere I beheld my fairy queen,
A rainbow o'er the waters stood,
I supped again the precious flood;
But here I had not time to stay,
For I must reach the light of day;
A few more chambers past, and I
Could look upon my native sky.

Moving along with rapture wild,
I passed the statues and they smiled;

At length the last dark room was reached,
And shadows far behind me stretched.
Lifting on high my talisman,
There 'fore me stood a mountain fawn;
I never saw a prettier thing
On foot or flitting on the wing;
It wore a cloak of mystic hue,
A hundred spots arose to view,
Its eyes emitted rays of light;
Enraptured by this specious sight,
I bounded at the timid thing—
It skipped along as if on wing,
I strained each nerve, but as I ran,
I fell and dropped my talisman.

Lo! what a pall of darkness fell!
I heard the tingling of a bell,
A thousand spirits stamped the floor,
Oh, if I could but reach the door!
I rose to fly, I hardly knew
What path would lead my steps thereto.
By chance I saw along the way
A faint and distant gleam of day;
Hope in my bosom, thence I ran,
With hisses jeered the spirit clan,
The walls became a seamless rock,
And closed behind me with a shock;
I heard the grating, thundering crash,
While devils made their sabers clash;
Ye gods! my form I did deliver
Just as the cavern closed forever.

I sank exhausted on the ground,
O'ercome with fear and thoughts profound,

I thought of my belovèd queen
By me who ne'er could more be seen,
And could she know my hapless fate
She'd quit her realms, unbar the gate
That shuts me out from her forever,
And with her willing host deliver
My drooping soul from every deuce
That wanders in that cavern loose.

Alas, my love, my glorious queen!
No more upon your breast I'll lean,
No more repeat that votive kiss
I gave you in that hour of bliss;
Thrown on a world so hard to brook
Where woe my early youth o'ertook,
From you debarred by cruel fate,
What sorrows now my soul await!
'Tis well things are not what they seem,—
I 'woke and it was all a dream.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., December, 1880.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

TO JESSIE—WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

As within my heart through age,
Fixed with touch of beauteous mien,
Friend, engraven on this page,
May thy blessèd name be seen.

But when time, with fingers sear,
That pure name shall grimly rend,
In the book of life, as here,
By an angel be it penned.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., June 14, 1884.

THE MISCREANT DEATH.

TO JESSIE.

THIS day they have buried my treasure
Where oft we have playfully trod,—
My beauty beyond mortal measure,
Too soon to be pressed by the sod.

O light in the golden To-morrow,
Refracted but beauteous ray!
You leave us the burdening sorrow,
The darkness that follows the day.

Too bleak was the breath of December
To nurture a dahlia so pure;
You have gone to the blest, but remember
You leave us the brunt to endure.

The miscreant Death, ere he pressed you,
Concealed not his sighs as he stood,
But the angels rejoiced and caressed you,
To give you the home of the good.

You have gone from the sinful and fleeting,
Where specious temptation allures;
In Heaven will next be our meeting
If our lives are as perfect as yours.

You have gone to a world where your equals
And likes your companions will be;
Where love is your life, and the sequels
Of truth are the joys you will see.

You have gone from the suffering and dying,
Where love is born but to be crossed;

But think of the hearts that are sighing,
And mine that is wounded the most.

O lady, beloved but immortal,
Turn back but to soothe the bereft!
Look, love, from your spiritual portal,
As we walk in the light you have left!

Good-by, my beloved beyond measure!
Your pean is heard from above;
Your smile, that was most of our pleasure,
Now beams on the angels of love.

Good-by! but the laurel shall ever
Bloom over your dust as in May,
And know from our loving hearts never
Will fade the first memory away.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 8, 1887.

AT JESSIE'S GRAVE.

I HEARD that the Lord of all creatures
Had taken my angel He gave;
I hastened to gaze on her features,
But only returned to her grave.

The breezes were cold and outspoken,
And freshly upturned was the sod;
I stood by the palings there broken
And bowed to the will of my God.

I felt that the blow had bereft me
Of most of this world I have found;
The evening departed and left me
To weep by the desolate mound,

But why should I linger here, giving
Up most of my evenings to pine?
I know that my loved one is living
In a world that is brighter than mine.

A memory sweet never leaves me
Of life with a heart all my own;
'Tis only her absence that grieves me—
My life is so cheerless and lone.

I'll wait till this journey is over,
Though often bereavements must come;
I know that my lost I'll recover
To love in the spiritual home.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 24, 1887.

WE KNOW YOU STILL LIVE.

TO JESSIE.

O SPIRIT whose home is celestial,
Removed from this censure and strife
To pleasures unknown to the bestial,
Think of those in the outskirts of life!

We know you still live and about you
Are cares for your happier birth;
But still we are grieved, for without you
What pleasure affords this old earth?

Spring bursts from its confines and glitters
As bright as the morning we met;
The prospect, though gay, but imbitters,
And life is o'ercast with regret,

I seek the green woodland at vesper,
Where birds at their nest-weaving ply;
I think of your soft, loving whisper,
And quit the dear scene with a sigh.

I list to the brooklet's low mumbling;
The voices I hear seem to say
That fate is so cruel and humbling,
This world had not tired of your stay.

By streamlets more lovely you wander,
And landscapes sublimer you see;
With brighter companions you squander
The evenings you once gave to me.

I know that the beauties that greet you
Lead you far in that love-lighted place;
But wait, only wait till we meet you,
And those grandeurs together we'll trace.

Yes, wait at the entrance to Heaven,
Our canvas is soon to be furled;
When by one tempest more we are driven,
We'll meet in the Spiritual World.

PRATT, KANS., October 5, 1887.

NOW WE MUST PART.

TO EUNICE.

THE sun his luster scarce employs
To bless us ere the night comes on;
And so with us, whate'er our joys
Remember now that they are gone.

No more the light of heaven shall rise
And greet us wand'ring in this glade ;
Our day is past, and now mine eyes
Are swelled from pangs that will invade.

Now we must part, and thee so young
I've lost save in one parting kiss ;
Oh ! would my soul this hour were strung
To fortune else than what it is.
Oh ! who that rustic mountains rear
To hardships now too dread to tell
Could fail to shed grief's bitterest tear
In bidding one so kind *farewell*?

Though now my Highland caves I seek,
Their lonely gloom once more to see ;
Though now of love I dare not speak,
Thy friend I ne'er shall cease to be.
Since thou'rt my friend, how could I be,
Sweet girl, but ever warmly thine ?
And when my native rocks I see,
Thine image 'mid their gloom shall shine.

And when amid those crags I rove
Where solitude supremely sways,
Though absent all my heart could love,
Grief shall not darken o'er my days ;
For sweet remembrance of the past
Will roll before me like a sea ;
There, where those rocks defy the blast,
How sweetly shall I muse on thee !

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 3, 1880.

*SAD IS MY SPIRIT.**

TO ZANA.

MINE and thine remember, love,
 Pining in a desert move,
 Drooping 'mid a weary host
 Strength is gone and hope is lost;
 Let thy kindness seek me now.

Δυγρή εστί ψυχή μου.†

Scenes of Joy's departed train
 Roll before mine eyes again,
 Rivers o'er whose grassy brink
 Oft I've lowered my lips to drink;
 These are gone, I'm left to know

Δυγρή εστί ψυχή μου.†

Wert thou near, how sweet were life!
 Gay its rest and light its strife,
 All the truth a heart could feel
 Would thy lasting kindness deal;
 This no more my heart should know,

Δυγρή εστί ψυχή μου.†

Fly, ye visions! let the past
 Roll upon the parting blast;
 Mocking deserts are my home,
 O'er whose plains my feet must roam,
 On whose sands my head must bow;

Δυγρή εστί ψυχή μου.†

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 20, 1880.

*Composed at a time of illness. †Sad is my spirit.

SMILES LIKE THE SUN.

TO DARTHULA.

THY smiles are like the morning sun
That bursts the clouds apart,
They break asunder half the care
Within my pining heart.
Then when long years have wandered by
May smiles continue thine;
May joy forever fill thy heart,
Though grief must ravage mine!

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 1, 1876.

DAYS OF REVELRY.

TO AMANDA.

THOSE days of revelry are o'er
When both our timid hearts were one;
And since in love thou'lt smile no more,
Insatiate thoughts I cannot shun.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., March 1, 1875.

BE SILENT, MY SAD HEART.

BE silent, my sad heart, be silent forever,
Though thy grief overflows like the tide of a river;
Sink not 'neath the burden that rests on thee now,
Nor hinder the tears that are waiting to flow,
Since the star of my love has been seen to repair
And care not to witness my heavy despair.

O Muse! young and gentle, I'd have thee to know
My heart is too heavy to speak of its woe,

Yet a few simple words to the night winds unroll
That shall be but the shadows of grief in my soul.
The period of sorrow and darkness has come
Which long I've expected to sweep o'er my home ;
A desert must be my abode evermore,
Or sand-hills that cover the sea-beaten shore.

BARDWELL, KY., January 27, 1878.

SEQUATCHIE VALLEY, TENN.

A FEATHERY cloud moves through the sky,
Green velvet lawns spread to the west,
Waves play upon the fields of rye,
The partridge weaves her grassy nest.

The slender corn extends its arms
To catch the honey-dews that fall,
The gardens blush beneath their charms,
The peacocks dart about and squall.

From every hill a streamlet breaks,
And rivers mirror back the scene ;
The shadowy wood with twitters wakes,
And cattle wallow on the green.

Blue mountain peaks jut up beyond
The paradise that spreads between ;
Some fairy must have waved his wand,
And built this happy, heavenly scene.

JASPER, TENN., June 5, 1885.

AMONG THE UNAKAS.

THE mountains have a charm for me,
I love each lofty crag,
Their forests deep I love to see
Where dwells the timid stag;
Those moss-grown rocks have charms, though I
Beheld them when I did the sky.

This morn the sun rolled up and poured
Adown his flaming beams,
And roused me where I lay and snored;
I sprang from peaceful dreams,
And, looking on the mountains nigh,
I said, "To-day those heights I'll try."

With gun across my shoulders flung
And knapsack in my hand,
O'er rocks, up dizzy steeps I sprung;
I felt that I must stand
On peaks that rose high overhead,
And view the landscape 'fore me spread.

So up I toiled, the trees grew small,
The valley 'neath me lay;
A cloud came o'er me like a pall,
I hardly saw the way;
Then, pausing on a cliff's gray brow,
I sighed to have some zephyr blow.

On, up I strode, above me crowned
With snow the summit rose,

In splendor through the mist it frowned,
It was Unaka's nose;
Yes, 'twas the summit of the face
The eye along the east may trace.

I reached the summit; all around
Colossal ice I saw,
And thought, "Well, what a crashing sound
When this begins to thaw!"
Great spears were pending from each wall—
There's surely danger when they fall.

The cloud that rolled above my head
Now 'neath me basking lay,
The sun a glorious luster shed,
I thanked him for the day;
And now afar, oh, what a sight
He clothed in dazzling robes of light!

And this is what I looked upon
Across the distant way,
A thousand dwellings widely strown,
A thousand herds astray;
And, in the halo of that view,
I saw a village dim and blue.

Still farther on the sapphire sky
Bent down and kissed the hills;
How rare this little organ eye
With such true rapture thrills!
And as I gazed that view advanced
Until my heart grew most entranced.
How long I gazed, I cannot trace;
A change came o'er the view:

It changed into a prairie's face,
In all its varied hue;
The groups of houses changed to herds,
The cows and sheep to prairie birds.

I saw some hunters crouching low,
By dense deep grasses screened;
I shouted, but I did not know
Such distance intervened;
I waved my hat, they saw it not,
Nor moved they from that hiding spot.

The landscape changed, another view
Came flashing on my mind:
There spread an ocean wide and blue,
Moved by a gentle wind;
And all the houses I had seen
Were ships afloat in ocean's sheen.

There rose an isle not far away,
With glist'ning coral strand;
Its beauty grew, the sun's bright ray
Showed gold mixed with its sand;
On every tree that graced this isle
The rarest flowers were seen to smile.

A tempest rose, a deadly wind
Tore up each flowering tree,
The coral isle its seat resigned
And over all the sea
In wrath as dread as earth had known
Rose, lashed and fell with ruins strown.

I turned to fly, for now the sea
Was falling on my throne;

Mankind all dead, it seemed, but me,
And I soon to be gone;
And then I hurried through the trees
To 'scape the anger of the seas.

I paused to look, another leaf
Must have been turned in mind;
I viewed a scene that broke my grief,
For there was no more wind;
Not e'en a zephyr wooed the trees
Where late had lashed the drunken seas.

There stood the gates of Heaven ajar,
I gazed on heavenly things,
A land where evil cannot mar,
Nor Woe his suffering brings;
I saw my little coral isle
A throne where angels meet and smile.
The vision closed, the book was sealed,
Things ceased to change, again
Reality her form revealed;
I saw the dark, deep glen,
And in the west the landscape rose
As first before that mountain's nose.

I walked away, a startled stag
The bushes tore in bounding;
Still pressing on, I reached a crag
With din of hammers sounding,
And, looking down a dark-deep hole,
I saw the miners dig for coal.

Through solitary woods I turned
And wandered far away,

A golden sunlight round me burned,
O glorious wintry day!
It was so genial to my heart
I'd paint it if I had the art.

But let me now retrace the way,
Nor speak of half I saw,
Lest length should place my little lay
Beyond the printer's law;
I quit the woods and sought again
The cliffs that overlooked the glen.

A winding pathway led me down
Into a dark ravine,
I saw the cliffs above me frown;
There never was a scene
Sublimar where the Andes spread
Than bent o'er my uncovered head.

Ice spears, suspended from each steep,
Oft reached my slippery way,
A streamlet made a fearful leap
And melted into spray;
But let me close this noisy rhyme,
I steal the patient reader's time.

GREENEVILLE, TENN., February 7, 1881.

BURIED HOPES.

I've stayed in the wilderness forty years,
In the shadows of deepest night,
And here in this desert, 'mid hopes and fears,
I have waited and watched for the light.

Sometimes my horizon a moment has glowed
With a roseate tinge of the day,
But quickly an ocean of darkness o'erflowed,
And buried my prospects away.

RED BOILING SPRINGS, TENN., May 27, 1906.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE winds are waking on the moor,
Dark clouds are gathering fast,
The honeymoon of life is o'er,
And all its joys have past.
What cavern shall I seek to shield
Me from the nightly blast?
My yearning spirit cannot yield
E'en though its hopes have passed.
Good night, old world of heavy care!
To you no more my lays;
I to my lonely cave repair
And wait for brighter days.
But why should I expectant be
When naught of earth is given?
This world has not a hope for me—
My only hope is Heaven.

BARDWELL, KY., February 2, 1878.

AHAPOPKA, FARE YOU WELL!

AHAPOPKA,* laughing sea,
Mirror of your shores and sky,
Take these simple flowers from me!
You no more may greet my eye.

*One of Florida's largest lakes.

I have stemmed your crystal tide,
Laughed upon that placid face,
I have slumbered by your side,
Sported in your cool embrace.

Now those happy days are o'er,
Soon I quit your sunny isles;
Sad to-day I walk your shore—
Take my tears instead of smiles.

Lonely is my, sable bower,
I have left its silent room;
It has not a bird nor flower
That can cheer a heart of gloom.

All your blooming shores afford
Gave my life a happier birth;
Where are scenes like these restored?
Where is Heaven so much on earth?

You are beautiful, O sea!
More than words like mine can tell;
Still your charms will live with me,
Ahapopka, fare you well!

AHAPOPKA LAKE, FLA., May 25, 1881.

INVADER OF MY SOUL.

TO KITTY LOU.

YOUR smiles are like a vernal day,
My heart with joy they fill;
Your glances steal my thoughts away
And all my pulses thrill.

Then, sweet invader of my soul,
Let me confess my love;
Though it should be beyond control,
May it still truthful prove.

And will you once confess a love
That feels for such as I?
O what a greater joy 'twould prove
To bring your spirit nigh!

Then, angel of the earthly fair,
Invader of my soul,
Though feebly, let your bosom share
These flames that round me roll.

WALLING, TENN., April 16, 1877.

KITTY LOU.

LET poets strike the lyric string
And make the deeds of heroes ring,
Let singers swell the song of praise
For Tilden, Hendricks, Grant, or Hayes;
But let not such my song imbue,—
I wish to sing of Kitty Lou.

I wish to sing of her whose glance
Does each beholder's soul enhance,
Whose gentle heart and actions prove
Her worthiness of warmest love,
Whose lovely smiles and eyes of blue
Are found in only Kitty Lou.

Suspended round her neck so fair
Are myriad curls of golden hair,
And in her steps each eye may trace
The magic power, the perfect grace;
No other girl presents to view
More beauties rare than Kitty Lou.

On those who debts of homage pay
She looks in no sarcastic way,
And those who frankly own their love
She does not in the least reprove;
No darkling frown e'er meets the view
Upon the brow of Kitty Lou.

About her haunts have lingered foes
Who her have striven to oppose;
But when each met her, face to face,
His blow became some soft embrace,
And then his heart he did undo
And own the power of Kitty Lou.

Oh! may her virtues' sheeny ward
Be round her as a magic cord,
That no seducer's vile behest
May be the prompting of her breast,
Nor aught but love her bosom woo
Because it beats for Kitty Lou.

WALLING, TENN., May 10, 1877.

THE SEA OF LOVE.

TO KITTY LOU.

IF, while we cross this sea of woe
Which every soul is wont to breast,

There is one gleam of hope to know,
Or time to soothe and bring us rest,
'Twas when our sun of wisdom cast
The clouds of darkness from our souls,
And showed, as o'er his brightness passed,
The sea of love that calmly rolls.

But, oh! how dark had been thy look
Ere it and mine were joined again!
How cold had been that hand I took
And pressed against my greatest pain!
It cannot be that hearts so dear
To each could linger in the dark,
While journeying on this terrene sphere,
Pursuing learning's flitting spark.

WALLING, TENN., May 28, 1877.

LIFE'S DARK SEA.

TO KITTY LOU—ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THY childish cares and looks and ways
Are fading fast from thee,
And soon relentless waves will toss
Thy bark on life's dark sea.

Again Time's fleeting finger points
To thee another year,
And dost thou still, withal thy soul,
Thy loving Saviour fear?

When raging storms upon thee come,
And all around grows dark,

When from the dismal vault of life
Comes not one radiant spark,—

Remember He's thy guide and staff,
And ever lingers nigh,
And breathes to thee, in accents soft,
"Fear not, for it is I."

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., August 27, 1877.

THAT LITTLE RING.

TO KITTY LOU.

THAT little ring your kindness gave,
Although 'twas not of gold,
Laid bare the secrets of your heart,
And your affection told.
Your lovely finger wore it once,
My finger wears it now;
And still this finger, though afar,
The ring's embrace shall know.

Without it would your gentle power
My bosom ever fill?
Oh! yes, but then to keep it there
I'll wear this jewel still.
No earthly gem, whate'er its worth,
Can brighter visions bring;
I hallow such a precious gift,
I hail this sacred ring.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., June 6, 1877.

IN SEARCH OF THEE.

TO KITTY LOU.

O KITTY LOU! within this solitude
Forever from my eyelids rolls a tear,
About thee ever does my memory brood
And dwell upon the heart mine holds so dear.

Oh! cruel was the hand that took thee, dear,
Away from all my haunts, from my embrace;
What joy is mine without thy spirit near?
What hope is mine where naught but woe I trace?

The little brook that winding makes its way
Through wood and meadow ever seeks the sea;
So I, without a friend, by night and day,
Still wander on through grief in search of thee.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., August 1, 1877.

THAT ANGEL FORM.

TO KITTY LOU.

OH! would my Muse's gentle finger
Were dipped in love's o'erflowing fount,
And placed upon thy heart to linger
Till it did every doubt surmount!

Let doubt and fiction fast be fleeting,
And know that I each vow will fill;
Thy name my heart is still repeating,
That angel form is 'fore me still.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., August 21, 1877.

OH! MIGHT MY MUSE.

TO KITTY LOU.

OH! might my Muse (and wilt thou hear?)
Breathe meters soft within thine ear,
And all the dictates of her soul
In soothing chimes to thee unroll?
But should she try the daring feat
And not thy kind approval meet,
What could she then but sit and mourn,
Or walk life's dismal way forlorn?
May never such her strains revile,
But may they meet thy sunny smile,
And may each word she whispers find
Full access to thy gentle mind.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 28, 1877.

I WOULD NOT DECEIVE THEE.

TO KITTY LOU.

THOU knowest I would not deceive thee
Should I say that the moment has come
When my sorrowful presence must leave thee
And the shades of my dear, native home.
There's a boding of grief in the breezes
That speaks of my absence from thee;
There's a thought which my life-pulses freezes,—
Thy smile is no longer to me.

Long absence may wilt my affection
And turn me to hearts yet unknown,
But cannot suppress recollection
Of thy looks and thy smiles that are gone.

Farewell! from thy presence I'm riven
To wander through shades of the West;
Farewell! may the kindness of Heaven
Still make thee with happiness blest.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., December 12, 1877.

PRESENCE OF KITTY LOU.

YON sun that lifts above the moor
His face, through heaven to roll,
A flood of glory seems to pour
Into my happy soul;

But there's another sun, a star,
A ray that lights all hearts
And sheds a sweeter warmth by far
Than yon great sun imparts:

It is the smile, the glance, the voice
Of my sweet Kitty Lou;
'Tis all that makes my soul rejoice,
And wonted grief eschew.

Oh! where would be the hope, the light,
The sun that dries my tears,
If she to-day should wing her flight
Back to celestial spheres?

The sea, the land, the sky, the light,
Would all grow dark and drear,
If she, ere come the shades of night
From me should disappear.

Kind fortune, goddess of my way,
My thanks to thee are due;
I thank thee for this happy day
And presence of my Lou.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., December 16, 1877.

TAKE THIS HEART OF MINE.

TO KITTY LOU.

MAID of blue and witching eye,
Ever laughing, lingering nigh,
In whose heart no pang of woe
Ever yet was thine to know,—
Ere thy beauties cease to shine
Take this timid heart of mine.

Take it while its youth is there,
It must sink 'neath loads of care;
Like some flower that bloomed in May
Time must wither it away;
Take it now, for by to-morrow
It may yield this joy to sorrow.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., December 16, 1877.

THESE PENCIL MARKS.

TO KITTY LOU—WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

IF in some lone, succeeding year
These pencil marks be read,
Think not I never linger near,
Nor that my love is dead;

But think, in that far, silent hour,
Though absent, still the same,
That Time, with all his conquering power,
Can never quench this flame.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., December 24, 1877.

ABSENCE OF KITTY LOU.

I FIND no pleasure brooding
In nature,—land or sea;
No longer catch the music
Of birds that sing for me;
And all is fraught with sorrow
That meets my saddened view,—
For I have wandered hither
Far from my Kitty Lou.

When blest by her sweet presence
I hardly thought it much,
But now I beg that fortune
Again may give me such.
How plain 'tis demonstrated
While thus I wander lone,
We seldom know a blessing
Till it is ever gone!

CAIRO, ILL., January 21, 1878.

NOT MEANT FOR EARTH.

TO KITTY LOU.

If all the beauties of your form were mine,
Then might I think my haggard self divine,
And know the hearts of all the world were mine.

Indeed, if all your graces I could own,
I might have hopes to sit upon a throne,
And have all nations bow to me alone.

You surely were not meant to dwell on earth,
For Nature ne'er before has given birth
To beauty such as yours for this old earth.

She made you, dear, I think, to live in Heaven,
Since there alone such loveliness is given;
But by mistake your grace to earth was driven.

And yet, I ween, the error she perceived,
For Heaven soon, of your sweet smiles bereaved,
Sent messengers to earth in mourning cleaved.

But earth would not her brightest gem resign
Without a war against the nymphs divine,
So back to Heaven they hastened to repine.

And yet the halos of the moon and Mars
Are waiting but to clasp you to the stars,
Beyond the reach of all impending wars.

BARDWELL, Ky., February 9, 1878.

THOSE SUNNY EYES.

TO KITTY LOU.*

I CANNOT see thee e'en by night,
While shine unveiled those lustrous spheres,
For in their fierce electric light
They blind me, if not dimmed with tears;
'Tis when a cloud envelops Jove
We scan the burning space above.

*As this poem appeared in "Songs of the Cumberlands."

Enraptured thus, I oft forget
Those orbs cannot be looked upon ;
So, venturing from my screening net,
I fall to plead before my throne ;
But, just as when I view the sun,
I shield my blinded eyes and run.

So pass the years ; I cannot view
Those dazzling lights but when a tear
Flows o'er them its obstructing hue
And dims the immortal phase they wear ;
Then weep to break the blinding light,
And soothe me with unbroken sight.

MARTIN, TENN., February 20, 1879.

NOW OFF THE SHORE.

TO KITTY LOU.

I CANNOT cross the mountain o'er
To take one kind adieu,
Since now my boat is off the shore
Her journey to pursue.

Well, let us pause awhile and think
We parted long must be,
And that I'm now upon the brink
Of leaving Tennessee ;

And in this sad reflection, dear,
I would not have the pain
To make thy visage wan and sear
That tears my heart in twain.

A heartfelt sigh I send with this,
And all I ask of you
Is one long, sweet, consoling kiss
Sealed in a kind adieu.

We part as in our wonted mode,
Trusting we'll meet one day,
Yet I must cleave an aqueous road
That takes me far away.

NASHVILLE, TENN., February 25, 1878.

I SIT IN THE CABIN.

TO KITTY LOU.

I sit in the cabin this whole windy day
On the glorious steamer that bears me away;
I sit in reflection, as oft I am wont,
Enduring the pangs that my spirit e'er haunt.

There's pleasure in traveling this long train of miles,
But can I enjoy it without your sweet smiles?
No! all that is lovely seems clouded with gloom,
And the breezes are fraught with unpleasant perfume.

I want your sweet presence to cheer me along,
To tell you I love you through smiling and song;
I want you to love me just half as I love,
But half of my kindness I ask you to prove.

PADUCAH, Ky., March 3, 1878.

'TIS LEAVING YOU.

TO KITTY LOU.

WHEN telling you I must depart
And leave my native shore,
I felt a sorrow in my heart
I had not felt before ;

And now, while on the watery main
Our steamer plows its way,
I feel that same relentless pain
That bled my heart that day.

'Tis leaving you, the only one
On earth that's truly dear,
And not the thought of wandering lone
Upon an ocean drear,

That makes my heart beat cold and slow
And languish in this gloom ;
Nor would that pang be greater, though
I gazed upon my tomb.

CAIRO, ILL., March 5, 1878.

THOU ART A COMFORT.

TO KITTY LOU.

WHENE'ER my memory wanders from these glades
Back to those mountains which I still enshrine,
It pauses not, e'en mid those cherished shades,
Until it rests upon that form of thine.
Thou art a comfort still within my soul,
A hope that glimmers e'en in western spheres ;
Though 'tween us many dark, deep waters roll,
I feel within my breast no painful fears.

Thou ne'er didst think that constancy could dwell
Within a heart that was so prone to rove,
Yet when I looked on thee my last farewell,
Say, didst thou not perceive the sighs of love?
Some months have parted since I heard thy voice
Or traced the shades of beauty on thy brow ;
Still, lovely Kitty, thou art all my choice,
And to thee still my warmest feelings flow.

BARDWELL, KY., March 19, 1878.

LOVE'S TOKEN.

TO KITTIE LOU.

(On receiving a curl of her hair.)

WHEN severed from the loved of yore
Whom I no more could hope to meet,
And all the strife I'd known before
It seemed my bosom must repeat ;
When leaning on the walls of hope
Which grew more doubtful as I stood,
And all that lit my horoscope
Grew dark as Egypt's smitten flood,—

O'er many a mountain, moor and sea,
As wafted by some faithful dove,
Came glist'ning that sweet gift to me,
A token of thine early love.
It came as came the Son of Light
When all this world was dark in sin,
It drove from me the clouds of night
And placed a gleam of hope therein.

And now as I behold the hue
Which graced thy beauteous neck and breast,
It brings thy lovely face to view
And all the joy I once possessed.
It still has power to soothe and cheer,
And drive all sorrow from my heart;
It comforts in this wand'ring drear,
These dismal years we roam apart.

BARDWELL, KY.; July 21, 1878.

I'M NOT DISCONSOLATE.

TO KITTY LOU.

I'M not disconsolate, my love,
In these autumnal days,
Although in distant lands I rove
Where death,* the archer, sways.

I'm not disconsolate, though thou
And dreams of bliss are gone;
Though time, since I beheld thy brow,
On slothful wings hath flown.

I'm not disconsolate, though now
From strangers' hands I'm fed;
Though disappointment marks my brow,
And all my joy has sped.

I'm not disconsolate, though hope
Of earthly things recedes;
The star that lit my horoscope
Now from my vision speeds.

*The yellow fever.

No, not disconsolate, for He
In whom the good confide,
In every land, on every sea,
Still lingers by my side.

BARDWELL, KY., October 3, 1878.

ALAS FOR ME!

TO KITTY LOU.

OH! had our pathways not converged,
Or thou forborne so soon to part,
What other fate mine had emerged!
How else had beat my pining heart!
And thou hast set, my glorious sun,
Whose sheen has lit my darkest way;
Alas for me! the race half run,
Must come the waning of the day.

But will the moon not yet arise
Since other light has sunk away?
Already gleams it in the skies,
Yet how less brilliant is its ray!
My sweetest hopes on earth have flown;
Now whither shall my soul repair?
Far from our native hills I've gone;
Alas! no more I meet thee there.

ATLANTA, GA., December 9, 1879.

NO MORE TO HOPE.

TO KITTY LOU.

OH! when I see those perfect eyes,
Which like an angel's softly glow,

'Tis hard to think that in them lies
A love to view another's woe.

Whene'er I see that artless smile
I scarce forbear to curse my fate;
But it, alas! can yet beguile—
Thy soul's indeed imbued with hate.

I dare not breathe the love which stole
Into my heart, 'gainst which I strove;
Though trembling 'fore thee bowed my soul,
Thou'dst mock me and refuse to love.

Well, let these flames within me burn,
Time yet may 'suage their matchless glow;
To thee no more in hope they'll turn,
Thou certain source of all my woe.

Mine, solely mine, thou ne'er wilt be,
Not e'en past pleasures to repeat;
How fondly turned my hopes to thee!
How riven lie they at thy feet!

I hardly thought, when first my love
Upon thee as a mantle fell,
Thou'dst bid me surely, quickly rove
And breathe to thee e'ermore farewell!

And now the fatal hour is come,
I shudder at its clanging knell,—
No more to greet thee at thy home,
But wandering speak a last farewell.

The cruel word that bids me go
Is spoken, and I now must rove

Far o'er this world of certain woe,
In search of other hearts to love.

And wandering, shall my thoughts return
To dwell on days we cherished most?
But would my wretched soul not burn
To think that all is ever lost?

And thou, the victor of my heart,
For whom my fondness knew no bounds,
Hast turned the cruel traitor's part,
And smiled to view my cureless wounds.

Beneath the dark, deep surging sea
Pearls may be found that glow as bright;
Some other day may dawn on me,
Though now approach the shades of night.

I bid thee now depart in peace,
Let heart to heart responsive swell;
My soul ne'er hopes to find release
Though now I bid farewell, farewell!

WALLING, TENN., December 11, 1879.

NO PLACE OF REST.

TO KITTY LOU.

THINE, love, long severed from thy breast,
In love's dire blight to burn,
Not finding here a place of rest,
Permit, oh, to return!

Receive the heart which, weary now
With wandering hence forlorn,

Would gladly wake from night of woe
To happy, cloudless morn.

'Tis thine that wanders in the West
Uncomforted and lone,
And joy will never greet him lest
One smile thy visage own.

The hopes that once his breast immured
By time and want are crushed,
And, in a land thus long endured,
His wailings have not hushed.

Fate beckoned him to wander far
And satiate fierce desires ;
He, wandering in relentless war,
Lost all but amorous fires.

The pigeon, though by dangers pressed,
Still seeks its natal urn ;
Thus happy, to thy heavenly breast,
Permit thine to return.

BARDWELL, KY., January 23, 1879.

THE POET'S CARE.

TO KITTY LOU.

THINE is the poet's gentle care,
His vigil, day and night ;
All honors that his soul would share
Are but for thy delight. .

Not once, in all his strife with men,
Has vanished from his heart

The love that filled his bosom when
He first saw what thou art.

Once life to him was sadly drear,
Just like a desert waste,
When, like the roses, did appear
Thy beauties, love-embraced.

Thou art the beacon that directs
His bark, his star of hope;
And wert thou not, he oft reflects,
Dark were his horoscope.

Then through the veil of mercy, love,
Behold thy waiting swain;
If thou shouldst once indifferent prove,
The poet's life were vain.

WALLING, TENN., March 15, 1879.

MY GUIDING STAR.

TO KITTY LOU—WITH THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

KITTY, my sweet and radiant star
That lights the hateful haze
Which ever on life's field of war
Hides joy's expected rays,
Thy light will guide my footsteps on
Though bolts of battle fall,
And, in the hour when hope is gone,
Thou'lt hear my feeblest call.

Then take this boon, my radiant one,
Too fair for aught but Heaven;
And since from thee I must be gone,
My heart with this is given.

With this accept my kind regards,
Nor once my truth reprove ;
I cannot sing as other bards,
But just as truly love.

WALLING, TENN., June 11, 1879.

HAS HEARD MY PLEADING.

TO KITTY LOU.

LONG has Kitty heard my pleading,
Known my soul her love was needing,
Often seen big tears receding
From the eyes her visage reading ;
Oft I've turned my heart to roving,
Yet it was so prone to loving
It would turn to Kitty, proving
Its regret to cease its loving.
But those painful spells are over,
She has lost her pleading lover ;
I have gone a constant rover,
Whom she ne'er can more recover,
Now no more shall Kitty bind me
In her fetters, then remind me,
Though the Fates to love consigned me,
I shall rove and leave behind me
What my hopes so loved to nourish,
That the love I so much cherish
By my absence soon will perish,
And my Lou with others flourish.
Kitty, dear, at length we sever ;
Let the love which, like a river,
Fain would roll its way forever,

In its icy channel shiver,
Rising, flowing, bright'ning never.

P. S.—Nay, my love, it seems I'll never
Break this love that binds me ever,
For thou art so interwoven
In my heart, and so have proven
All my joy, how can I ever
Bid thee go? O never, never!
I can only say, forever
I will make a firm endeavor,
Yet it seems I'll love forever.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 2, 1880.

ON THAT SUNNY SHORE.

TO KITTY LOU.

(On the Author's return from Florida.)

KITTY, as the night rolled o'er me
Happy visions passed before me,
These perplexing toils forsook me,
All my former joys o'ertook me;
What a time in the ideal!
Would that it had been but real!
You, my love, my beacon beaming,
Sought me—no, I was not dreaming;
'Twas your spirit radiant, lighted
With those smiles which darkness frightened;
Yes, the darkness fell, dissembled,
As the bright light o'er it trembled,
And you spoke in tones benignant:
"Friend, think me no more indignant;

I would fain behold those lands
Where your feet have late been strolling,
I would walk upon those sands
Where the dark, deep sea is rolling."
"Let us go then where I wandered,
Where I late so sadly pondered,
Where I helped the pine trees moan,
All because I was alone."

Over ridges, gorges, mountains,
By swift rivers, leaping fountains,
Through the streets of splendid cities,
Where the heart is awed, then pities,
Through the land of fruits and vines,
Through the land of wailing pines,

Wandered we;
Over sandy deserts flying
Where the thirsty fields were sighing,
On we hurried, gladly roving
With our bosoms one in loving,
Till one day upon the shore
Where old ocean's billows roar
Squandered we.

O the ocean, restless ocean!
How it filled us with emotion
As we stood upon its shore
List'ning to its ceaseless roar!
Glittering, pearly shells we gathered,
Seashells on the sand,
With what gaudy plumes were feathered
Birds in that far land!
By that sea before I'd wandered,
On those sands before I'd pondered,
But how sad!

What are corals, seashells, shores
When the heart's fond hope ignores?

Love is mad.

O'er us flapped the seamew's wing,
'Bout us moved the breath of spring,
Far away we saw the ocean
Kiss the sky at every motion,
Thought we heard the mermaid's song
Far out on the billowy throng ;

Saw the sun

Lift himself from ocean's face,

Saw begun

A sublime and dazzling race
Through the heaven's ethereal space.
Quitting shore, the favoring breeze
Pressed us o'er the billowy seas,
Coral isles arose and laughed,
Fishes in the sunshine quaffed ;
Often some fair shore arose,

Sank behind the waves again,

Oft we saw the sea disclose

Forms that quaked the hearts of men.

On white pinions flew the ship,

Mocking current, billow, gale,

Laughing words fell from each lip,

And the sail,

High above the waters foaming,
Caught the breezes that were roaming,
Bore us o'er the billowy scene
To a land where evergreen
Are the grasses, trees and plants,
Where the God of nature grants
Summer evermore.

How we rambled, frolicked, laughed
As the balmy air we quaffed!
And we wandered hand in hand
On that citrus-blooming strand,
 On that sunny shore.
Spicy trees were blooming there,
Flourished, too, the mango fair;
Everywhere were fragrant flowers
Blooming in delightful bowers;
Cocoa-palms and sappadillas
Grew as dense as here the willows,
Ripe pineapples filled the fields,
 Ginger, coffee, pepper, spice,
Flourished, for old winter yields
 There no blizzards, no more ice;
The banana fruit was growing
 In the glade,
The japonica was blowing
 In the shade;
In the breeze the olive tree
 Lifted high its branches laden,
With a footstep gladly free
 Sported there the dark-eyed maiden.
Turning from these tropic groves,
 Sought we lakelets, little seas,
Where no ripple ever moves
 Save when courted by the breeze;
In the margin of these seas
Saw we mirrored back the trees,
But when breezes wooed the scene
How the shadows changed their mien!
Lilies o'er the surface strowed
Bowed to us as waves they rode,

And you plucked them from that tide
As we took the evening ride;
List'ning to the mock-bird's prate,
Golden fruits we plucked and ate;
Swapping love licks, gathering flowers,
Thus we spent those happy hours:
Thousand beauties lit the scene,
Thousand voices rolled serene
 On the balmy air;
What an Eden in this world!
Nature crowned with robes unfurled,
 And face so fair.
As we gazed on lake and grove
Said I, "What a scene of love!
Who would quit this joyful place
 Seeking elsewhere happier home?
Seeing here your heavenly face,
 Never hence I'd wish to roam.
Will you stay, my lovely friend,
 Here where Beauty rears her shrine?
Journeying to life's closing end,
 Share a fate that equals mine?"
There the vision broke, away
 Flitted all those blissful fancies;
All departed and 'tis day,
 Yet each scene before me dances.
Oh! that I could but have heard
Softly fall your answering word;
Curst the bird whose matins woke,
And my happy visions broke;
Will you answer yet, though we
Gaze not on that sunny sea?

Kitty, I have lately strolled
O'er the scenes this dream unrolled ;
Many a coral shore I trod,
High on which white billows rode ;
Many a laden citron tree
Waved its golden fruit high o'er me ;
Many a smiling, sunlit sea
Spread its crystal tide before me ;
How I wished you there to glide
 With me o'er those silver lakes !
We had joyfully crossed that tide,
 Laughed where joy the heart o'ertakes :
Where without you wandered I—
 Oft I sighed and wished you there ;
Saw the laughing springtime fly,
 Saw no beauty half so fair.
Oft I looked upon the sea,
 Wondered if you thought me there,
 Oft I dreamed I saw you, fair,
Wandering o'er your native lea ;
Life's how drear without you, love !
With you mine all blessings prove.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., July 24, 1881.

O SPIRIT OF BEAUTY!

TO KITTY LOU.

PEACEFUL and bright be your days,
 Gilded with hope's silver beam ;
Freed from each gathering haze,
 Be your journey one beautiful dream.

Sweet be the roses that line
Your pathway, while blossom the trees ;
Soft be the clasp of the vine
That holds your young heart in its wreaths.

Long be the spring you will know,
The brightest the world ever knew ;
Hushed be each breath that would flow
Opposed to a vision like you.

Your road is a pageant more bright
Than earth, so we follow your wake ;
But, oh ! give us peace in your might,
Be gentle with hearts that you break.

'Tis a meteor passing, I know ;
All the stars have grown dim in the blaze ;
You give to our world a bright glow,
But my heart feels the most while we gaze.

O light that has ravaged the world,
Comet, drawing the orbs in your wake,
O spirit of beauty unfurled,
Be kind to the hearts that you break !

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., June 4, 1882.

I KNOW I LOVE YOU.

TO KITTY LOU.

I KNOW I love you,—in my dreams
Is pictured your sweet face,
And every joy I've known, it seems,
Comes back in your embrace.

I know I love you,—not a day
Rolls by, though grief be mine,
When you, my hope, my solar ray,
Fail in my gloom to shine.

I know I love you,—every prayer
I've raised to Heaven's gate
Has breathed your name in fervor there,
And begged a blissful fate.

I know I love you,—when afar
Some sunlit shore I tread,
Turned back by you, my guiding star,
The swelling sails I spread.

I know I love you,—when I press
My heart to other's breast,
Still yours more fervently 'twill bless,
And there yet sighs to rest.

WALLING, TENN., January 22, 1883.

SPACE THAT DIVIDES US.

TO KITTY LOU.

Ho! broad is the space that divides us,
The rivers that laugh the day through;
Ho! rough are the crags I've been crossing,—
They hide your sweet home from my view.

Though broad be this space that divides us,
No spirit so kind it assures;
Though wide be these rollicking rivers,
They mirror no home like to yours.

'Tis a memory loved that goes with me,
Of days in our tramps through your groves;
'Tis a blessing to dream thus forever
Of things that my spirit so loves.

Then remember, sweet lady, though parted,
I dream of you, love you the same;
What though there be spaces between us,
I know they exist but in name.

Come, nights, with your chill, dewy mantle,
Gleam dimly, ye stars, from above,
This world has a charm while yet lingers
A hope of my old, dearest love.

Roll laughing or mad, ye deep rivers,
And spread, ye broad plains, as you will,
You cannot divide me and loved ones,—
My spirit will live with them still.

GALLATIN, TENN., September 16, 1884.

SAY, DO YOU, DARLING?

TO KITTY LOU.

SAY, do you, darling, when you milk
Your gentle cows or rope the calf,
Or sweep away the spider's silk,
But think of me sometimes and laugh?

Say, when you slap the rugs about
Or roll the sofas out to sun,
A moment, love, forget to pout
To think of me and days of fun.

When bending o'er the heated stove
You roll the roasting coffee free,
Or when the biscuit pan you shove,
Think so you've often done for me.

But when you splash the wash tub, dear,
With dripping clothes and soapy hands,
With bonnet flapped and dress you wear,
I know your beauty most commands.

But when you pick the stately goose
That kicks and screams at every blow,
Be merciful and turn him loose,
Just think I would not treat you so.

How beautiful your evenings, love,
For covering apples from the dews,
To give each romping child a shove
And walk the porch without your shoes!

Do for me, as your chickens, care!
I saw a hawk once make his swoop,
But you with gentle hands were there
And put them in their little coop.

But when you're picking beans, beware!
The stinging worm's a sneaking foe;
Some playful lizard, hiding there,
Might set you screaming "Snake!" you know.

So, darling, still as useful be,
And make your home a cloudless noon;
At table place a plate for me,
For I'll be there to help you soon.

CHARLESTON, TENN., October 4, 1885.

WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

(New Orleans, February, 1885.)

SUMMARY of earth, lost in your depths I rove!
Gleanings from every age, from every clime!
I find each art, invention, age I love
Mixed in one dazzling show, O scene sublime!

Why journey farther? England, Egypt, Rome,
Japan, France, Greece, and China lavish here
Their products, and old Mexico's at home;
But Turks' and Arabs' pipes the ribbons wear.

Spreads here with careful hands our own fair land
Her thousand cereals; well she may not blush:
Here stretches Georgia, yonder rises grand
Vermont in marble, Kansas makes a rush.

My Tennessee well burdened answers "Here!"
In all but apples, I could eat her store;
For corn and peas a label she should wear,
Such beets and 'tatoes never blessed this shore.

Here's Florida in thousand different woods,
And fruits as numerous as her crocodiles;
There sits old California with competing goods,
Wreathing her sunburnt face with broadest smiles.

They turn us in at 10 A.M., all day
We jostle thousands, shove our way from Spain
Across to China, through the States, and stay
A while at Yeddo waiting for the train.

In pottery I believe old Venice wins,
Give Mexico a button for her beans,
Texas should have a cracker for her skins,
For carnivals the prize is New Orleans'!

WATCHMAN IN THE STEEPLE.

WATCHMAN in the steeple,
Loudly ring that bell,
And wake the sleeping people
In palace, cot, and cell.

Wake the echoes sleeping
That they may echo still;
Strike! let the sound go sweeping
O'er mountain, vale and hill.

As the night grows dreary
Wake up the lonely hour,
And cheer the soul that's weary
Of love's all-conquering power.

Watchman, thou art ever
Dear to every heart;
To thee all hearts endeavor
To yield their kindest part.

Whilst the winds are sweeping
Loudly ring that bell,
And wake the echoes sleeping,
Dear watchman—fare thee well!

McMINNVILLE, TENN., December 3, 1875.

A PASSING STRANGER.

I'M but a passing stranger here
With dusty feet and visage sear,
 So worry not ;
I soon shall pass beyond your ken,
Beyond the sight and cares of men
 And be forgot.

My mission is but one of peace,
My prayers for others never cease
 As I go 'long ;
I only ask your free good will
And prayers as I aspire to fill
 Each heart with song.

A stranger here, yet it is true
I have a home not far from you,
 Across the way ;
That blessed home you cannot see
Unless in faith and charity
 You live each day.

Then bury all that hate you have,
For you have, too, a soul to save,
 And learn to love ;
It may be hard to do, but then
For those who love their fellow-men
 Is home above.

To those who bury self away
And live for God and man each day
 This home is given ;

But if you love the Lord and men,
Heaven will spring up within you ; then
You are in Heaven.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., October 3, 1904.

HEAVEN IN DREAMS.

TO JOSEPHINE.

LOVE, may I lay my head to rest
Once more upon your snowy breast,
There near the heart I love the most
Let all things else in dreams be lost ?

While pillowed thus my spirit eyes
Ope softly on Elysian skies ;
Yes, sleeping there as evening dies,
To Heaven in dreams my spirit flies.

For waking, oft you fondly wait,
I wake, am still at Heaven's gate ;
How fond the love, how sweet the rest,
To kiss and slumber on your breast !

Then greet me at your generous home,
To know your love again I come ;
There through your sweet lips to absorb
The soul that guides me like an orb.

I'll have no need to turn away
In spirit from this realm of clay,
To seek in other worlds the bliss
That thrills me in your soothing kiss.

Still in your youthful mien I trace
The beauty of an angel's face;
So Heaven, instead of far away,
Here daily beams upon my way.

When sleeping I shall dream of you,
The most of Heaven I ever knew;
And waking, I'll again caress
The form I so much love to bless.

The time approaches, love, when we
Again those happy hours shall see,
Gaze fondly in each love-lit eye,
Then kiss and kiss and kiss good-by!

Oh! no, we nevermore can part
Lest each will take the other's heart;
Thus treasured, though apart we rove,
To still as fondly, truly love.

Erelong the mountain's frozen crest
My feet must press as oft they've pressed;
There with old Winter's chilling powers
To wrestle as in former hours.

Too soon between us ocean's roar
Will clash as it has not before,
And I must give your kindly home
For clouded skies and salt seafoam.

Although I go with footsteps fleet,
My heart is lowly at your feet;
Though cruel fates my life control,
My love's as lasting as my soul.

When on the sea my head shall rest
I'll think it is your heaving breast,
And when sweet sleep and dreams are given
I'll know not but I'm with my heaven.

SHELL'S FORD, TENN., Dècember 20, 1880.

GOOD-BY! IF NOW WE MUST.

TO JOSEPHINE.

A FEW brief evenings more, at most,
And I must quit your lovely vale,
Perhaps on breakers to be tossed,
My comrades but the waves and gale.
But let fierce winds my bark propel
And waters part my heart from yours,
My bosom will as madly swell
To love as long as life endures.

'Twill be some grief to quit this scene
Where we have loved so oft to stray,
Where, gazing on your dark, sweet mien,
I wooed you through the careless day.
By steep gray rocks that wall your glen
And this pure stream I've loved to dwell;
I know I'll grieve sincerely when
I bid them all and you farewell.

No more these scenes will greet me, dear,
When to the battling world I've gone,
But I'll be truly blest to hear
That hope is yours though left alone.
I thought I'd make this vale my lot,
Your heart my heart, here pass my life,

But some strange fiat bids me not—
I go to meet a fiercer strife.

On going hence, my dear, to rove,
This rustic dwelling yours shall be ;
And when you think of those you love
I trust you'll then reflect on me.
Here dwell, and let the river's voice
And wild flowers still your solace be ;
I would not have you quit your choice
To try the dubious road with me.

Before me fearful waters spread,
And breakers hidden only wait ;
Let tempests fall upon my head,
But yours deserves a better fate.
Good-by ! if now we must, but this
Is the last parting we shall know ;
I claim the sweetest, fondest kiss
You ever gave me, then I go.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., December 30, 1880.

THIS RIPPLED SEA.

TO JOSEPHINE.

LOOKING o'er this rippled sea
Which recedes beyond my sight,
Tired of books that load my knee,
Tired of sea gulls in their flight,—
I'm reflecting on the time
This broad water holds me here,
Burning 'neath a sultry clime,
Homesick though my tent is near.

Backward moves the moaning tide,
All the sea birds herald night;
Go, you ocean, deep and wide,
I must leave you while there's light.

Like some lonely distant isle,
Severed from all kindred spheres,
Here I view no loved one's smile,
Share with none responsive tears.

Darkness reigns along the sea,
While the billows wildly roll;
Yet, though earth is dark to me,
Light still glimmers in my soul.

I shall hope we yet may meet
Far beyond where billows swell;
That will soothe in this retreat,
Till that hour then fare you well.

And to-morrow where I move
Far from this resplendent view,
Oh! my heart will ache with love,
And my sighs be all for you.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., May 3, 1881.

JOSEPHINE LOST.

I HEARD the fearful news proclaimed,
I heard my gloating rival named,
And then I groaned;
The heart that once had owned a will
To love with one that passed it still
Was then dethroned.

And is my Josephine decoyed?
And is her early love destroyed?

It cannot be;
Some other takes her hand and flies,
I hold her heart until she dies,
Nor then 'tis free.

I met her last in gorgeous vale,
I heard the wintry tempest's wail
On snowy peak;
The trees were clad in coats of mail,
And clinked amid the chilling gale—
I scarce could speak.

No time to talk, my lips were cold
Like snow before our eyes unrolled;
She clasped my form;
I felt her kisses thrill my soul,
I felt a warmth all through me roll
Swifter than storm.

And then I said: "My Josephine,
The spell of bliss we late have seen
Is o'er at last;
Here through these vales no more we'll stray
Perhaps for many a lonely day,
As in the past.

I hear them speak of lands afar
Where guavas, lemons, citrons are,
And sunny sea;
I fly, yes, hither do I fly,
My dear, devoted girl, good-by,
And love to thee!"

"Oh, stay!" she said. "When thou art gone,
Though wooed by worlds I'd still be lone,
A wanderer, dear;
But if I cannot now command,
Go, ramble o'er that sunlit land,
Then seek me here."

She kissed me as she said, "Good-by!
My heart is thine until I die,
Nor then is free."
I clasped her form in grief untold,
My tears and hers together rolled,
Then parted we.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., September 1, 1881.

A LILY.

FAR down a vale of solitude
A lonely lily grew;
Its stamens were with honey glued,
Its corol deepest blue.

It sweetly blushed and bowed its head
In that deep, shadowy place;
And thus it graced a lonely bed
Where few beheld its face.

No wild-pink of the vale or field
Nor blooming rose-clad bower,
Nor all the fertile gardens yield,
Could e'er surpass this flower.

WALLING, TENN., March 30, 1875.

STANZAS TO MUSIC.

O WONDROUS, soul-inspiring mystery!
 How oft I've pondered on thy history!
 How oft I wonder whence thou art,
 For thou hast stol'n my care-worn heart!

To thee alone my spirit owes
 Its hours of greatest rest and joy,
 For thou alone canst smother woes
 And all life's love-lorn cares destroy.

Oft in the gloomy hours of night,
 When nature slumbers silently,
 Thou to my ears dost wing thy flight,
 And drive all evil thoughts away.

Shouldst thou be carried back to Heaven,
 All earth would be bereft of joy;
 Each soul would have no blisses given,
 And nothing left but life's alloy.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 12, 1876.

PUERILE THOUGHTS.

I WISH I were a mocking bird
 A-singing, wild and free,
 My ceaseless notes should all be heard
 Throughout old Tennessee.

I wish I were a butterfly
 On freedom's careless wing,
 I'd tickle each beholder's eye
 And beautify the spring.

I wish I were a golden fish
Out in some laughing river,
I'd realize my warmest wish
In swimming on forever.

I wish I were a columbine
And graced some garden bed,
I'd shed my beauty's power divine
As mortals round me tread.

I wish I were once more a child
And roamed my native place,
I'd breathe the scenes poetic, wild,
Which then marked nature's face.

I wish I were an angel bright
On some lone mountain's crest,
To other realms I'd wing my flight
Where all is peace and rest.

Sometimes I wish I were a clam
Bound in its pearly fetter;
Just anything than what I am
It seems to me were better.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 30, 1876.

THERE IS A FEAR.

THERE is a fear for every hope,
A tear for every smile;
Life is a scene of joy and woe,
A shadow fraught with guile.

The dawn of life is agony,
 The termination's death;
 'Tween that and this how few the joys!
 How frail the fleeting breath!

Yet there's a soul-confiding hope
 That soothes the aching breast;
 There is a land of peace and love,
 Of happiness and rest;
 And if the Christ of old we hear,
 And in His favor plead,
 That home of sweet, eternal bliss
 Will be our gracious mead.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 1, 1876.

REMIND ME NOT.

REMIND me not of former bliss,
 For it is long since o'er;
 Sing not to me of Lily's kiss,
 For it can come no more.

And tell me not of joy or woe,
 For I have known my part;
 Oh! name not love, for well I know
 It only rends my heart.

Sing not to me of future joy,
 For it is dim and far;
 Life's promises are but alloy,
 And well I know they are.

MANCHESTER, TENN., May 29, 1876.

ON THE BILLOW.

COME out upon the billow
And glide along with me;
Come, breast the tumbling waters
Where naught is known but glee.
Why should we fear the breakers,
Or shudder at the blast?
If life and strength are with us,
We'll reach the shore at last.

Now onward o'er the waters
More speedily we glide,
While in our peaceful bosoms
Mirth, joy and love abide.
Methinks I hear a timbrel
Resounding o'er the main;
'Tis only a whistling buoy
That lifts its plaintive strain.

Ye minstrels of my Highlands,
Your sleeping Muse awake;
Join in with all your spirit
And help the music make.
Ye bards of tragic story,
Why do you idle stand
And listen to the music
That bursts forth from our band?

But why not join the chorus
And help us swell the praise?
Why not join in the anthems
We now attempt to raise?

Behold a seagirt island
O'ergrown with fruits and flowers;
Soon there we'll be reclining
Beneath its fragrant bowers.

Away, ye cups of sorrow,
No more your dregs we'll drain,
Now that we've safely landed
From o'er the darksome main.
Come, all ye shipwrecked sailors,
To this oasis fair,
And join our swelling chorus
And blisses with us share.

Adieu, ye friends behind us!
We've crossed the waters blue;
If now you dwell not with us,
We bid you all adieu.
Adieu, adieu, ye loved ones
Residing far away!
Why did you not come with us
To dwell in blissful day?

WALLING, TENN., June 22, 1876.

WHY SHOULD WE?

WHY yield to adversity's dark wintry blast
When it lashes the billows of life's restless tide?
Why sink in despair when the loud-shrieking mast
Is broken and hurled o'er the surf-beaten side?
When arduous longing is rudely repress,
Why should we sup sorrow or faint in distress?

When passion's dread fantasies pillage the breast,
Why should it raise blazes which naught can suppress?

When friendship's rejected with frowns of disdain,
What then could revive us and bid us survive?

When love for another for aye is in vain,
What being will venture to keep us alive?

When loved ones confess they indignantly hate us,
Ah! why should we wish them in Hell's endless night?

When rapture's celestial endearments elate us,
What soul could retard or abandon its flight?

Why should we know sorrow when life's morning sun
Shines down on our paths, wilts the blossoms there
strowed?

In the noonday of life, when the race is half run,
Why ponder in doubt on the slippery road?

When the mirk winds of age woo each silvery lock,
And furrows of care on our foreheads are traced,
What soul could impel us to cringe at the shock?
But rather solicit death's terrors to haste.

When Death, with his sickle, descends from above
To slay us and waft us to regions of light,
Why should we dread leaving the dear ones we love?
Why should we not shout at his winging our flight?
When our spirits have entered those mansions of
Heaven,

Where praises of triumph pour forth like a river,
Where robes of pure whiteness to each one are given,
Why join in tumultuous praises forever?

McMINNVILLE, TENN., February 14, 1876.

UNTUTORED YOUTH.

TO BARBRA.

MAID of dark and beaming eye,
Pass these ruthless manners by;
Though my language be uncouth,
It is from untutored youth.

When you see me in my plight
You but wish me out of sight,
I with wonder stand and gaze
Till my thoughts are all ablaze.

You condemn me since my tongue
With fine accents is not strung,
Thinking not that I, though droll,
Speak the feelings of my soul.

BARDWELL, KY., February 20, 1878.

A STRANGER HERE.

TO BARBRA.

WHEN from Mount Pisgah's sacred crest
I bade my love farewell,
I thought within my plaintive breast
No other love should dwell;
But here, where turbid waters roll
With many a town's *débris*,
I feel attachment in my soul
That holds me near to thee.

Then let a stranger ope his heart
And all his feelings show,

Since thou wouldst claim his gentle part
And his confession know.
Oh! who could breathe this sultry air,
Or pass these dismal years,
Without another's heart to share
In rapturé or in tears?

Although a stranger here I roam,
Far from my native shrine,
It wakes within me thoughts of home
To view those smiles of thine.
And when the hour for us to part
Is thundered in mine ear,
'Twill wake a grief within my heart
For one that's doubly dear.

That hour will come ere long, and I
Shall from these moorlands flee;
'Twill be a comfort home to fly,
A grief to part from thee.
Alone, alone, away, away,
Upon the rumbling train;
Then I shall see my mountains gray,
And thee? no, ne'er again.

BARDWELL, KY., August 17, 1878.

WRETCHED SPOT!

TO BARBRA.

WHEN first I viewed this marshy glen
I said, "Ah, lonely, wretched spot!"
But had I seen thy beauties then,
Dear Barbra, I had said it not;

But haply said, "Not even here,
Where howling monsters fill the wood,
Should one, though far from home so dear,
O'er loneliness or absence brood!"

To thee alone my heart is due
A compensation for its joy,
Since 'neath these skies of amber blue
I've roved a glad, though vanquished, boy.

Who knowing that sweet life of thine
Could think his time was near to die?
Though it were his in Heaven to shine,
He could not from thy presence fly.

Then let me here resign my heart,
Since thou canst soothe it more than they;
How could I from thy breast depart
E'en to the realms of blissful day?

From anxious youth accept the kiss
That sets my heart from sorrow free,
Since I can have no sweeter bliss
Than love and peaceful life with thee.

BARDWELL, KY., September 15, 1878.

LOVE'S DISTRACTION.

'Tis midnight and the rains still beat,
The clouds their echoes still repeat;
The glaring flash, the deep'ning gloom,
Still threaten with some awful doom.
Again the thunders hurl their might
And lightnings crackle in their flight,
The whirlwinds rush, the gloom grows thicker,
And still my weary heart grows sicker.

A heavy cloud, low in the west,
That will not longer be repressed,
Comes rumbling on from seas afar
As though with heaven and earth at war.

But in my breast the clouds that rise
Are darker than these angry skies ;
The clouds of grief, O direful spell !
Within my bosom still rebel ;
Conflicting passions, ceaseless sighs,
Still in my bleeding breast arise.
While in this vari'gated pain
A dream of hope flits o'er my brain,
But now it wavers, now has fled—
Again my feeble hope is dead ;
And once again I yield to tears
Just as I did in former years.

Fain would I quell this rising sigh,
The dreadful thought that will not die,
The blight of love, the quenchless fire,
Which in my bosom rises higher ;
Yet from my eyes the torrents flow
Sufficient to suppress its glow :
I cannot pass this cup of woe,
For it is mine to mourn, I know.

This cannot be love's gentle glow
That rends my breast with restless woe ;
'Tis passion's dread, consuming fire
That burns me till all hopes expire.
O Passion ! robber of my breast,
Why hast thou thus destroyed my rest ?
Why rend my aching heart in twain
And paralyze my maddened brain ?
'Tis love, yes, loving all in vain,

That racks my heart in ceaseless pain.

My hopes were bright as vernal days,
And free and careless were my ways,
But, oh! a cloud revealed its shade
Around which love's dire lightning played.
O vanity! when wilt thou cease
To wreck my love, confuse my peace?
O'erhanging clouds of woe and grief,
When wilt thou burst and give relief?
Come, smiling friend or deadly foe,
And hear this tale of endless woe;
Come share this sore, convulsive heart
Which struggles 'neath love's piercing dart.
O sweetheart! giver of my woe,
Deceiver, fierce and deadly foe!
Thy words were false, thy heart was vile,
On me thou ne'er wast known to smile;
When first my youthful eyes beheld thee,
I thought that love might soon have quelled thee,
But ere a few brief rolling hours
I yielded to thy subtle powers.

Though love in thee may have been placed
And smiles, by some, may have been traced,
Yet it has never been my part
To know that these pervade thy heart.
O woman! thou to man wast given
To be his mate and earthly heaven,
To soothe his pain in hours of grief,
To quell his sighs and give relief;
Not so, thou art my fount of woe,
My source of pain, my deadly foe.

Mt. PISGAH, TENN., April 30, 1876.

MY COQUETTE.

BEAUTY and love externally abide
Enhancing all who view with artless eye,
But devils there internally reside
Who make the sparks of indignation fly.
One would approach to hear her voice benign
And, filled with hope, extend his heart in love ;
But soon she'd drench it with malignant wine,
And every vow and offering there reprove.
In beauty she's a captivating flower,
The flower which I had long desired to pluck ;
At last within her unrelenting power,
A poisoned dagger in my heart she stuck.
She smiled to see the blood of my poor breast
Flow from a wound till it would scarcely stain ;
She smiled to see me blighted and distressed,
For she's a stranger to distress or pain.
WALLING, TENN., January 16, 1876.

SINCE WE WANDERED.

TO WILEY.

DEAR Wiley, when we were together
Achieving that desired end,
I ever loved you as a brother
And found in you a faithful friend.
I never thought you were so dear
Till since that fated hour we parted ;
I never thought to shed one tear,
Or sigh for you half broken-hearted ;

But since we've wandered far apart
Upon life's dark and dubious field,
I feel a sigh within my heart,
A pang to which I soon must yield.

And since we left that school so fair,*
That school we then esteemed so highly,
I breathe for you a fervent prayer,
And drink to you a health, dear Wiley.

And, Wiley, should it be my fate
To wander o'er the deep blue sea,
'Twould not one different thought create,
But only bring you nearer me.

If I should roam through scorching climes
Where bloody despots live and rule,
I'd think of you and those dear times
When we were happy boys at school.

And should adversity's dark frown
Quell every hope within my breast,
I would not in despair bow down
While in my friend such faith can rest.

WALLING, TENN., January 7, 1876.

A PARTING HAND.

TO WILEY.

SINCE you are ready to depart
For California's distant shore,
Oh! let me bury in my heart
A hope that we may meet once more;

*Mt. Pisgah, Tenn.

And as I give my parting hand
In this sincere and long adieu,
Believe me, to that distant land
My warmest wishes follow you.

And though I begged that fortune's star
Might beckon you to other land,
Yet go, it may be best, you are
The man to win—there make your stand.

But when I think of most I prize
My mind must flit o'er plain, through air,
Beyond where Rocky Mountains rise,
E'en to the dark, deep ocean there.

Remember, friend, that wheresoe'er
Those steps of yours may now intrude,
My anxious spirit will be there
In firm but sweet solicitude.

Then fare you well, my truest one,
Too soon to tread that far-off shore!
And whether your designs be done,
Be this,—that we may meet once more.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 16, 1876.

TOM FISHER.

TOM FISHER was filled with the visions of war,
So he sailed o'er the billow to Mexico far,
Where battles were raging, and banners waved high,
And the smoke of the cannon there darkened the sky;
He left his dear dwelling behind him so far
And went all the way to the Mexican War.

He was a true hero, the soldiers all say,
As ever went forth to the thick of the fray;
He dreamed not of danger and feared not a foe,
But ever was ready to strike a fierce blow;
His breast, unprotected, received not a scar,
Though he was a brave in the Mexican War.

He left the dear hills that encircled his home
And went far away o'er an ocean to roam,
But he left not behind him a darling to weep
That he might not be lost on the dark, briny deep;
He went, not the fame of his country to mar,
He went there to fight in the Mexican War.

At last from the Mexican plains he returned,
Received all the honors he truly had earned,
And, weary at last of the Mexican fight,
He entered his dwelling with peerless delight;
And his forehead, so lofty, revealed not a scar,
Though he breasted the storms of the Mexican War.

Ofttimes in the winter, while stars in the skies
Peeped forth in the evening and twinkled their eyes,
He gathered around him a bright, happy band,
And told them the tales of a fantastic land;
He spoke of the conflicts that happened afar
When he was a brave in the Mexican War.

Ere he had forgotten the hardships and pains
Which he had endured on the Mexican plains,
The flames of rebellion burst fearfully forth,
Rolled fierce in the Southland and waved o'er the
North;

And Tom wished to fight, so he mounted the car,
And went as he did to the Mexican War.

Tom went where the thunder of cannon peeled forth,
Where hosts of blue Yankees poured down from the
North

With their weapons all burnished and ready to throw
A tempest of balls at the heads of the foe;
And Tom feared not danger and felt not the jar,
But fought as he did in the Mexican War.

Now gents and sweet ladies, come let us awake
The gay notes of mirth for this dear soldier's sake;
Come, let us revere him till Death spread her wing
And carry his spirit where weapons ne'er ring;
Let's tell all the people, both near and afar,
That Tom was a brave of the Mexican War.

WALLING, TENN., October 4, 1875.

A HUMBLE GIVER.

TO BETTIE—ON PRESENTING A BOOK.

I ASK but through each coming spring
To be a humble giver,
For well I know what fate may bring
Will break my fondness never.

FLINTVILLE, TENN., March 2, 1885.

WHERE FOUNTAINS LEAP.

TO BETTIE.

WHERE fountains leap and rivers laugh,
O'er which soft shades as playful fleet,
And mountain peaks the heavens quaff,—
Exults my heart, rebound my feet.

To-day I press the mountain's height,
 'Mid golden beams, o'er streamlets free;
To-morrow where will fall my light?
 I'll laugh through vales, I'll kiss the 'sea.

But whether splendid art may gleam,
 Or gorgeous phase be pictured there,
Know first your beauteous face will beam,
 Your name be whispered first in prayer.

I love your mountains, love the sea,
 This glorious light 'mid vales I tread;
But love that lives with you and me
 Will be a sweeter radiance shed.

Oh! still as fondly truthful prove,
 This foretaste is not all we'll see;
But know, while bursts my heart with love,
 For you its sweetest pangs will be.

SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN., June 12, 1885.

HOPES IN ASHES.

TO BETTIE.

YES, I know the hopes I cherish
 Here must end,
Joys I thought would never perish
 Here must end;
Oh, the grave must hold my pleasures!
Place the sod above my treasures
 Where they fall.

Oh! I'm lonely, weeping, sighing
O'er my fate,
Oh! my heart is wilting, dying
O'er my fate;
Your fair hands have dug the fissure,
Mine must lie beneath the pressure
Evermore.

Now your angel form has left me
Dying here,
Your sweet smile of life bereft me
Dying here;
Nevermore on earth to meet you,
Not to think in Heaven I'll greet you,
Darling love!

Fare you well! but yet I welter
At your door;
Gone forever is the shelter
Of your love;
Yet, though weltering, don't deride me,
Distance broad must soon divide me
And your love.

Let your elm tree lift its moaning
Where I fall,
Let your mock-bird sing till dawning
At my grave;
I'll be truly blest in dying
If you'll woo me, kiss me lying
At your door.

FLINTVILLE, TENN., June 26, 1885.

WARBLER'S SONG.

ON a cloudless, vernal day,
Just as morn revealed its ray,
Through the woods I walked along
Listening to a warbler's song,
Ringing loudly from a tree:
"*Mea cor verbero te.*"*

WALLING, TENN., June 4, 1876.

A CONFEDERATE WAR SONG.

(Read at a reunion.)

HARK, hear ye the horses and howitzers come!
Give ear to the bugle, the fife and the drum;
Hark, rouse ye from slumber and list to the drum,
"Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!"

See now on the breezes the colors afloat,
The soldiers are coming who wear the gray coat;
Then louder, ye fifers, strike hard on the drum,—
"Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!"

Make ready for battle, the Yankees are near;
Go forward to fight them, but never to fear;
Blow loudly, ye fifers, strike hard on the drum,—
"Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!"

Now on with the bayonet, and hard on the trigger,
We'll fight for our country, but not for the nigger;
Down faster and harder with sticks on the drum,—
"Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!"

*My heart beats for thee.

Press hard on them, bullies, and give them the steel;
Send bayonets right through them and teach them to
feel;

And blow on the bugle, and beat on the drum,—
“Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!”

Hurrah! they are running, charge, charge them, my
braves!

Pour shot and shell at them, let this dust be their
graves;

Musicians, stand sturdy, still pelting the drum,—
“Did der rum dum dum, did der rum dum dum!”

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 13, 1876.

I'M WEARY.

I'm weary of living where sorrow resides,
Where Time on his pinion so rapidly glides;
I'm weary of weeping,—the offspring of woe,
I'm weary of loving the things here below.

Oh! give me the pinions that carry the dove,
And I'll fly to the regions of peace and of love;
I'll fly to my Saviour, the Lamb that was slain,
There never to murmur nor sorrow again.

I'll fly to the Fountain of light and of love,
And live in the home that awaits me above;
That home that awaits me, exempt from all sin,
And shall I enjoy it? Yes, if Heaven's within.

WALLING, TENN., January 31, 1877.

THIS LONELY DAY.

THIS lonely day* completes a year
Of trouble, grief and pain,
And what have I accomplished here
Where nothing's seen but dread and fear?
Ah! all with me is vain.

The earth is brown, the trees are bare,
All nature's face is dreary;
The drooping lily's fate I share—
My love-lorn heart is pressed with care,
My soul is dark and weary.

Now love and hope alike have fled
Beyond my observation,
And as the field of life I tread
I see them not, I view but dread,
Despair and desolation.

Then when another year shall bring
This melancholy day,
What knell within my ear shall ring,
Where I shall be, to what I'll cling,
Not e'en a world can say.

Then day and year, alike adieu!
Eternally we sever;
Thy varied scenes I do not rue,
Although thy joys to me were few—
Adieu, adieu, forever!

WALLING, TENN., November 11, 1875.

*A birthday.

FAREWELL TO BARDWELL.

WREATHING in the western heavens
Are the clouds of amber gray,
While behind them in his glory
Sinks the sun that lit the day.

Often have I viewed him sinking
While I heard the evening chimes,
But to-night he sinks forever
To my eyes in northern climes.

Now a stalwart locomotive,
Which so oft through States has flown,
Like an eagle from his eyrie,
Bears me surely, swiftly on.
Sadness reigns within my bosom
Breathing, "Speak your last adieu!"
While I see these hills and moorlands
Fading ever from my view.

Friends endeared to me forever,
Though we ne'er should meet once more,
Finished are our joys together,
Since I quit your generous shore.
River* on whose rolling bosom
I have oft been gayly tossed,
Now your glittering, playful waters
To my eyes must long be lost.

Birds that piped each morning descant
With sweet notes of joy and love,

*The Mississippi.

From the groves you loved to frequent
Now I sadly, quickly move.
All a sad adieu forever,
Friend and foe, lagoon and field!
Ladies, fare you well a season,
Since to you no more I yield!

BARDWELL, KY., February 20, 1879.

THE SABLE SKY.

THE sable sky shows not a spark,
And of each trope is void;
Thus is my spirit lone and dark,
And all its peace destroyed.
Alas! how vain has been each feat
My brawny hands have tried!
When o'er the tide my bark would fleet,
All is too dark and wide.

How oft I strove to reach my love
Who heavenly smiles disclosed!
And yet as oft as thus I strove
An ocean interposed.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 4, 1877.

REFLECTIONS.

OH! give me the pleasures that faded away
When I played on the Caney Fork's bank,
And make me the same boy, as happy and gay,
And I'll ask not for honor nor rank.

Bring back to my memory those blisses of yore
When my spirit was happy and free,
And give me the friends that I cherished before,
And I'll ask not this wide world to see.

Take me to those caverns that sheltered my head
When a playful and negligent child,
Return those dear friends who have long since been
dead,
And I'll ask not for triumphs so wild.

Oh! roll back this tide of conflict and distress
And let fortune's bright star cast a ray;
But if I must labor and know not redress,
I ask not, I care not to stay.

WALLING, TENN., August 29, 1875.

WHY WEEP FOR THOSE?

WHY weep for those who, 'mid each joyous scene,
Have erst forgotten all my plaintive sighs?
Though fair in form, their hearts are filled with spleen,
And tears were never seen to fill their eyes.

Why bless the hearts that ne'er were true to mine
E'en when my earnest pleadings filled the air?
And why should I in exile thus repine,
Or sigh for absent ones, however fair?

How fickle woman sometimes proves to be!
To exile lovers seems her greatest joy;
Once there was sweet felicity for me,
But now, alas! I rove a wayward boy.

But wherefore let my memory thus to brood,
If all the woes of fortune are to me?
Though 'tween me and my love should roll a flood,
'Twould be the same if I were at her knee.

Whene'er I meet her I can see her not,
When I am with her we are far apart;
I see the hills which are her native spot
And find her form, but never find her heart.

How long, O Heaven! must my heart remain
Forsaken in the depths of sorrow's shrine?
And must I always be a vanquished swain
And see my love in all her pleasures shine?

BARDWELL, KY., June 13, 1878.

ADA'S GRAVE.

I KNOW a little grave
Down in a vale near by,
Around which lilies wave
And droop their heads and sigh;

And there beneath that clay
A little cherub lies
Whose spirit winged its way
Long since beyond the skies.

Oh! Ada left this sphere
As fades a morning ray,
And now her home is where
Abides eternal day.

Then let me to this grave
To languish on its clay;
There let me lowly grieve
And sigh this life away.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., March 2, 1877.

DEATH OF THE PEQUODS.

KEEN to fight each heart was strung
In the Pequod's camp one night;
High the moon in heaven hung,
Softly fell her silver light.
From each fierce, aggressive tongue
Loudest war whoops were prolonged;
In the breeze their banners swung,
While the council house they thronged.
Thus they danced and sang till late,
Feared, they thought, by every foe;
Death then waited at their gate,
But how little thought they so!
Ere the dawn a dog's fierce bark
Breaks each sleeping warrior's dream;
Flashes light the moonless dark,
Through the gates their foemen stream.
"Arms, we die!" the sachems cry,
Bullets pierce them where they stand,
Yells of terror rend the sky,
Flies to aid each chieftain's band.
Fast they fall, yet thick they rise,
They must check that hissing lead;
Louder grow their hideous cries
As they stumble o'er their dead.

"Burn them!" Mason harshly speaks,
 "Burn them!" from each soldier bursts;
 While the sword its vengeance wreaks
 Flames shall glut their deadly thirsts.
 Round that village torches glare,
 And the cries of battle turn;
 What a scene of horror there!
 Brave and squaw together burn.

Blackened smoke obstructs the sky,
 Bloody hands the ground have strown;
 Fight, brave Pequods, or you die!
 Nothing answers, not a groan.
 Morn sent forth her mellow light
 As the victors made their rounds,
 But those braves had winged their flight
 To the happy hunting grounds.

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 28, 1880.

IF WOE WERE THINE.

TO LULA.

THE hue that decks that lofty brow
 And makes thy presence shine
 Would fade into some ghastly glow
 If half my woe were thine.

That heart, my dear, would hardly beat
 As now, so gladly free,
 If it should know the sad defeat
 That long has baffled me.

Yet in my soul dwells no desire
 To pass this woe to thee;
 I could not see my friend expire
 Of sorrow meant for me.

'Tis thine through scenes of joy to move,
 And know not plaintive woe;
 'Tis mine to bear rejected love
 And all life's joys forego. *joy*

WALLING, TENN., December 4, 1877.

WATCHING FOR THE MORROW.

TO LULA.

SIPPING bitter dregs of sorrow,
 Feeling many a tear drop start,
 I am watching for the morrow
 When these weary days will part.

Fast the wings of time are feathered,
 Fast recedes my morning sun;
 Soon my harvest will be gathered,
 Soon my days of life be run.

And when all my days have parted
 Will some sweet siesta dawn?
 Yet could I be joyful-hearted
 E'en in bliss if thou wert gone?

Lula, since on earth we sever,
 Heaven let us hope to see,
 And in raptures dwell forever
 Sheer athwart death's gloomy sea.

Ah! I'm weary, waiting, weary,
Though my days with fleetness wane;
O'er death's sea, however dreary,
I would cross yon shore to gain.

BARDWELL, KY., May 25, 1878.

WHY THUS REPINE?

TO LULA.

DEAR Lula, ages circled by
Before I viewed that radiant eye,
And yet at length they made the race
And happily brought us face to face;
I viewed thee first with careless eye
And passed thee coolly, quickly by,
Not thinking once we yet should meet
And every glance in love repeat:
I hardly thought thy cheeks revealed
Beauties to which my heart would yield,
That in thy bosom virtues dwelt
Whose kindly influence I have felt;
Hardly I thought ere long to plead
For love in words thy heart would heed.
That time is past since first we met
In happy hours I'll ne'er forget,
And what I did not think, you are,—
Earth's brightest, noblest, purest star.
And who am I that seek to show
How arduous is my bosom's glow?
How much my soul a captive stands
Submissive to thy sweet commands?
The wretch whose fate has been to know

Whate'er betide to him is woe,
Whose path has led o'er thorny ways
On stormy nights and wintry days;
But I've a comfort even yet,
And all my prospects have not set:
While wand'ring through each darksome night
Thou showest forth a radiant light,
While walking down that thorny way
Thou didst make known where dangers lay,
And when the days of winter come
Thou greet'st me warmly at thy home.
Why thus repine? what right have I
To wander lonely hence and sigh
While in thee friendship yet shall beam,
And thou an angel still wilt seem?
While still this love I find in thee
Earth shall no more a desert be;
On earth must be some paradise,—
It rests within those heavenly eyes;
Why wander hence or pensive stand
When Heaven beams so near at hand?
But thou art mortal; then, alas!
I know these joys one day must pass.
At times we view the summer sky,
No angry scowl affronts the eye,
While yet, ere parts the happy day,
Dark tempests rush across the way,
And, in the night of anger's frown,
All joy and hope are trodden down.
While I am still to love resigned,
The worst my heart expects to find;
And though the sea be tranquil sheet,

The tempest I'll prepare to meet ;
And though the day be warm and clear,
Some norther's roar I'll list to hear.
I'll have no fear, though mortal thou ;
I'll b'lieve till death thine every vow ;
I will not fear : if truth e'er be
On earth, methinks it dwells in thee.

ROCK ISLAND, TENN., December 7, 1879.

DARKLY ROLLS THIS SPRAY.

TO LULA,

(Composed beneath the Falls of Taylor's Creek, Tenn.)

LULA, darkly rolls this spray
Round me, half excluding day ;
Then I thought I saw the sky
Through the vapors rolling by ;
Will the sun's effulgent beam
Into this dark hollow stream ?
Though may frown each crag's dark brow,
There young Iris bends her bow ;
Though the clouds look dark o'erhead,
'Bove them day's sweet light is shed ;
Let the lightnings round me play,
They will drive the mist away ;
Let these waters round me move,
They are harmless as the dove ;
Let them thunder from on high,
Peacefully they pass me by ;
Here, where dangers congregate,
Smile and frown together wait.

Lula, thus it is with thee :
Frowns of thine I seem to see,
But beneath those frowns of hate
Smiles their liberty await.
In the darkest scowl I've known
Smiles their heavenly light have shown ;
When those scenes of anger fled,
Heaven its luster o'er thee shed ;
I have viewed thy peaceful breast,
It a thousand times I've blest ;
I have thought how cold its love,—
Such it ne'er was thine to prove,
I have thought its throbbing heart
Dealt to mine no kindly part ;
But thy smiles and words removed
Every doubt, and then I loved ;
Yes, the heart that beats for me
Once was thine, it beat for thee.
All along these latter years
Thou hast oft removed my fears,
In my journey's darkest aisle
I was guided by thy smile ;
Then, my Bird, my glist'ning dove,
Thou hast still my warmest love.

Let the arch of Iris smile,
Let it light this mystic aisle,
Let these beauties round me glow,
Lula, I am lonely now.
I would love this thundering fall,
Its dark cliffs and misty pall,
I would love this radiant bow,
Did thy beauties greet me now.

Let me view dark Nature's smiles,
Let me cleave these dark defiles,
Let me roam where'er I will,
I am sighing lonely still.
Could'st thou greet me, life were sweet;
Could we every look repeat,
Where would be a time for gloom?
How could earth then be a tomb?
But this cannot now be done,
Every wish cannot be won.

When I saw thee, Lula, last
All thy heaven was overcast,
Sickness waved his paling wing,
Searing frosts befell thy spring;
On thy cheeks, so early wooed,
Paleness in her mantle stood;
In that voice I've so much loved
Languor all her presence proved:
Yet though illness sorely smote
Smiles on that sweet face did float.
Now, while prostrate on thy bed,
Many a smile by thee is shed,
Many a word of soothing weight
Quits thy lips, whate'er thy fate;
Were the world, my love, like thee,
Woe's dark vale would cease to be.

Many a time, my absent Bird,
Griefs have sought me, nays I've heard;
Many a wrestle with the world
To despair my heart has hurled:
Journeying on, I meet thee soon,
Then my night is changed to noon;

In the light of those loved eyes
Trouble from my bosom flies.
Heaven, 'tis said, our souls awaits
Just inside the golden gates,
Ere that blissful land we see
We must drop mortality;
But where soothing joy is found
Does not some of Heaven abound?
Then when Heaven I wish to see
I shall turn mine eyes on thee.

July 6, 1880.

FLY, MY BIRD!

TO LULA.

FLY, my Bird,* this sunny land
'Waits your coming, hither fly!
Fly! your comrades yearning stand
Gazing on the northern sky.

Fly! forsake the winter's snow,
Here are summer and the sea,
Here congenial matins flow,
Here's a home for you and me.

Here the sun comes from the sea,
Pours his light through crystal air;
Lift your pinions wide and free,
Fan the skies—we'll hail you there.

*Lula was often called Bird.

Though another ask your hand,
Hearts in truer love have gone ;
Fly, my Bird! this sunny land
Claims you ever for its own.

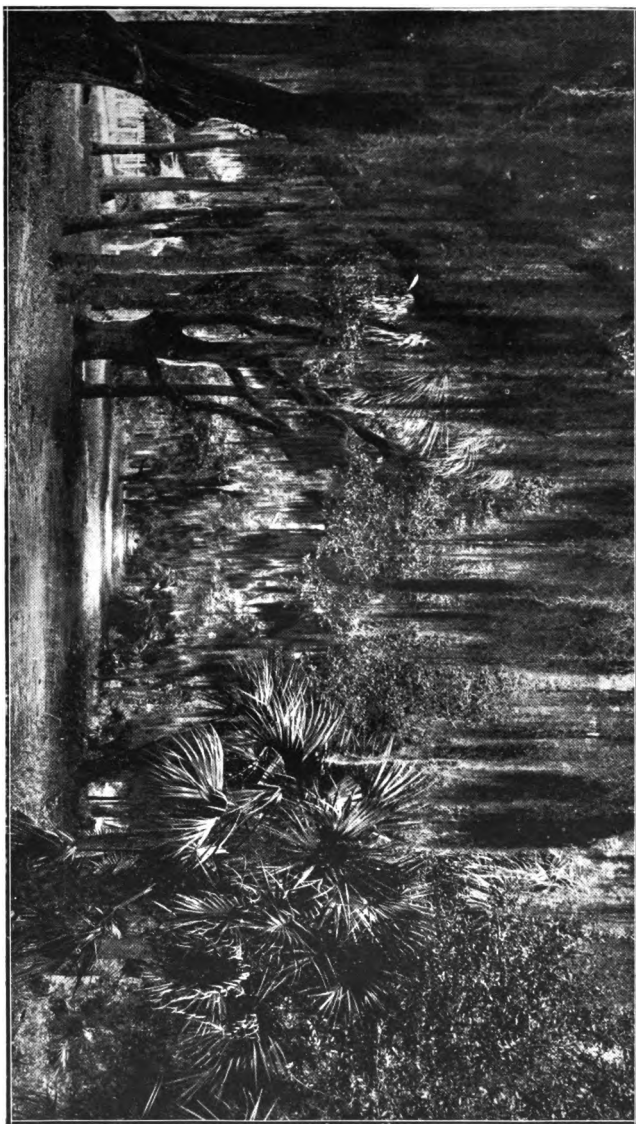
ORMOND, FLA., March 15, 1881.

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

If far Sahara be a land
Of dancing heat and burning sand,
Where all the beauty nature yields
Has long since withered from the fields,
Sahara is not here; this place
Assumes a brighter, lovelier face.
Here are the crystal lakes that smile
And mirror back each flowery isle ;
Here grow the palms and hammocks green ;
Old winter does not change the scene ;
Bay, live oak, cypress, pine, we view ;
Magnolias claim attention, too.
Here softly fans the cool sea breeze,
All day it moans among the trees,
Again at night I hear its moan
Till all the sable hours are gone.
Here is a sun that rises, sets
So beautiful one ne'er forgets ;
That burning planet through the day
Sheds on us many a silver ray ;
Nights are so cool, when morning comes
We welcome sunshine to our homes.
The orange, shaddock, guava, date,
The pains to gather only wait ;

Limes, lemons, grapes, pomolas, figs,
Here swing upon the living twigs;
And May, delightful May, has made
Her home forever in this shade.

A thousand birds of plumage gay
Are swimming on each liquid way,
These citrus groves the whole day long
Are ringing with the voice of song;
Here is the sea, the playful sea
Which always had a charm for me,
Upon whose sands I often stand
And watch the billows kiss the land;
Or loosen from its place of rest
My boat and try its heaving breast:
When on the wave afar from shore
I find some joys unknown before,
My sail is spread before the breeze
That wafts me on with speed and ease;
How truly blest is life to be
A citizen beside this sea!
We want an artist here to trace
The beauties all these lakes embrace;
We want a poet here to sing
To glory this abode of spring;
But had the Fates been pleased to own
I had a right to music's throne,
These warblers soon would hush their throats
And list to stranger, sweeter notes;
The pines and palms, if they could hear,
Should bow to music sweet and clear:
Or, could I wield the painter's brush,
The canvas I would boldly touch,



STREET IN DAYTONA, FLA.

"We want a poet here to sing
To glory this abode of spring."

And all the beauties that are here
In other climes should reappear.

Here many an oleander blooms
Unseen and wastes its sweet perfumes;
From many a clear, exulting throat
To human ear is lost each note;
Here plumage of the gayest hue
Is flourished, yet no eye doth view.
Come, wander with me, let us go
Where notes of music ceaseless flow,
Where huge palmettoes lift on high
Their heads as if to kiss the sky;
Behold a woodland dark and dense,
We'll leave the beach and wander hence;
It has some phases we may love,
Then let us through its shadows rove.

First comes the music of a thrush,
And then the popping of a brush;
Is that a stag that bounds away?
They tell me in this wood they stay;
Another, then a herd of deer—
Come, hurry on, though naught to fear;
Here is a columbine, my friend,
We've seen it, it has served its end,
Perhaps some distant years must fly
Before it greets another eye;
A flock of birds of strangest kind—
Where else will one such beauties find?
"What is that moaning in the trees?"
You ask me. "'Tis the ocean breeze;
Forever from these pines we hear
A moaning just as sad and clear."

"Is that a lake?" you ask me. "Why,
It seems to be another sky."

Look o'er its waters, orange trees
Are waving in the evening breeze,
Gay water fowls are swimming near,
The stranger man they do not fear.
But see, the sun is in the trees,
He'll soon be hid behind the seas ;
Then let's return before the night
Has banished all his lingering light ;
Some other time we'll farther stray
Into the woods and spend the day.

CLEAR WATER HARBOR, FLA., May 3, 1881.

LOVE AND HATE COMBINED.

TO M——.

LET it not be thought by any
That thy bosom is a hell ;
Though its anger's seen by many,
Still therein some virtues dwell.

Thou dost nurse a disposition
That is vile as aught can be,
Yet thou art upon a mission
That demands not such of thee.

Keep not vice and virtue mingled,
Keep not love and hate combined ;
They together always wrangled,
Never soothed the noble mind.

How august would be thy beauty
Wert thou cleansed from every stain!
Then to love would be my duty,
And that love would not be vain.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 15, 1877.

GO, DECEIVER.

TO M——.

Go, deceiver, wrecking reef,
Wrecking vessels on life's sea,
Pirate, hoiden, charmer, thief,
Murd'rer in the first degree.
Reef, while sailing in my hoy,
Thou hast baffled all my art;
Pirate, thou hast seized my joy;
Murd'rer, thou hast stabbed my heart.

Go, deceiver, would that Fate
Guardian of my life and way,
Once had warned me, ere too late,
Ruin lingered in thy stay!
Would the aspect of each star
Once had beckoned, in my stroll,
I was listing in a war
Soon to wreck and blight my soul!

Go, deceiver, deadly asp,
Hissing at each lover's bane;
Once within thy tyrant grasp,
Peace may bid adieu her reign.

Go, renounced by every heart,
Go, an exile, vanquished, driven;
Demon, from this world depart,
Lost to all the joys of Heaven.

WALLING, TENN., June 27, 1879.

P. S.—Twenty-five years later.

Let me pray: O Lord! forgive
This wild break of anger here;
I would have this lady live,
And the robes of angels wear.
May her life be like a star
To the world, a comfort be!
That pure life I could not mar
Even though she jilted me.

PENSACOLA, FLA., April 16, 1905.

MY SOUL A SLAVE.

TO M——.

OH! if a soul was e'er a slave,
'Twas truly, sadly mine;
If cold heart throbbed this side the grave,
Long years have taught 'twas thine.
The offerings I so oft have brought
Thy smiles have never seen,
Then why was I not early taught
To spurn a heart so mean?
When Time averted with his train
The seas between to throw,
Thy breast knew not the lightest pain
While mine was crushed with woe.

Oh! would we nevermore may meet
In this nor other spheres,
If coldness thou wilt yet repeat
As in departed years!

Why should we meet on earth again
Since union thus is riven?
We could not meet in Heaven, for then
To meet would not be Heaven.

Then may the seas that 'tween us flow
Forever flow between;
'Tis time indeed I should forego
What grieves me to be seen.

LONGWOOD, FLA., May 6, 1881.

OH! THE WIND THAT BLOWS.

OH! the wind that blows over the sea,
And dashes the waves on the shore,
Has taken my loved one from me
Whom I shall behold nevermore.

When first I beheld her sweet face,
No clouds could be traced in the sky;
And, wooing, a year's happy space
On pinions of fleetness went by.

But joy must too often resign
When with its short wings we are pressed;
At the moment I thought she was mine
A luckless wind blew from the west.

The billows arose to the cloud,
While a tempest all death-seeking blew ;
So the brine is my lost darling's shroud,
For she sleeps with the screaming sea mew.

Oh ! the wind that blows over the sea,
And dashes the waves on the shore,
Has taken my loved one from me
Whom I shall behold nevermore.

BARDWELL, KY., February 10, 1878.

*THE TRIALS OF BETSY BELL.**

'Tis scarcely yet one hundred years
Since came and went the things I tell,
Since lived and loved, in direful fears,
The blue-eyed beauty, Betsy Bell.

'Twas in the land of Tennessee,
Beneath those skies of deepest blue,
Where rarest things are wont to be,
And all I tell is surely true.

Now, Betsy was in gladsome youth,
Just bordering on fair womanhood,
When Love, young Love, in sweetest truth
And pleading smiles, before her stood.

*This story of Betsy Bell, or what is better known as the Bell Witch, is true, and actually occurred, 1818 to 1821, near Adams Station, Robertson County, Tennessee. See or write to any of the old people there. The story of the Bell Witch is now a part of the history of Tennessee.

Josh Gard'ner, whom she met in school,
Had wooed and won that pulsing heart;
They met and loved in spite of rule,
And pledged they nevermore would part.

But ere the nuptial knot was tied
A spirit came, a goblin sprite,
Who talked and sang and plead and cried,
And gave to Betsy greatest fright.

It begged our Betsy not to take
Josh Gard'ner, yet no reason why;
At last this elf in firmness spake:
"You shall not, or you surely die!"

Kate was the name they gave the sprite,
And, oh! what sorrow none can tell
It brought in anger day and night
And heaped upon poor Betsy Bell!

Sometimes it struck her face a blow
And threw her shoes no telling where;
Then all her hairpins next would go
And leave a mass of tangled hair.

Sometimes a host of pins were stuck
Into her flesh while Kate would scoff;
On coldest night 'twas Betsy's luck
To have the bedclothes all stripped off.

Sometimes this mystic sprite would sing
The sweetest songs or pray a prayer;
Again its hidden hand would bring
The daintiest things to eat or wear.

But, oh! so often in the night
Kate came just like a drunken beast;
Poor Betsy, in her awful fright,
Ran screaming till Kate's anger ceased.

Then Kate would plead, "Sweet Betsy Bell,
Don't marry Josh, I beg you so;
Don't marry Josh, just go and tell
Him I have bid you answer no.

Once in the evening Betsy walked
Beneath an oak, and, strange the scene,
There swung before her, as it* talked,
A little woman dressed in green.

Again one day the spirit stood
Before her, combed its long, dark hair,
And, talk as much as Betsy would,
It did not see her standing there.

She saw it next,—a big black dog
Went laughing by, its heads were two;
Sometimes it passed as talking hog,
Oft strangest bird above her flew.

Oft Josh and Betsy walked about
On flowery bank 'neath shadowy oak;
But Kate was sure to find them out—
"Don't marry Josh," she always spoke.

"Don't marry Josh, just answer no;
My Betsy Bell, Kate speaks to you;

*The word *it* is used here to avoid confusion, yet the author is aware that spirits have sex the same as mortals.

I'll make your life a scene of 'woe;'
Then off her dainty slippers flew.

It killed her father, then it said
To Betsy, "Josh you must release;
Old Jack, your father, now is dead,
And you must live, but not in peace."

And then in pleading tones again,
"Don't marry Josh, my Betsy dear!
Take Powell, he's the man of men,
And never have you aught to fear."

For three long years this spirit strove
With Betsy Bell her vow to break;
It could not once suppress her love,
But Josh, it seemed, she must forsake.

So one day 'neath a giant oak
Whose shadows weirdly, densely spread,
To Josh with tearful eyes she spoke,
"My dear, I know we cannot wed;

A spirit bids us separate,
A wicked fiend we can't control;
But long I'll rue our helpless fate,
A fate that wrecks my mateless soul."

"And must we part," said Josh, "and go,
No more to meet beneath this shade?
O, Betsy Bell! the grief I know
Can never from my bosom fade.

Yet we must part, the spirits say,
And I must bid you now farewell;

Apart we take our silent way ;
Adieu, adieu, my Betsy Bell !"

Then came a laugh from out the tree,
A chuckle as from deepest Hell :
"I told you, Josh, it could not be ;
I told you so, sweet Betsy Bell."

NASHVILLE, TENN., July, 1906.

SUNSET AT SHADY GROVE.

THE shadows stretch far to the east,
The heavy clouds are gray ;
They gather round the setting sun—
Is this the close of day ?

The shades of night come rolling on
To supersede the day ;
The whip-poor-will, upon his bough,
Reverberates his lay.

But who could quell the rising sigh
For day to reappear,
When sleep cannot be his ere morn,
When he has lost a dear ?

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 30, 1876.

THY FREED SPIRIT.

TO EUDORA.

OH ! thou by death's impartial grasp
Art torn from hearts that love thee dearly,
For earth's outstretching arms to clasp
Thy beauties, ah, by far too early !

Beneath the sod that form doth lie
Within a narrow, gloomy cell,
But thy freed spirit soars on high
Where Jesus and his angels dwell.

Yes, thou hast crossed death's mystic sea
And safely reached that golden shore
Where all is immortality,
Where death and sickness are no more.

Then if thou'rt happier far than we
Why should we at our loss repine?
But rather wish to be with thee,
To revel in that home divine.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., February 22, 1876.

EUDORA, WHERE ART THOU?

WHAT solitude pervades each field,
Each clump of shrubs and trees!
How doleful is the blackbird's song
Now wafted on the breeze!

Deep in the forest's gloomy shade
Where stately poplars bow,
I hear a tuneful voice exclaim,
"Eudora, where art thou?"

Beneath the sod long years ago
Her sacred form was laid,
And long ere now, in silent death,
It has drooped and decayed.

'Twas death, the terror of all hearts,
That snatched her form away,
And oft I wept ere she was gone,
I wept that she might stay.

O angel of my life and love!
While in this grief I bow,
While sorrow rules supreme my heart,
Please tell me where art thou.

Could we but meet, my long-lost love,
Rich would that meeting be;
Though I am left where sorrows brood,
Still all my love's for thee.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., July 26, 1876.

NONE TO LOVE.

WHAT heart could pass this pilgrim life
And one short hour of pleasure prove,
If, wandering through each scene of strife,
No kindred heart was found to love?

I trust to find some beacon bright
To guide my bark across the seas,
But when I would enjoy its light
It from my anxious vision flees.

My heart is barren, little hope
Of earthly things yet lingers there;
I find in life's dark horoscope
No heart that will these troubles share.

BARDWELL, KY., March 21, 1878.

*FIELD OF THE DEAD.**

WHERE once two armies met, field of the dead!
As meet two cyclones on a rose-blown lea,
In pensive mode, with muffled feet, I tread
And view the graves that hold the sons of Tennessee.
Nay, not the sons of Tennessee alone,
But many sister States, in peace here rest;
And since those brave men here have died and gone,
Say, has Columbia's Union by that blood been blest?
May God forgive! the blood that here was shed
Is but a stain upon Columbia's page;
And who will mourn the many thousand dead?
These tombs alone must tell their tale to future age.
The guns are hushed, the soldiers long since gone,
No noise of battle's left to tell its tale;
Yet as I view this dreary scene alone
Methinks I hear the drum and dying soldier's wail.
Here waves Columbia's flag above the dead;
Instead should wave Oblivion's silent wing,
That men in future who this field may tread
May not old animosities to memory bring.
February 8, 1877.

GAVE THEM THEIR GLORY.

TO MARIETTA.

WHILE the moon casts her rays on my pathway to-
night,
And the night birds are loud in their wail;

*Battlefield at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

While myriads of stars twinkle gay but less bright,
And the soft winds of Autumn prevail;
Where the river's dark billows roll high on the shore
And the waters glide swiftly to sea,
With a low, plaintive murmur that thrills me e'er-
more,—

I sit and reflect upon thee.

In childhood I wandered through bramble and brier
And heard the loud whip-poor-will's note,
And saw the great sun in his splendor retire
In the Antipode heavens to float;
I plucked the sweet crocus and lily of May,
As the warblers sang merry and free,
And rose with the morning to hail the first ray,—
But their glory was mirrored from thee.

On fancy's broad pinion I mounted the sky
And looked on the landscape beneath;
I sailed o'er the mountain and heard the winds sigh
Below me in forest and heath.
I dreamed of a treasure far over the deep
Where the waves roll on blue Galilee;
But now when a vision comes back in my sleep,
My flight and my hope end in thee.

Since those days of my childhood have parted forever,
And idle reflections have fled;
Since from those companions I sadly did sever,
My heart in fierce conflicts has bled.
Yet there is a beacon that glimmers and glows
On life's changing, tempestuous sea;
With realization it constantly flows,—
Dear Mary, that light is from thee.

Oh! where are the pleasures that blessed us of yore?
Their memory is still doubly dear;
Ah! sad when they haunt us and whisper, "'Tis o'er,
May your eyes be not dimmed with a tear."
Yes, Mary, those pleasures of childhood have died,
Yet never forgotten shall be;
And now to find pleasure on life's restless tide
I place my affection in thee.

When I am far from thee, my heart feels a sigh,
And pangs in my bosom are known;
Yet oft in my fancy thy spirit draws nigh,
And revives me, though sad and alone.
Thy beautiful cheek and thy long, waving hair
Bring unspeakable pleasure to me,
And it drives from my bosom all anguish and care
To only draw visions of thee.

When the boisterous ocean its bed shall resign
And the rock of Gibraltar shall rend,
Fair lady, I'll cherish no bosom save thine,
And clasp none but thee as my friend.
Then, Mary, oh! let me recline on thy breast,
That my bosom from pangs may be free;
Without thee I would be a stranger to rest,
Ah! where could I dwell but with thee?
HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., September 7, 1875.

NO SHELTER TO-NIGHT.

TO MARIETTA.

LOUD shrieks the rushing, wintry blast,
Drear is the gloom that's o'er me cast,

And wrathful clouds that will not rest
Pour torrents on this mountain's crest.

And I'm alone and far from home,
Here on a mountain's crest to roam,
With none to shield me from this wrath
Or roll the darkness from my path.

I call for aid, and did I hear
The voice of one approaching near?
Not so! 'twas but a crashing tree—
No roof to-night can shelter me.

My fire is out, the winds still wail
With not a welcome on the gale,
And here in this lone wilderness
My burdened heart yields to distress.

Again the lightnings o'er me break,
To leave a dark and lurid wake;
Again loud claps of thunder fall
As if to crush each granite wall.

So lonely now, oh! what could cheer
A heart while far from all that's dear?
And what could bid me live till day
To hail the morning's early ray?

But here upon this mountain's crest
A thought revives my burdened breast;
Whilst here upon this mountain's brow,
My Marietta, where art thou?

Adown the mount, across the plain,
Beyond the reach of chilling rain,

In cozy home this hour so late,
Unconscious of thy lover's fate.

Then think while cutting winds shriek loud
And rain pours from an angry cloud,
That he who ever loves thee best
Now wanders on a mountain's crest.

I long to seal these lips to thine,
And know the bliss that once was mine;
I long to see the moment when
That face will smile on me again.

I love to think of days gone by,
Long ere we severed with a sigh;
I love to hope that we ere long
Shall meet again in joy and song.

To-night I wish to be, my Mary,
Beyond the reach of winds so dreary,
Far from this mountain's gloomy crest,
Reclining on thy snowy breast.

That I may former joys regain,
To-night I rise on fancy's wing,
And cleave the fiery vault above,
In search of thee, my dearest love.

TOP OF CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN, TENN., August 17, 1875.

LAMENTATION FOR MARIETTA.

At length the saddest time has come
Of all my conflicts here,
For I have lost my only hope,—
My Marietta dear.

How well I know down in my heart
That I can ne'er forget her!
For dearer to my heart than life
Was my sweet Mary Etter.*

I fain would make attempts to win
Her back to me again;
Though love is blind, too well I know
Attempts would be in vain.
I live in grief, but trust my heart
May by and by get better,
Though from it ne'er will fade the power
Of my sweet Mary Etter.

There was a time when her sweet voice
Was ever in my ear,
And since we've parted oft I think
It fondly lingers near.
Yes, she's the girl who took my heart
And bound it in a fetter,
The girl who gave me scornful looks,—
My sweetheart Mary Etter.

Yet take me back that I may hear
Again those winning notes,
That I may see the auburn hair
That 'round her shoulders floats.
Oh! would to Him who rules on high
That I could now forget her,
For none are stamped on memory's page
So deep as Mary Etter.

*Marietta, Mary, or Mary Etter, was one person.

My heart somehow has stood the blow,
Though oft afresh it bleeds;
Yet I am ready to forgive
Those harsh, unseemly deeds.
I'll to some seagirt rock retire,
And struggle to forget her,
Though dearer to my heart than life
Was my sweet Mary Etter.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., September 13, 1875.

WHEN WE TWO MEET.

TO MARIETTA.

WHEN we two meet, how shall we greet?
With a ghastly sigh?
Should I e'er meet thee, I ween I would greet thee
With a tearful eye.

When oft I look o'er the conflicts of yore
My heart weighs a ton,
And bitter as gall are thoughts I recall
Of that love for one.

Thou ask'st why I sigh, with a tearful eye,
And with none ever be;
I tell thee through grief, which has no relief,
I'm sighing for thee.

WALLING, TENN., October 3, 1875.

DAUGHTER OF SWEET BEAUTY.

TO MARIETTA.

LOVE thee? yes! deeply I feel it,
Pen and actions both reveal it;
'Mid the hundreds, love thee best,
Love thee more than all the rest;
Love thee now, love thee forever,
Love for thee flows like a river;
Love in weight, a ton and a quarter,
Love thee well, for thou art the daughter
Of sweet beauty, the flower of love
Sent to me from realms above.

WALLING, TENN., October 12, 1875.

TO THEE MY LOVE HATH FLOWN.

TO MARIETTA.

My love, I feel 'tis vain for me
To wish these joys may last,
And yet I hope they'll always be
As pure as those we've past.

My warmest wishes are for thee,
My cares for thee alone;
With thee alone I wish to be,
To thee my love hath flown.

WALLING, TENN., November 1, 1875.

FOREVER DEAR.

TO MARIETTA.

OH! thou art forever dear,
Bound forever to my heart;

Time, in all his might, can ne'er
Tear our happy souls apart.

I can never cease to love thee,
All my prayers are for thy weal;
Far beyond the sky above thee,
Thy dear name I oft reveal.

Never can I, dear, resign
Such an unpolluted tie;
All my heart's true love is thine
Till we meet beyond the sky.

Every word but brings thee nearer,
Every hope but ends in thee;
Thou art daily growing dearer—
Only thou art dear to me.

While the union of our hearts
Is perfected by degrees,
May thy virtues turn all darts
Whatsoever fate decrees.

Fondly keep my heart with thine,
Elsewhere it could find no rest;
There it never can repine,
Here it is with cares oppressed.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., December 10, 1875.

THOSE BIG BROWN EYES.

TO MARIETTA.

O MARY, dear! I oft have thought
That beauty dwells within the skies;
But now I know that such is naught—
It dwells within those big brown eyes.

When nature placed thee here on earth
I ween old Juno rained a shower,
And seldom has she given birth
To such a fair and winning flower.

Thou art the fairest of the fair
That ever dwelt beneath the sky,
And he who views that face so rare,
Believe me, soon must think as I.

By all the graces girls possess,
By that sweet smile those lips impart,
By all those blooming cheeks caress,
Thou art endeared to every heart.

Were I to taste that lip of thine
Where ceaseless love and beauty dwell,
'Twould dash the cup of woe from mine,
And all my painful doubts repel.

WALLING, TENN., December 12, 1875.

NO PANG CAN DIE.

TO MARIETTA.

(After leaving Mt. Pisgah.)

WHEN I left the sacred place
Where I first beheld thy face,
Every pang within my breast
Could not keep this thought repressed,—
Though I wander far from thee,
Thou art doubly dear to me.

As I went, pale grew my cheek;
Thy dear name I could not speak;
In my bosom raged a pain
Which can never sleep again;
But one thought remained of thee,—
Thou art doubly dear to me.

Though that hour long since has passed,
To my heart I hold thee fast,
And as hours roll darkly by
Not a single pang can 'die;
But one thought can live of thee,—
Only thou art dear to me.

Since my former hopes are o'er,
Still thy beauty I adore,
Still my heart beats for but one
Though it beateth sad and lone,
Still it ever pulses free,—
Thou art truly dear to me.

Could I look upon that eye
And repress a painful sigh?
Could I dare those lips to kiss
Which so oft have given me bliss?
Can I cease to waft to thee,
Thou alone art dear to me?

Long to thee I've whispered love,
Long I've sought thy heart to move,
But, alas! of no avail,—
Love to thee's an idle tale;
Oh! that fate may prove to thee,
Thou hast tak'n my heart from me.

Bowed in grief, oppressed with woe,
I have stood that fatal blow ;
I've received thy poisoned dart
In my warm and bleeding heart ;
Yet in spite of misery,
Thou art doubly dear to me.

I have loved thee long and true,
More than others e'er can do ;
But, instead of loving dearly,
Thou hast spurned me too severely ;
Yet my prayer shall ever be,
Doubtless thou art dear to me.

I ne'er knew love's restless woe
Till thou struck'st that fatal blow ;
I can never rest again
Till this heart is free from pain ;
I reveal this sigh to thee,—
Oh ! why art thou dear to me ?

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., December 20, 1875.

OUR DREAM IS PAST.

TO MARIETTA.

OUR dream is past, the hour has come,
The hour in which I leave my home,
The hour which gives me many a pain
And thought I cannot now refrain ;
That fatal hour which urges me
To fly from thee and Tennessee.

But hadst thou loved as I have loved,
Hadst thou approved as I've approved,
Hadst thou subdued that pouting lip,
I would not now this sorrow sip,
Nor would my bosom satiate be
To fly from thee and Tennessee.

Thou didst at first upon me smile
To bid me live and hope awhile,
But now, alas! I've learned too late
That smile was harbinger of hate;
Yet I have lived and soon must be
Beyond the bounds of Tennessee.

I need not say I've loved too well,
For love upon itself will tell;
I need not ask if love's faint spark
Now lingers in that changeful heart;
I need not say those sneers at me
Impel my flight from Tennessee.

'Tis done! I elsewhere turn my feet
And seek the smiles of those I meet,
And will I find one single smile
That will elate and then beguile?
And will I find one heart that's free
From guile beyond old Tennessee?

I go, but ne'er shall cease to sigh
Till I forget that altered eye;
I ne'er shall find a happy home,
Nor shall I ever cease to roam,
Till I remove these thoughts of thee,
And hours we've passed in Tennessee.

Although derision's sneers deploy
To wound my heart, my love to cloy,
Yet in my breast that flame will glow
And cannot yield to friend nor foe;
Can never cease, although I flee
From tortures wild in Tennessee.

I do not wish those flashing eyes,
Where still the soul of beauty lies,
To weep for him whose love is crossed,
Whose home is gone and hope is lost,
Whose peace is changed to misery,
Whose days are done in Tennessee.

O thou! in whom I hoped to find
A love so true, a heart so kind,
Thy words are like a poisoned dart,
They pierce my anxious, bleeding heart;
Those looks of scorn foretell that we
Shall meet no more in Tennessee.

And yet 'tis useless to deplore,
That dream of love and bliss is o'er;
Where'er I fly, afar or near,
Remembrance still will hold thee dear;
And now a long farewell to thee,
And longer still to Tennessee!

WALLING, TENN., February 4, 1876.

YOUR RELUCTANCE TO LOVE.

TO MARIETTA.

Your reluctance to love me is evident, Mary,
Your duplicity's long since been obvious to view;
Your name in oblivion I deeply would bury,
If it were not for hopes of recovering you.

Your many offenses afford me much pain,
Your frowns of disdain are a source of regret;
To please you I never shall venture again,
Yet ever shall strive to forgive and forget.

When first I beheld you, ah! little I thought
So lovely a creature could ever offend;
But beauty with fickleness deeply is fraught:
I find you are neither my lover nor friend.

Now, Mary, I think I have lost you forever
Beyond all atonement I ever can make;
Yet always, in spite of each useless endeavor,
Those footsteps so wily I strive to o'ertake.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., February 10, 1876.

JOURNEY HAND IN HAND.

VALENTINE TO MARIETTA.

ERE one brief season rolled her wheel
I sought thee for my Valentine;
But now I come with double zeal
To ask again if thou'lt be mine.

There is no faltering in this thought,
I long since firmly settled on it;

Doubtless it was too dearly bought
To merely fill a verse or sonnet.

O lady! be my Valentine,
And we will peace and love combine,
And all the way across life's sea
Our sweetest love in each shall be:

Why should we waste the morn of life
In sorrow, vanity, and strife,
Without a smile to soothe in grief,
Without a heart to give relief?

Come, let us every bliss impart,
With hand in hand and heart in heart;
Let's journey down the vale of time,
And leave behind a life sublime.

When Adam dwelt in Eden's bower,
Although he held the reins of power,
He ne'er enjoyed that earthly heaven
Until a mate to him was given.

Like Adam, I have lived forlorn,
Without a heart to comfort mine;
But I'll forever cease to mourn
When I possess a Valentine.

The sea of life is soon traversed;
But two roads reach its further strand:
Then why should we select the worst,
When we might journey hand in hand?

MT. PISGAH, TENN., February 14, 1876.

CANNOT CEASE TO LOVE.

TO MARIETTA.

BEHIND yon mountain's craggy brow
Retires the orb of day,
And in the sky are playing now
Ringlets of brilliancy.

But as the rays of light depart
And leave the valley dreary,
I feel attraction in my heart,
A thought of my sweet Mary.

Though she gave an insidious smile,
And censured me severely,
Yet, seeing this indifference, I'll
Ne'er cease to love her dearly.

Yet 'tis discouraging for me
To know that I must rove,
And with admiring eyes but see
That form I can but love.

Ah! well I know that I was born
To only live and love,
To walk life's doubtful way forlorn
With no one to approve.

I ne'er another hour can rest,
But sink beneath the fetter
That long has bound my bleeding breast
To heedless Mary Etter.

Some others would have torn each vow,
And sunk beneath the blow ;

But I have fallen only now,
And owned this blighting woe.

I fain would quit that breast of her
Who will no more approve;
But time's made it so doubly dear
I cannot cease to love.

Mt. PISGAH, TENN., March 29, 1876.

FINDING MY BEAUTY.

SONG OF MARIETTA.

I SEARCHED this country through and through
For one to share my lot,
Then bade all hope a sad adieu,
For I could find her not.
But when I reached Mt. Pisgah school,
A girl most truly fine
I saw and loved in spite of rule,—
I wish that girl were mine.

Chorus.

Her rosy cheeks were heavenly fair,
Her eyes did brightly shine,
While waves played on her auburn hair,—
I wish that girl were mine.

On me she cast her big brown eyes
And smiled and smiled again;
I felt a hope within me rise,—
My search had not been vain.

Delightful words from those sweet lips
Came forth in accents fine,
Which made my heart leap forth and wish
That pretty girl were mine.

So much perfection in her shone
I then too plainly sighed,
But thought if she could be my own
I'd happ'ly cross life's tide.
I hoped we might some future day
Each other's arms entwine;
So in this little song I'll say,
I wish that girl were mine.

That anguish ne'er may overtake,
Nor woe be hers to share,
But bliss be hers for her sweet sake,
Is now my constant prayer.
No hope but one across life's sea
Can e'er with luster shine;
That brilliant hope will ever be,
That girl may yet be mine.

My vows may e'er be vain to her,
And wishes may be idle;
But ever of this girl so dear
My thoughts I cannot bridle.
With suitors now I may not cope,
Nor ask them to resign;
But I will never cease to hope
That girl may yet be mine.

In visionary fact I deemed
Her mine, nor owned a doubt;
And as I gazed and gazed she seemed
To draw my heart without.
Now all I ask of friend or knave,
If this breath should resign,
Is to implant upon my grave,
"I wish that girl were mine."
MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 9, 1876.

NO LONGER FALSE.

TO MARIETTA.

I SAW a sprite come from above,
And touch that heart of thine;
I saw him kindle in thee love,
And turn thy heart to mine.
I looked upon that gentle mien,
And heard that voice of love;
I heard thee murmur, "Go, thou spleen!
No longer false I'll prove."
MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 10, 1876.

THAT ALTERED EYE.

TO MARIETTA.

TURN, O turn, thou heedless Mary!
Please do not offend me so;
For my soul is dark and dreary
And oppressed with restless woe.
I am the despairing lover
Whom no more thou'lt deign to see;

Canst thou not, sweet girl, discover
That his love is all for thee?

Wilt thou heed not what I'm saying?
Wilt thou rend my burdened breast?
Wilt thou spurn respects I'm paying?
Wilt thou aye destroy my rest?
Art thou thus my homage ruing?
Canst thou spurn this faithful love?
Wilt thou prove my heart's undoing
While that heart doth still approve?

Mary, art thou lost forever,
Lost beyond redemption's grasp?
Yes, alas! 'tis done; I never
Found that heart I hoped to clasp.
Cast one smile upon thy lover
While his bleeding heart yet beats,
That he may, through grief, discover
Her whose frown his love defeats.

Oh! that altered eye, my Mary,
Gives me many a ceaseless sigh;
Gives me pangs I cannot bury,
Nor with cheerful heart pass by.
Turn again, my lovely maiden,
From that changeful air of thine,
That the heart which grief hath laden
May once more with love entwine.

Wilt thou be my faithful lover,
Though that changeful heart is young?
May those faults be given over,
And that life with love be strung!

'Tis for thee alone I'm living,
'Tis for thee my heart doth beat;
And canst thou be anger-giving,
All my prospects to defeat?

But, if thou art lost forever,
Long I'll rue that look of thine;
Long I'll rue, with vain endeavor,
If thy lot be not with mine.
And where'er I chance to wander,
Be it far or be it near,
On thee I'll ne'er cease to ponder,
Never cease to hold thee dear.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 13, 1876.

USELESS TO HOPE OR SIGH.

TO MARIETTA.

FAIR cherub, more than earth can give,
Descendant from the realms of bliss,
What trace of agony could live
In him who once possessed thy kiss?

That placid cheek, that winning eye,
Too fair for aught of mortal birth,
Still bid me hope, still bid me sigh,
But oh! that sigh's of little worth.

To be what I have been, fair Mary,
I oft have sighed, but sighed in vain;
And still this thought I cannot bury,
I was, but ne'er can be again.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 29, 1876.

WHY HATE ME SO GREATLY?

TO MARIETTA.

O MARY, dear Mary!* why hate me so greatly?

Did I for a moment your sweetness offend?

The only offense I've committed here lately

Is loving too dearly and being your friend.

Be not unforgiving, but blot out the past;

And, oh! for a moment do love as before;

For I've been unchanging and true to the last,

And never have given you cause to deplore.

I wish not to purchase your love at expenses,

And yet I would gladly accept should you give;

'Twere better to love me than give such offenses,

Had better die loving than in hatred live.

Mt. PISGAH, WHITE COUNTY, TENN., May 25, 1876.

I SAW THEE SMILE.

TO MARIETTA.

WHEN sombrous shadows overcast

My heart, where love is wont to be,

When dreading to look o'er the past,

Methought I saw thee smile on me.

That smile was like the sun of morn

Which breaks the clouds of night apart;

It caused my soul to cease to mourn,

Lit each dark cavern of my heart.

*Mary Etter was her given name. The name Marietta was given her by the Author.

This undissembled love, my dear,
Is all I've ever sought in thee;
To bring thy kindred spirit near
My own is all I've hoped to see.

Since I can view that dark-brown eye,
Which lately flamed with fearful wrath,
Now calm and brilliant as the sky,
Again hope glimmers on my path.

Without thee what would be this world?
A dreary desert? Yes, 'twould be;
But love and joy would be unfurled
Were I to thee what thou'rt to me.

Since thou art now no more my foe,
Ill fortune calls my steps away
To where I many a care must know,
Yet with thee still my heart will stay.

May Heaven shed her radiant light
Upon thy path while I am gone;
May pictures fill thy dreams by night
Of one who ever is thine own!

MT. PISGAH, TENN., June 25, 1876.

LEAVING MARIETTA.

Now I'm trav'ling from my Mary,
Trav'ling from my home and ferry,
And in leaving home and Mary
Grief in me is no chimera.

Oh, how fain I would caress her!
How my ardent wish would bless her,

Were she on my breast reposing,
And her love to me disclosing!

Thou, seducer, canst not harm her,
Thou, O coxcomb! canst not charm her,
Whilst I wander lowly hither,
For my heart and soul are with her.

How the locomotive's puffing,
And the air with smoke is stuffing!
See him rushing in his hurry
Like a demon in his fury.

Now he yells along the river
Making hill and valley quiver,
Now again along the mountain
Pours his screaming like a fountain.

Ah! from State to State I'm flying
While my drooping spirit's sighing;
Ah! from all that's dear I'm going,
To a land where flowers are blowing;

To a land where all is smiling—
No benignant hearts beguiling;
Fare thee well, my darling Mary!
In my heart thy name I bury.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1876.

I LOVE THEE, MY DARLING.

TO MARIETTA.

I love thee, my darling; yes, this I must own,
And none on this earth can impel me to desist;
I love those sweet smiles, and those eyes of deep brown,
Those lips which appear to have never been kissed.

I never can squander my love for thee, Mary;
I ne'er can offend thee, no never, no never;
But my heart in thy bosom now deeply I bury,
To feast on affection forever and ever.

My wishes extend not beyond this, fair lady,
To see that sweet moment when thou wilt be mine;
I sigh for that lovely and long-looked-for May day,
When I'll kiss thee, my darling, to desist not in time.

TULLAHOMA, TENN., June 29, 1876.

MARIETTA, FROWNING.

TAKE me from my frowning Mary
Once more to my native shore;
Take me to my toilsome ferry*
Where I ne'er may see her more.
That will be a land of gladness
Where those limpid waters move;
There I may endure this sadness
Waked to life in broken love.

But how can I give her over
Whom so oft I truly bless?
Can I ever cease to love her
With a heart of tenderness?
Yet 'tis useless to be weary
Of this inconsistent flame;
I must ever love my Mary,
Though it be through grief and shame.

WALLING, TENN., July 10, 1876.

*Bailiff's Ferry, White County, Tenn.

BE THOU THE SAME.

TO MARIETTA.

Oh! could I see thy face once more
And know thy soothing smiles
Just as I did in days of yore
Amid those deep defiles,
I would not think that 'tween us lies
Full many a dark, deep vale,
That 'tween us those tall mountains rise
And wrestle with the gale;
But soothing smiles would bathe each cheek
And thy fond kiss be mine,
That I had reached the end I seek,—
To rest my heart with thine.
Oh! were the hours I pass alone
Passed with no one but thee,
The happiness which I have not known
Would ever be for me.
Yet as I am I but repeat
That thou art far away,
And that perchance ere we shall meet
Will pass full many a day;
But if no more around the hearth
We meet in fondest love,
If 'tis not ours to meet on earth,
Oh! may we meet above,—
Where all is joy and love and rest,
And saints on pinions move;
Where we may lean on Jesus' breast
And feel united love,

Who thinks of that celestial home
Beyond all reach of woe,
Where grief and parting cannot come,
Without a sigh to go?

Oh, then, my love, be thou the same
As when I saw thee last!
Let not the brightness of thy name
By shadows be o'ercast.
And when thou think'st of me believe
My spirit lingers near,
That as we are does but bereave
My soul of all that's dear.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., July 29, 1876.

MARIETTA ANGRY.

YE hills of Pisgah, bleak and brown,
Whose school no longer learns me,
Ye forests, vales, and mountain peaks,
See how my Mary spurns me!
Now who will share this heavy care,
And help me turn my Mary?
And who will cheer this heart of fear,
That now beats dark and dreary?

A life like this can give no bliss
To sorrow-stricken lovers,
There's not a spark within the dark
Which sorrow deeply covers.
I never knew there was a true,
Deep sorrow for a lover

Until the hour I saw that flower
Who all my hopes turned over.

Oh! that this day may pass away,
And leave a brighter morning;
Oh! that this grief may bring relief,
But nevermore this scorning.
But why should I thus weep and sigh
For one who knows no pleasing?
Why not remove this blighted love
From her whose love is freezing?

MT. PISGAH, TENN., July 29, 1876.

MY FOOTSTEPS HAVE WANDERED.

TO MARIETTA.

My love, I have wandered o'er mountain, through vale,
Through heath and dark woodland with the breath of
the gale;
Yes, darling, my footsteps have wandered afar
Where ocean's mad billows with each other war;
Where billows of whiteness are kissing the strand
And the music of songsters is loud in the land;
Where the orange and jasmine are fully in bloom
And fill all the breezes with sweetest perfume:
Yes, dear, where bananas and cocoas are found
Suspended on branches or strown on the ground.
And yet in these regions where poetry glows,
And even the spirit of didactic prose,
My eye's not attracted, my spirit doth moan
Because thou art wanting, because I'm alone.

Oh! that thou wert with me we'd make this our home,
And never, no, never again would I roam;
Then think not, my darling, we'll nevermore meet,
Think not that we'll never our kisses repeat.
Soon, soon I will see thee, dear Mary, at home,
And then I will never again from thee roam;
And now at this moment no more I will tell,
But only will whisper, my Mary, farewell!

NEW SMYRNA, FLA., August 24, 1876.

THY SPIRIT OF LOVE.

TO MARIETTA.

SWEET jewel, e'er lighting my night,
Where dwelleth thy spirit of love?
It has gone from terrestrial light
To joy in the mansions above.
I endeavor to catch it amain
As it vibrates 'tween Heaven and earth,
But, alas! all attempts are in vain,
For it is of heavenly birth.

Whene'er it expands its white wings,
And comes from enjoyments above,
I stretch forth my hand, but it clings
Not to it, O thy spirit of love!
Sweet jewel, e'er lighting my night,
Farewell to thy spirit of love!
It has gone from terrestrial light
With angels of Heaven to move.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 12, 1876.

ROSE OF MORNING.

TO MARIETTA.

LADY, were the wing of glory
Grandly o'er my head unfurled,
And my name were bright in story,
Minus all dissension hurled,—
Thou, the brilliant rose of morning,
Kissed by every zephyr calm,
To my soul wouldst be adorning,
To my heart wouldst be a balm.

Were the smiles of fortune gleaming
On my path, by night and day
Thou wouldst be a seraph beaming
As a light upon my way;
But my paths have been forsaken
Through the woods and o'er the lea,
Yet my soul has not been shaken,
Nor confides the less in thee.

When I see thee, grief and sadness
Banish like a fragile flower,
And my bosom's inward gladness
Vibrates with a Samson's power.
Dost thou list to what I'm saying?
Wouldst thou give me terrine bliss,
Do not be so long delaying,
But console me with a kiss.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 26, 1876.

TRIUMPH IN DREAMS.

TO MARIETTA.

WHEN Sorrow lulls this breast of mine,
And Hope reclines her languid wing,
My heart but one thought can enshrine,—
That thou to me wilt one day cling.

And though that thought is fraught with gloom
And through the darkness come its gleams,
Still there's a voice this side the tomb
That whispers triumph in my dreams.

Oh! were I happy e'en as thou,
I ne'er would know the tyrant woe;
Yet there's one thought existing now,—
Thou, love, alone canst make me so.

When Night o'erspreads her sable pall,
I view her myriad gems that shine,
And think that, were they mine, them all
I'd freely give to call thee mine.

This undissembled love that burns
Within my breast like Ætna's fire,
When thought of thee on wings returns,
Rolls stronger, fiercer, rises higher.

I would reveal this love of mine
In tones of earnestness to thee,
If it were not that heart of thine
Might have a bitter zest for me.

Yet if thou art but kind in heart
Thou wilt accept this love of mine.

And in return thine own impart
As warm, as constant, as divine.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 28, 1876.

CAN I FORGET?

TO MARIETTA.

CAN I forget thee, dearest one,
While life and passion last?
No! memories of thee first will rise
When I recall the past.

Can I forget thy glowing cheek
Where love's attraction lies?
Can I forget those rosy lips,
Those soul-absorbing eyes?

Can I forget thy tender heart
Which feels to mine so near?
Although it seldom beats for me,
Can I forget it, dear?

Can I forget that graceful form
So winning in its might?
Can I forget the girl I prize,
That's all my life and light?

No time nor place in earthly life
Can turn one thought from thee;
Thou hast awakened in my heart
Love that must ever be.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 4, 1876.

THOU ART AN ANGEL.

TO MARIETTA.

The lily is the fairest flower
That blooms on hill or lea ;
But when I draw a contrast, dear,
'Twixt that fair flower and thee,
I see how feeble is its charm
Though beauty in it lives,
And how superior thou art
To all dame nature gives.

Whene'er I view the blooming fields
In all their beauty clad,
I think that they are but of earth,
Though here to make me glad ;
But when I look upon that face
Of thine where lingers love,
I think that thou art surely one
From realms of bliss above ;

That, though thy beauty is supreme
And life's delightful leaven,
Thou art an angel, less the wings,
To light my way to Heaven.
That pensive heart of thine, loved one,
Which coxcombs cannot move,
Was ne'er the seat of envious hate,—
It is the seat of love.

I love to look upon that brow
Where troubles never dwell ;

The lines of beauty clustering there
Of perfect happ'ness tell.
I love to dream of thee when sleep
Consoles with perfect rest,
For then I picture thee, and now,
As one among the blest.

I love to think of love and thee,
Though thou and love are one,
While wand'ring o'er the grassy lea,
Or in the woods alone.
I love to love thee, dearest one,
And all thy acts approve ;
I love thy sweet, responsive smiles,
And hope they speak thy love.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 20, 1876.

I HEAR THY VOICE.

TO MARIETTA.

WHILE here mid nature's towering rocks,
Where waves break wildly on the shore,
Where wild cascade in splendor mocks
And mingles in the common roar,—
I hear the music of thy voice
As waters rush, each cove to fill—
That voice which made my soul rejoice
While on Mt. Pisgah's distant hill.

CANEY FORK FALLS, TENN., October 20, 1876.

WOULD KISS AWAY EACH TEAR.

TO MARIETTA, WEEPING.

OH! when I look upon thine eye
And on thy cheek so fair,
And see revealed the heaving sigh
And tears of sorrow there,
I feel there must be real truth
Within thy love for me,
I sigh to think my erring youth
Has drawn one tear from thee.

Then, oh! forgive that open err
Wrought by my hands alone,
For had I thought 'twould interfere
That I would not have done.
Weep not, fair Mary; 'tis in vain
To weep o'er deeds not thine;
Thou canst not move, by tears or pain,
An error wholly mine.

I'd rather shed a thousand tears
Than see thy bosom grieved,
I'd rather know a thousand fears
Than have thy soul bereaved.
Then let me kiss away the tear
That glimmers in thine eye;
Permit me now to soothe thy fear,
And quell that rising sigh.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 26, 1876.

FROWN NOT ON ME NOW.

TO MARIETTA.

DEAR Mary, frown not on me now,
Since we so long have loved in truth;
Oh! turn away that sullen brow,
'Tis not becoming of thy youth.
One loving smile of thine, loved one,
To me is worth the world beside;
And canst thou frown and thus disown
The love that thou didst once confide?
Nay, lady, frown on me no more,
Since frowning gives my bosom pain;
I'd rather faint on Afric's shore
Than see thee frown on me again.
In smiles thou art a pristine sheen,
A diadem for all to see;
In frowns that face cannot be seen;
For none would then dare look on thee.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 29, 1876.

MY LIFE, I LOVE THEE.

TO MARIETTA.

WHEN that eye I chance to view
Rolling in its glossy hue,
When that smile I chance to see,
Mea vita, amo te!
Who will doubt affections roll
Like a planet round my soul?
Who will live this truth but me,
Mea vita, amo te?

I this sentiment declare
To the earth, the sky and air;
I shall sing it e'er to thee,
Mea vita, amo te!

Still my heart responds in truth
As it did in days of youth;
Still, in joy, it speaks to thee,
Mea vita, amo te!

As the grape clings to the vine,
Is my soul made fast to thine;
As the tempest woos the sea,
Mea vita, amo te!

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 5, 1876.

THOSE FAULTS FORGIVEN.

TO MARIETTA.

I now forgive those faults of thine,
And now again thy heart enshrine;
And wilt thou take back to thy breast
That love which elsewhere knows no rest?

Without thy smiles what earthly power
Could cheer my soul another hour?
If thy young heart from mine were driven,
Sweet Mary! where would be my heaven?

Drear days and months have lingered by
Since I beheld that pensive eye,
And often have I wished, in vain,
To look upon that face again.

And here where towering cliffs arise
That seem to pierce the vaulting skies,
And where wild waters seek the sea,
I picture thee, I picture thee.

While on Mount Pisgah's hills I dwelt
No love for aught but thee I felt,
And, darling, yet I love thee well,
And with thee fondly hope to dwell.

WALLING, TENN., November 9, 1876.

CURSED BE THE PEDAGOGUE.

TO MARIETTA.

CURSED be the pedagogue that caused
Thy heart my own to shun;
If for one moment he had paused,
That he would not have done.
And may his hateful rules be burned
In Hecla's quenchless flame,
For they and he thyself hath turned
Against my very name.

Would that old earth would ope her jaws
And take him in her clay
For making such infernal laws
As turned thy heart away.
Had not that pedagogue been born
To censure and reprove,
I would not now be sad, forlorn,
But would possess thy love.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., November 26, 1876.

CANNOT SEPARATE.

TO MARIETTA.

ONE more distressing farewell, dear,
And then our parting's o'er ;
Just one more parting kiss and tear,
And we will part no more,
Marietta !

One struggle more, one lengthy sigh,
And then that trouble's o'er ;
One more long look upon that eye,
And then I'll look no more,
Marietta !

One smile of rapture to be free,
And then our smiling's o'er ;
One anxious dream of love and thee,
And then I'll dream no more,
Marietta !

Another loving, fond embrace,
And then that pleasure's o'er ;
But once more can I see thy face,
Then that I'll see no more,
Marietta !

Once more these hands of ours will clasp,
And then their clasping's o'er ;
Once more that lovely arm I'll grasp,
Then that I'll grasp no more,
Marietta !

Yet one more frown of sweetheart's wrath,
And then that frowning's o'er ;

Once more I'll walk grief's stricken path,
Then that I'll walk no more,
Marietta!

One more reflection on the past,
Then I'll reflect no more;
Once more I'll wish our love could last,
Then that I'll wish no more,
Marietta!

Oh, no! it seems we cannot part,
Nor are our struggles o'er;
Thou art so woven in my heart
This love can cease no more,
Marietta!

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 29, 1876.

IS TORN AWAY.

TO MARIETTA.

OH! now my soul is torn away
From all that's dear to me,
The love and light that lit my way
In gloom, that I might see.

How quick the change from joy to woe!
How quick from smiles to tears!
And I must from my Mary go,
To linger lone for years.

Around me now the fierce winds roar,
And whisper, "Art thou gone?"
The stalwart boat is off the shore
That's soon to bear me on.

Yet one more sigh to Mary dear ;
Ah, no ! that sigh's refused ;
I would not now depart from her
Were I not thus abused.

Then, fickle girl, farewell for aye,
Thy face I'll see no more ;
But ere shall pass another day
I'll view some other shore.

And then, when other lips shall claim
That fervid kiss of thine,
That kiss which gave me joy and shame,
And caused my soul to pine,—

Oh ! wilt thou, in that hour of bliss,
But think of suffering me,
That I had once possessed that kiss
And fondly cherished thee ?

And when the hour of festive mirth
Floats nightly o'er the scene,
Believe that round my vacant hearth
All wears a gloomy mien.

Yet I would not that thou shouldst weep,
Or wish me back again ;
No care I'd give to mar thy sleep,
While mine is lost in pain.

Dear girl, my secret pangs and tears
And sighs will never cease ;
To me in all this train of years
Will come no rest or peace.

Farewell! from thee alone I go,
Farewell, dear girl, for aye!
Thou hast besprinkled direst woe
And sorrow on my way.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 30, 1876.

MAY FLOWERS BE STROWN!

SONNET TO MARIETTA.

OH! may thy path through life with flowers be strown,
And lined with all the comforts mortals know;
And may thy flagrant bosom e'er forego
One blighted hope or agonizing groan.
Oh! mayst thou ne'er in life from sickness moan,
And grief ne'er mar thy cheek's delightful glow;
Mayst thou through life be shielded from each foe,
And be the same thou art when beauty's gone;
And when these precious moments are denied,
Mayst thou be wafted on the wings of love
To where thou mayst in bliss fore'er abide,
Yes, to that land of happiness above;
Ah! where could aught so fair as thou reside
Save where the blest on tiny pinions move?
WALLING, TENN., December 6, 1876.

IN GUATEMALA WITH MARIETTA.

IN Guatemala, far away,
Beneath those azure skies,
Where summer holds eternal sway,
And stalwart mountains rise;

Where flowers of every hue and size
Perfume the balmy air,
No wailing cries of *hard times* rise,
No want of money there.

There cocoanuts and coffee grow,
And trees with fruits are breaking;
He who would eat must only know
How to perform the shaking.

There hill and vale, with blooming flowers,
Are robbed throughout the year;
There, 'neath those vine-encumbered bowers,
Is seldom shed a tear.

Then place me in that distant clime
With Marietta given,
And there I'll pass the blissful time
And ask no greater heaven.

WALLING, TENN., December 9, 1876.

WHERE IS MARIETTA?

OH! where is she who stole my heart
And left me lonely, sighing?
The girl who won my love and fled
And left me weeping, dying.
Oh! she has flown as flies the dove
To other scenes of bliss;
Now, by my soul, I grieve and grieve
Because I've lost her kiss.

Bring back my beauty—love with me
Is something more than name;

I loved her truly in my youth,
And love her yet the same.
I know not whence my beauty fled,
But know my heart is riven;
She may have sought some paradise,
Perhaps gone back to Heaven.

WALLING, TENN., December 9, 1876.

I SAW THEE FIRST.

TO MARIETTA.

I saw thee, first, to know that Love
Could seize me in his fingers;
And to repel his power I strove,
But still around he lingers.

Again I saw thee, but to know
Thy magic glance uncovers
Thou art the fairest thing below
That wins the hearts of lovers.

I saw again, and heard thy voice
In thrilling notes of winning;
Then did my soul so fain rejoice
It hardly kept from sinning.

I saw once more, but like the sky
That burns with flame and thunder
Were that fair cheek and beaming eye
Which once to see were wonder.

Again I heard that voice of thine
Which once was so approving,
But it was not the voice benign
That put my soul to loving.

Nay, 'twas the voice of evil thought,
Not from a heart benignant;
'Twere hard indeed to say that aught
Like thee could be indignant.

But when I see that sullen brow
Now bent on me so stead'ly,
Fair lady, shall I not then know
That anger's thine too read'ly?

But I have given offense to thee
By loving far too strongly,
And now resentment's giv'n to me
In spurning far too wrongly.

I will not see that face again
While thus 'tis stormy weather;
While lightnings flash and torrents rain
We cannot stay together.

WALLING, TENN., February 10, 1877.

MIMIC OF HER CHARMS.

TO A PICTURE OF MARIETTA.

O FEEBLE mimic of the charms
That once commanded me!
How fervently my spirit warms
To trace those charms in thee!

'Tis here I trace the lofty brow,
The dark-brown radiant eyes,
The form that made my spirit bow,
And wilt away in sighs.

In thee I trace the auburn hair,
The lips that knew no kiss;
In thee I view the cheeks so fair
That made me hope for bliss.

And where is she whose form is given
On this thin plate of steel?
Ah! whither has my love been driven,
To sable woe or weal?

Somewhere, I ween, upon the hill
That faces on the west;
She dwells there in her cottage still,
And still is truly blest.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., April 20, 1877.

MARIETTA, LET ME FLY.

TO MARIETTA.

MARIETTA, let me fly
From that anger-beaming eye;
Let me to the valley lone
Where that anger is unknown,
For it truly proves to me
Diabolus est in te.

By that lip whose venom'd bliss
Beckons every lover's kiss,
By that changeful air of thine
That has caused my soul to pine,
By that heedless look I see
Diabolus est in te.

When I sought that heart so fair,
Not one trace of sin was there,
Not one angry word could flow
That now sears my bosom so ;
Now the truth is plain, I see,
Diabolus est in te.

When on Pisgah's hills I strayed,
In thine eyes no lightning played,
It was not thy joyful part
To offend the anxious heart ;
Now, alas ! I plainly see
Diabolus est in te.

Let me then in peace retire
Since thou'rt changed to naught but ire ;
Joy I sowed and tear drops reap,
Yes, in solitude, I weep ;
Weep I now, O dear ! to see
Diabolus est in te.

WALLING, TENN., April 23, 1877.

THERE IS NO RAPTURE.

TO MARIETTA.

THERE is no rapture in thy smile,
No pleasure in that altered look ;
That youthful heart, now grown so vile,
I cannot love, it once forsook.
No storm of grief or woe o'ertook
My soul until that heart of thine
Proved to be false ; nay, yet it shook
Not to behold my soul repine,
E'en languish in the depths of sorrow's shrine.

Still thou art blessed, and still wilt smile
To see my spirit thus distressed ;
Oblivion, 'neath thy rubbish pile
Let my sad heart forever rest !
If joy be there, be it suppressed
As it has been and still must be ;
For secret pains must fill this breast
While thine shall be forever free,
With ne'er a smile nor soothing word for me.
WALLING, TENN., April 28, 1877.

HAVE MERCY!

TO MARIETTA.

I SAY not that I love you, still
From every sigh's repulsion
You see my senses and my will
Are struggling in convulsion.
My anxious glances when I rise
To pay each benediction
Discover surely to your eyes
This homage is no fiction.

It is enough, I'll plead no more
In love's replete advances ;
My spirit begs for only your
Benignant smiles and glances.
Have mercy ! 'tis no fiendish call,
I ask it through emotion ;
From that exalted summit fall,
To bathe in love's pure ocean.
MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 3, 1877.

PITY LONG SUPPRESSED.

TO MARIETTA.

OH! might I lean upon thy breast,
Where pity long has been suppressed,
And shed the tears of bitter woe
That I have long forbid to flow?
Nor could my feelings be controlled,
Nor could my troubles there be told,
Though I should languish at thy feet
And all these years of woe repeat;
Or, should I clasp that shapely hand
And, bending o'er thee gently, stand,
I'd there proclaim, in faltering tone,
That I at least one joy had won,—
That I had once again beheld
The girl who had my spirit quelled,
Whose darkling frown, like poisoned dart,
Had cut in twain my bleeding heart.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 10, 1877.

I SAW MY MARIETTA.

I SAW my Marietta stand
Once on her native spot;
I sought her, offered her my hand,
And oh! she took it not.
I heard her footsteps on the plain,
And knew she lingered nigh;
I offered her my hand again,
This time with tearful eye,—

But as before, the gift she spurned
With look of fiery kind,
Then on her heels she quickly turned
And left me far behind.

I followed on, we met once more,
Her face with smiles aglow ;
I sought her, begged her as before,
And still she answered "No!"

Again I saw my beauty move
Where birds and roses plot ;
Again I offered her my love,
Again she took it not.

Those heavenly smiles of hers are cast
On naught so poor as I ;
She'd rather give them to the blast
Of some dark wintry sky.

To linger round her everywhere
Is Love's delightful lot ;
But in her heart, so young and fair,
His warmth has entered not.

WALLING, TENN., May 12, 1877.

IN THEE I HOPED.

TO MARIETTA.

In thee I hoped that I had found
A heart by loving kindness blest,
Till hatred in thy glances frowned
And drove me ever from thy breast.

Thy beauties hid a foul intent
Which now is burning on thy brow;
They through my heart an arrow sent,
And left me bleeding sad and low.

Where are the smiles that once were thine,
To give my anxious heart relief?
Where is the heart that once was mine,
But now the mother of my grief?

Alike departed! others claim
The bliss my bosom once possessed;
Their hearts are radiant in the flame
That made my soul 'bove others blest.

Still shall my prayer thee ever bless,
And still my heart beat fast for thee,
Though thine I never can possess
Nor from sad recollections flee.

Adieu, adieu, my faithless dove!
This sorrow overwhelms my soul;
No time can e'er subdue my love,
No fate but life's approaching goal.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., August 21, 1877.

THOU ART MY QUEEN.

A DREAM—TO MARIETTA.

I SAT upon the throne of mighty kings
And looked abroad upon the things of earth;
Thou wert my queen and sat, in loveliness,
Upon a golden throne beset with pearls:

Before us bowed the nations of the earth
And said: "At thy command the land and sea,
E'en to the poles, shall tremble, yea, the sun
And moon and stars shall turn to blood and fade."
We rode in chariots, cars and ships of gold,
And viewed the works of ages in a day;
Our palace stood upon a lofty hill
Whence we could view the various tribes of men:
We heard all tongues, and spoke in every tongue;
Our company was that of kings and queens,
Our servants were the fairest belles of earth,
And yet no happiness we found, no joy
In all that show, that power of powers we knew.

I waked and found thee in my daily walk
Collecting flowers to send to absent ones,
And thou, my darling, wast no less a queen;
That beauty, love, and sweet fidelity
Still make thee mistress of the hearts of men.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 30, 1877.

MY PEACE IS WRECKED.

SONG TO MARIETTA.

'Twas when the sky was calm and blue
And spring did gently tarry,
I came into the world to woo,
And saw my darling Mary.
A spell of rapture seized my heart,
The world was blithe and smiling;
I thought to claim her gentle part
I'd know no days beguiling.

The wintry sky was bleak and wild,
My soul was dark and weary,
And I seemed some dejected child,
When last I saw my Mary.
I cannot now condemn her more,
But willingly forgive her,
Although the cruel oath she swore
Has wrecked my peace forever.

WALLING, TENN., January 8, 1878.

CANNOT SAY FAREWELL.

TO MARIETTA—ON LEAVING MY NATIVE STATE.

THE word farewell I cannot speak,
Though now I'm from thy presence riven;
I can but breathe, through feelings meek,
This dread to leave my earthly heaven;
And whither I shall wander, dear,
All pensive 'neath celestial sheen,
I'll picture, though my path be drear,
The semblance of thy lovely mien.

I cannot say farewell, and yet
Within me lives a wreaking pain;
It is, my love, a sore regret,—
Alas! we ne'er may meet again.
And can I leave thee trusting still
Thy love will be reserved for me?
Vain trust, and yet it is my will
That I shall love none else than thee.

Well, let us part in pleasantness,
Nor cast one anxious look behind,
And I will bear this sore distress
If thou wilt sigh once to the wind.
Some others would be sweet with smiles
Far o'er this ruthless world to flee,
But leaving thee a thousand miles
Can be no pleasant task for me.

The locomotive's on the track
And soon will waft me from my home;
What pledges shall I then send back
When in some distant land I roam?
'Twill be the flowers of love, I ween,
Sheathed by a hand of rustic art,
Not shades of trouble yet unseen
That darken even now my heart.

ROCK ISLAND, TENN., January 28, 1878.

SO FATE DECREES.

TO MARIETTA.

I THOUGHT the clouds had rolled away
Which long have hovered o'er my path,
That fortune's sun, with piercing ray,
Had swept from heaven their gloomy wrath.
Not so! how vain it was to think
That fortune me should ever meet!
That sun, which seemed to rise and sink,
Was but the shadow of deceit.
And can it be I've loved so long
And now thy bosom must resign?

So fate decrees! or right or wrong,
Thou never, never wilt be mine.

Too well I know the love I sought
Is centered in some other heart,
And all those flattering vows are naught
But ashes of some subtle art.

Then let him gladly with thee dwell;
But think, when in that state of bliss,
He cannot love thee half so well
As he whose peace is lost in this.

Here is a painful truth I own,
And were it not, less grief were mine,—
With all this burning love I've shown
I scarce have felt one pulse of thine.

But let it be, it is thy will,
Then should I wish 'twere else than thus?
What bliss my cup could ever fill
If fate against thee wedded us?

Then whither shall my wounded soul
Repair to 'scape this gulf of woe?
Thank Heaven, I can in darkness stroll,
And let these tears of sorrow flow.

Then fare thee well, thou first and last!
To bear me hence the trains endeavor;
I leave thee, wretched, breathing fast,
"Be still, my blighted heart, forever!"

BARDWELL, KY., February 1, 1878.

THOUGH APART.

TO MARIETTA.

THOUGH apart and yet together
We may love and look in vain;
Neither one can see the other
Through this lingering season's train.

Not a semblance of your glances
Save through memory comes to view,
Yet yourself my soul enhances
As it ever used to do.

What is parting when each morrow
We shall meet in fancied dreams?
It is but a feeble sorrow,
Not the death it often seems.

Then, if on the wide deep ocean,
Let me love you, since I will,
Feeling still that sweet emotion
Which my heart will ever fill.

Loved one, let me breathe to Heaven
Blessings that shall bounteous be,
Trusting that they may be driven
To your home in Tennessee.

Let me breathe, while here I wander
Far from all my bosom loves,
May your spirit ever ponder
On your own who truthful proves.

Let me ask you for a sample
Of the locks which deck your head,

That if Time our love should trample
All I prize may not have fled.

Please to send one word of sweetness
From those lips I long to kiss,
That these hours may turn to fleetness
Flitting on the wings of bliss.

BARDWELL, KY., March 7, 1878.

GO, LOVE, TO YOUR WINDOW.

TO MARIETTA.

Go, love, to your window to-night
And look o'er the moon-lighted wood
On some eagle that hurries his flight
To the west, through that silvery flood;
Seal, love, to his wing as he flies
A message I'd welcome with love;
Let him bear it to me through the skies
As a seraph from regions above;
And while at that window to-night
Look up at the loveliest star,
Still patiently hoping no blight
Our earthly fruition may mar.
Look, love, at that star-spangled sky
And think that it mantles my head,
Though far from your rough mountains high
Long since my lone footsteps have fled.
Go, love, to your window to-night
While the moon rises over the sea,
And see all the world bathed in light
Save the darkness that hovers o'er me.

Think, love, while the landscape you view,
The gloom which o'ershadows that ken
Is despair at my absence from you,
Not a dread of my battles with men.

Go again to that window to-night
With happiness deep in your breast,
And look, ere has faded that light,
Far away to the land of the west.
Look long and reflect on the scene
Since there I must pass the gay spring;
Though sadness be traced on my mien,
I love smiling Flora's cool wing.

And while at that window to-night,
Ere that moon passes over the main,
Just think that full many a height
And depth intervenes us,—in vain.
Think, love, that those gorges, though dark,
Can be crossed on the pinions of love,
And often that love's kindred spark
From our bosoms will nevermore move.

BARDWELL, Ky., March 10, 1878.

MY RESTING PLACE.

TO MARIETTA.

SOMETIMES afar, o'er land and sea,
My weary footsteps move
While seeking some one else than thee
On whom to place my love;
But wheresoe'er that one I seek
My search is surely vain,

For one of love and visage meek
Dwells not this side the main.

Nay, I shall find not love abroad
In which I can confide;

There's no attraction on the road,
Nor friend upon the tide.

My heart is in my native land,
How could it elsewhere be?

It could not rest on Texas' strand
And linger, love, with thee.

My hope is where the mountains rise
And shadow o'er thy home;

I prize those rocks which kiss the skies,
But not this fate to roam.

While roving I can claim no part,
And find no smiling face;

Then let me whisper, where thou art
Shall be my resting place.

DALLAS, TEX., March 20, 1878.

WITHOUT A GUIDING STAR.

TO MARIETTA.

OH! may I come again with song
And hope and joy on fancy's car,
Since now my feet have wandered long
Without a friend or guiding star?

The dazzling visions of the West
I've sought to find, they onward roll;
Then let me hasten to thy breast
And trust that thou canst soothe my soul.

This world, with all its wealth, affords
No joy save when I'm where thou art;
Then listen to my pleading words:
I ask to share thy gentle heart.

The pinks and roses of the vale
I gather and remit to thee,
Trusting that they, though seared and pale,
Will be accepted, e'en from me;

And when I reach thy distant home,
Though seasons pass before that hour,
Oh! then I nevermore shall roam,
If greeted by thy gentle power.

GALVESTON, TEX., March 24, 1878.

A FLIGHT TO THEE.

TO MARIETTA.

If that fair empress of the night
Which decks so grandly Heaven's dome
Emit her floods of silver light
As bounteous on thy mountain home,—
How sweet it were to-night to rise
On fancied wings above the sea,
And ever, with attracted eyes,
Direct a steady flight to thee!

How gladly would I mock the gale,
And laugh at each receding height!
At all the world my heart should rail
As swiftly on I winged my flight.

Oh! torn from thee by fortune's hand,
And severed thus love's mighty chain,
Still viewing from the ocean's strand
The deep that parts us not in vain,—

Ah! well my heart may sigh for wings
That bear the fairies through the sky,
To waft me far from worldly things
Into the radiance of thine eye;
To waft me o'er each dark-blue lake,
Each towering crag and deep abyss,
To where I may again partake
Of joy that mingled deep with bliss;

To where, if fear is yet removed,
We might repeat each anxious look
And love again, if e'er we loved,
Despite derision's dread rebuke.
Who views thine eyes' resplendent fire
When with electric art they move,
Though evil in his heart conspire,
And yet forbear the thoughts of love?

Thou art a light o'er life's dark sea
That guides me still with splendid sheen;
Though with thee now I cannot be,
'Tis joy to know that I have been.
'Tis joy to know that we have been
Together in thy generous home,
And I shall keep each memory green
Forever, though apart we roam.

GALVESTON, TEX., June 12, 1878.

DRIFTING DOWN THE DARK OHIO.

DRIFTING down the dark Ohio
 Where the winds in rapture move,
 Drifting swiftly with the waters
 From the lady of my love,—
 Would she know that I'm reflecting
 On the joys that once were ours,
 When we roved o'er craggy mountains
 Or conversed in shady bowers?

'Gainst my boat the waves are beating,
 Ever beating day and night,
 While the wild geese and the blackbirds
 Round me make a gaudy flight;
 On me gleams the glad Aurora,
 Yet I fancy not her ray,
 For my thoughts are all directed
 To my loved one far away.

Soon behind yon dark horizon
 Sol will hide his burning ray,
 Yet my boat will then be drifting,
 Ever drifting on its way;
 But when darkness veils the waters,
 Though the storm his hand should stay,
 Where will be my Marietta,
 Lovely wand'rer far away?

She, perchance, among the mountains
 Will rejoice within her grot,
 There to give the storm defiance,
 Where its rage can reach her not.

Joy forever to her bosom,
Though in me she ne'er confide;
I must ever drift dejected,
Drift adown this restless tide.

CAIRO, ILL., December 15, 1878.

*I DARE NOT VIEW.**

TO MARIETTA.

I DARE not view that face of thine
Where beam unveiled those winsome spheres;
Like orbs of Vulcan fire they shine
Through realms save when obscured in tears;
'Tis when the sun has hid his eye
We look upon the burning sky.

Forgetting that thy beauty's blaze
Can ne'er by mortals be withstood,
I venture to approach and gaze
Whene'er I view thee on the flood;
But then, as when I view the skies,
I shield my blinded, aching eyes.

This deluge of departing years
Will roll and I, allowed to gaze,
Can view those planets but when tears
Obscure their flashing, blinding blaze;
Then weep, enchantress, night and day,
And let me gaze my life away.

NASHVILLE, TENN., February 20, 1879.

*As this poem appeared in "Roving Footsteps."

YOUR DWELLING PLACE.

TO MARIETTA.

THESE mountains, in whose phase we read
The lines of nature's rugged face,
To me, my love, are dear indeed,—
They claim your birth and dwelling place.
Amid these crags which long have loomed
And glittered in the morning rays,
You sprang, a lovely flower, and bloomed
Too sacred for these sinful days.

The hills, the trees, the lilies stand
Bereft of beauty's happy pall;
How partial is proud Nature's hand!
Your sacred person hired it all.
Oh! would a life, my love, were mine
Like that which fortune grants to *you*,
I, too, would pass through life and shine
With luster to all eyes that view.

WALLING, TENN., February 25, 1879.

A BLIGHTED HEART.

TO MARIETTA.

A BLIGHTED heart resigned to woe,
And all I loved become my foe,
What dreadful fate is mine, love!
Removed from all the joys of earth,
She gone for whom I've yearned from birth,
Oh! see me now repine, love.

Awaiting but another smile,
A word to let me hope awhile,
 'Tis hard to bid adieu, love;
How can I give thee up and go
A gloomy wretch of baneful woe,
 Permitted not to rue, love?
Vanquished indeed, dejected, lone,
And every hope forever gone,
 This life will soon be o'er, love;
Yet why, defeating siren, why
Should it be thine thus to deny
 That we should meet once more, love?
For one more favor, e'en a smile
Of friendship, howsoever vile,
 'Tis vain for me to sigh, love;
For seasons, yes, eternal years,
Though I should seek thee still in tears,
 My heart thou wilt deny, love.
Relent, oh! once in mercy turn
And smile while thus in grief I burn;
 How canst thou once forget, love,
Thy gentle words and beaming eye,
Which far too soon have passed me by,
 Are all the joy I've met, love?
Farewell! I cannot give thee up
And drink these dregs of sorrow's cup,
 When thee I can't redeem, love,
Unless thou'lt let my spirit brood
E'er o'er thee on thy blissful road,
 And woo thee in each dream, love.

Thou hast ignored me, cast to naught
Each vow, each gift I fondly brought—
In grief I must reflect, love;
Condemned at last and driven hence,
May Heaven o'erlook the vile offense,
My peace is ever wrecked, love.

WALLING, TENN., May 10, 1879.

CONSIGNED TO WRETCHEDNESS.

TO MARIETTA.

FIRST of my love and pilot of my soul

To wretchedness as well as once to peace,
Seize, seize me with a tyrant's grim control,
And kill me, for I yearn for quick release.
These tortures can I ever brook to bear?

Grief, grief, relieve me, let my bosom rest;
No, still this chain of bondage I must wear,
And never will my siren make me blest.

Those eyes, my love, I cannot brook to view,
Although for them my love's a wreaking flame;
Ah! little thought I when I sought to woo
My bosom soon would burn with love and shame.
I cannot view that lip whose words could guide
My heart to happiness through all these years;
Would Heaven had destined I could ne'er confide
In words whose meaning yields such bitter tears!

Consigned to wretchedness, still let me rove,
Nor once invoke high Heaven to hear my prayer;
Yet let me breathe, I cannot quench my love,
E'en though its flames be ever lost in air.

In thee I yearned for friendship e'en to death,
A love which time and fortune ne'er could blight;
But Hatred 'tween us blew his poisoned breath,
And hurled me from thee to the realms of night:

No more can I approach and see the rays
Of love emit from eyes that nightly shine;
No more can I approach and trembling gaze
On beauty which I once imagined mine.
No more to hope, no comfort yet to come,
Grim melancholy marks my dreadful way;
See me thus wrecked, lost ever to my home,
Mid reefs whose surges take me for their prey.

Go, then, if fortune bids thy heart to shun
The path of one who loved so well and long;
Go, guided by the rays of fortune's sun,
And wander through an Eden filled with song.
Go, then, nor favor once the trembling tear;
Turn hence, nor once regard the anxious sigh:
Go, seek another; but remember, dear,
He ne'er can love thee half so well as I.

Perhaps some other yet will take this love,
Embark with me to stem life's hopes and fears;
Perhaps there's one whose love may truthful prove,
But Heaven knows my heart cannot be hers.
Adieu! yet let me pause again and gaze
Upon the face whose smile no more I'll see;
Adieu! yet let me hope for brighter days,—
To meet thee in a sweet eternity.

WALLING, TENN., June 21, 1879.

A STATUE COLD I STAND.

TO MARIETTA.

Look not upon my wandering eye,
There tear-drops cease to shine;
In coldness ever pass me by:
Thy love no more is mine.
Gone is each pang, each useless sigh,
No more thy clasping hand;
We meet, no more my senses fly,
A statue cold I stand.

But memory will not give thee up,
Thou'rt painted in my soul;
For thee I've drained a bitter cup
On seas where tempests roll.
Then go, thy heart is changed, away
With charms to others given;
Through solitude I'll take my way
And fix my thoughts on Heaven.

ROCK ISLAND, TENN., September 4, 1879.

WAITING TO GREET YOU.

TO MARIETTA.

If Milan's cathedral were mine, love,
And the Papal dominion I swayed,
My glorified queen you should shine, love,
In satins and jewels arrayed.
But my dwelling is humble and lowly,
My garden's a limited realm;
My chambers are silent yet holy,—
No hand has been placed at their helm.

Come home, though no statues will greet you,
No glittering domes to adore;
But love will be waiting to meet you,
And give you my home evermore.

The love whose bright light is yet burning
In a bosom whence youth is now gone,
A love that's been waiting and yearning
To press you and call you its own.

My home is so silent and lonely,
It has known not how soothing your face;
But stay, if a moment's time only,
And light up this dark, lonesome place.

LONGWOOD, FLA., April 12, 1881.

BE MINE IN HEAVEN.

TO MARIETTA.

It seems that I had fixed my heart
On one some less repulsive;
It seems, as fruitless years depart,
I'd break this spell convulsive.

Not so, my love springs up anew
And blooms as springtime finds me;
My soul is ever fixed on you,
Nor time nor fate unbinds me.

Yes, as the seasons decades bring,
Take hopes I cherished early,
My love blooms in unfading spring
And furls your breast more nearly.

Oh! what a pleasure that will be,
To know I'll love forever,
In dreams your beauteous face to see,
And break these visions never!

To know, though nevermore be given
On earth a time to press you,
I'll love you when we meet in Heaven
And still as fondly bless you.

But what a stunning, murderous blow
If in those realms elysian
Your soothing smiles I did not know
In truth or kindred vision!

Let years be numberless or few,
Forgive the oft-told story,
How quick they'd go if I but knew
You'd wed me, love, in glory!

Then though my tree of hope is sear,
Its toppling crest is riven,
Speak, love, and make me happy here,
Say you'll be mine in Heaven.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 20, 1883.

WHEN PARTED WE.

TO MARIETTA.

WHEN parted we, the gay laugh rung,
Moved full the festive bowl;
Hearts to exulting notes were strung,
Nor sighed the gloomiest soul.

Thus sped the scene, and thus with you
E'er since the feast has sped;
Life hath its blessings ever new
To line the path you tread.

But, roaming far, I cannot hear
The joyous laugh you give,
Nor view the smiles your beauties wear
To bid some other live.

Spring glides away, the summer too
Is ready to depart;
Here I can only think of you,
While others press your heart.

Comes Autumn sear, yet let his blast
Blow while apart we rove;
I loved you fondly in the past,
And yet as fondly love.

Then as the Autumn days roll by,
And winter's snows you see,
Whether a mild or angry sky,
Save one big kiss for me.

And save for me the loveliest smiles,
Though round you others move;
I'll cross these intervening miles
And come to claim them, love.

Yes, let these seasons dully part,
These cares I'll freely bear;
I yet may press you to my heart,
And hold you ever there.

BARDWELL, KY., August 19, 1883.

ADIEU, MANCHESTER.

ADIEU, Manchester, the wheels of the car
Are rolling and bearing me from thee afar;
As thy steeples grow dim and fade from my sight
I waft back a sigh with the speed of my flight.

Adieu! I may never revisit thee more,
Nor time can restore me the joys that are o'er;
With a pain in my bosom from thee I depart,
For thou art forever enthroned in my heart.

Adieu to the hills where so oft I have strayed,
Where rivers of crystal meander through shade;
To them and to thee clings my memory still,
Though I seek a new dwelling on Caney Fork's hill.

Adieu to the friends whom my bosom holds dear,
For them falls a big and affectionate tear;
From them I depart but to wander awhile
On a dubious road where glows not a smile.

Adieu! I am gone, leaving Lily behind;
I fly to the mountains where her I'll not find;
Yet whither I go from my darling so dear,
My heart and my soul are forever with her.

Adieu, Manchester! more swift than a dove
I fly from thy bosom of beauty and love;
I view not thy steeples of radiant hue,
But feel in my bosom a touching adieu.

MANCHESTER, TENN., July 10, 1875.

FROLIC AT PRESTON'S.

I TUNE my harp and strike my lyre
To wake my Muse to epic fire,
I swell the notes and strike the string
To make the epic music ring,
Then change the tune to mirth and song
Till hill and dale the notes prolong.
I come to sing of days that passed
When fiercely blew the wintry blast,
When earth was brown and trees were bare
And vegetation's sprig was rare,
When all the flowers lay cold and dead
And silent in their lowly bed.

'Twas Christmas, and the western sky
Looked red and dazzling to the eye ;
And Sol, from fear he might molest,
Had sunk behind the hills to rest,
And silently each glimmering ray
Withdrew from hill and mountain gray.
The moon on high looked calmly down
On hills and mountains bleak and brown,
And spread her snowy wings apace
O'er nature's drear and craggy face.
The stars came out and looked so gay,
And each one seemed to cast his ray
On forest, valley, dale, and heath,
And every living thing beneath ;
O'er nature's face weird light was spread,
And all was silent as the dead.

But hush ! a sound disturbs the air,

Where bright was seen the candle's glare;
'Twas Christmas, and the sounds that beat
Seemed like the thud of dancing feet;
A band of merry girls and boys
Had come to wake the Christmas joys,
And 'mid that band assembled there
Were youthful heads and silvered hair.
Some there were dressed in styles of late,
Some wore the fashions out of date,
And some wore furrows on the face
Where tears of grief had left their trace.
Each one had come to dance that night
Till Morn should spread her wings of light
O'er mountain, forest, glen and sea,
And check the joyful flow of glee.

Again the sound of dancing feet
Was heard upon that floor to beat,
Like autumn rain which patters down
Upon the parched and barren groun';
Again the notes of music rang,
And many charming ladies sang,
The music rang out sweet and clear
Upon the still and frosty air,
The banjo picker struck the chords
And made his banjo speak the words,
Till, mingled with the sound of feet
That constantly and swiftly beat,
All youthful hearts and age's frost
In scenes of revelry were lost.
On went the dance, the hours rolled by
Till midnight's hour was drawing nigh,

Yet on the merry frolic went
Until that hour was almost spent,
And louder, sweeter, rang the song
Amid that mirth-invoking throng.

At length the merry music died
Like ebbing of a swollen tide,
Till hall and hill and giant oak
No more the magic music spoke,
And everything around grew still
Upon old Preston's sterile hill.

The clock struck three and found the throng
Weary of frolic, mirth and song,
And each one sought a place to lie
Where he might close his sleepy eye.
On bed and floor and piles of leather
The boys and girls were heaped together;
Their snoring rang like hunter's horn,
And o'er the hills that sound was borne
Till every dog that dwelt around
Was howling at that doleful sound;
And there those gents and ladies lay
Till Morning shot her silver ray
O'er mountain, valley, hill and tide,
And o'er the face of nature wide.
At first that glimmering ray afar
Seemed like the twinkling of a star,
But soon that weak and gleaming ray
Spread o'er the land the light of day.
At last the sun aroused that band
From dreams of love and fairyland;
He shone as bright as if 'twere spring,

Whilst blackbirds made the forest ring,
And fields of frost were cleared away
Before his bright, resistless ray.

My fingers cramp, the hours grow dreary,
Of song and harp my soul is weary;
No more my feeble lyre shall ring
On Christmas times, nor will I sing;
How faint my lay resembles Scott!
'Tis on time's fabric but a blot.

HORSESHOE BEND, WHITE COUNTY, TENN., October, 1875.

ADDRESS TO A STAR.

STAR that greet'st me when the night
Waves on high her sable pinion,
Guide me on with generous light,
Be thou still my faithful minion.
When the heavens quake with thunder
And the storm is gathering nigh,
May thy rays the darkness sunder,
Greet, oh! greet my anxious eye.

When the day's turmoil is o'er,
Which my heart disdained in sharing,
Star, I feel that strife no more,
Lonely in thy light repairing.
Fortune, timid Fortune, gleaming
Dimly, rarely sheds her ray;
Thine's a sweeter luster beaming
Softly on my rugged way.
May my mission be as thine,
Guiding those in darkness groping;

May my light for aye so shine
Doubting ones will turn to hoping.
When the sky no light is showing,
And o'er all deep shadows run,
May my light continue glowing
Radiant to each wandering one.

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 3, 1880.

WITH THE GODS.

WILL Erato not give me now
Her godly spirit's easy flow?
Desert, O muse! your native shrine,
Amphion's power may now be thine;
Not so, poor muse, Nemesis frowned,
You cannot know one heavenly bound;
Endymion-like, you slept so long,
You cannot wake Euterpe's song.
But what if Somnus had control
And sat enthroned within my soul,
Would not each shadow now depart
And leave to me a Psychean heart?

Nox has no power, Aurora sways,
See o'er the hills old Phœbus blaze;
Then let me sing while beauties throng
And wake the drowsiest soul to song.
'Tis not the gaudy robe of May
That's drinking now the morning's ray,
It is a less affecting scene,
And wears a modest, lowly mien;
Here is a soft and golden light

Which plays upon each mountain height ;
No quivering, fragile flowers appear,
But lovely, beckoning fruit is here.
What though the Spring has furled her shroud,
There's beauty lingering in the cloud ;
What though we bade young Spring adieu,
There's left a still more glorious hue :
'Tis Autumn, but the gods conspire
To keep my song from soaring higher.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., October 22, 1880.

OLEANDER BLOSSOMS.

WHERE the desert burns the fiercest
Blooms the oleander fairest,
Showers and nursing only wilt it,
Dearth of comfort make it flourish.
Life has many dreary deserts,
Spots that know not comfort's soothing ;
Youthful traveler, while you cross them,
Like the oleander blossom,
May your virtues glow the brighter,
Grow more beautiful the drearier.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., June 20, 1882.

OCKLAWAHA.

QUIT the North, ye sportive rovers,
Fields perfumed with blooming clovers ;
Quit the city's rushing, jeering,
Mountain rocks that boast in peering ;

Quit Niagara, Minnehaha,
Seek the brakes of Ocklawaha,
Seek the hammocks of a river
Where old Winter's fingers never
Pluck the flowers.

Sol may rise and pour his blazes
Where Kissimmee's flood amazes;
Far beneath these dark recesses
His sear heat no more oppresses,
Cruel care no more distresses;
Thoughts are fixed on scenes embowering,
Cypress, palms, magnolias towering.
Mid the tangles many a wonder
Half your former griefs will sunder;
Further, deeper, penetrating
Where bright birds are ever prating,
Fly the hours.

Part the hammock, seek the river,
There the sunbeams gayly quiver
In the shadows deep and lasting,
There no tempests loud and blasting
Break the waters' gentle slumbers,
And the mock-bird's varied numbers
Float serene.

How unlike a torrent maddened
On the rocks that cleave its breast!
With a scene unique 'tis gladdened,
With a peaceful flow 'tis blest.
More it turns the heart to Heaven
Than those floods from mountains driven,

Peace and solitude abide
Where these crystal waters glide.

O ye rovers! quit the valleys,
Quit the city's gloomy alleys,
Quit the torrents, foaming, raging,
War with each forever waging;
View the Ocklawaha moving
Where the red man late was roving.
The palmetto craft is here
Native maidens late propelled;
Braves that never bowed to fear
'Gainst the white man here rebelled.

SANFORD, FLA., May 25, 1881.

A DREAM OF HOME.

LAST evening as the shades of night came on
Wearied adown a rugged bank I strolled,
Then threw me down beneath a huge pecan,
While at my feet the Mississippi rolled.
So often had my eyes beheld that stream
That scarcely one emotion it awoke;
The boats there driven on by sail or steam
Were common sights; I spurned each steamer's
smoke.

Now, who that once had lived among the hills
Of Tennessee could like this turbid flood?
I like the crystal stream, the murmuring rills,
But not a stream forever tinged with mud.

The stream in which I cannot sport doth fail
To wake in me that feeling others wake;
I want a crystal tide for swim or sail,
Let it be ocean, river, sea or lake.

And there I pensive lay with some delight,
And saw the sun go down across the wave;
Soon on his track swift came the empress Night,
Then all grew silent as a churchyard grave.
Not all, for still the waves beat on that shore
As if no sleep to them could ever be;
At times I heard the splashing of an oar,
And then the far-off shout of "Hold to lee!"

I thought of my dear home and friends I loved,
That haply I should never see them more;
How oft o'er hills, through valleys deep I'd roved,
And that I now was on this gloomy shore.
The stars came out along the cloudless sky,
Then sleep came o'er me like a mighty pall;
I seemed to wake and to my mountains fly,
And all my friends and former scenes recall.

At first before me rose a lofty crag
'Neath which I oft had played in youthful days;
Still at its base bloomed the wild rose and flag,
But round its tops there hung a gloomy haze.
Still rolling seaward was that crystal stream*
Which used to quench my thirst and bear my form;
I thought, "Well, surely this is not a dream,"
So in the waves I plunged, or cold or warm.

*The Caney Fork.

But, oh! what disappointment there I met!
I could not feel those waves nor quench my thirst;
I said, "Well, swimming one can ne'er forget,
Then why can I not swim and sport as erst?"
I clung to rocks and drank and drank again,
Then from the pebbly bottom shells I wrenched,
But then how piercing was my feeblest pain
To know my raging thirst could not be quenched!

I left this stream and flew from rock to rock
My early friends at home in hope to find;
I found them smiling, but how great the shock
To know they fled like mist before the wind!
Swift as the blast and eager on I flew
In hope to catch and clasp them once again,
But soon they faded from my anxious view
And I was left to mourn a chase so vain.

Though baffled, I determined not to yield
Till I had seen my schoolgrounds on the lea;*
Thence over glen and hill, o'er bog and field
I winged my flight, for wings seemed given to me.
Soon o'er the sacred spot I walked, but then
How changed it was since it my eyes had viewed!
The schoolmates that I loved had grown to men,
And had like me their native hills eschewed.

There stood the house in which my school days passed,
There swung the bell whose clang I oft had heard;
But on the walls were traces of the blast,
And in the roof the nest of rat and bird.

*Mt. Pisgah, Tenn.

I shouted as I had been wont to shout,
And yet no echo came resounding back ;
I entered where the glass was broken out,
And found the silent rooms with darkness black.

No smile was then returned from either side,
No tutor met or welcomed me to stay ;
No female through the room was seen to glide,
For, as was said, they long had gone away.
Thence o'er the hills and rocks again I flew,
Though grief oppressed me so I scarce could speak ;
Once more my friends I still desired to view,
And wondered where their faces I should seek.

On, on, from hill to hill and rock I moved,
And heard no sound upon the mountain air ;
I could not find one trace of those I loved,
No, could not find my Marietta fair.
I could not see the girl whom once my heart
So idolized, whom but to hear and see
Made every rapture in my bosom start ;
"Alas !" I said, "her smile's no more for me."

I paused and wept those bitter tears which flow
From only those whose hearts are nearly crushed ;
From that lone spot one step I could not go,
But wished my frequent sobs in death were hushed.
On flew the hours and no assistance came,
Still from that dismal spot I could not move ;
But, hush ! did I not hear one call my name ?
I looked, and there, O rapture, stood my love !
My grief departed and each nerve was strung
To ecstasy, for I was surely glad ;

She spoke and through my heart these accents rung:

“What cruel fate has made my loved one sad?”

I sprang to meet her and embrace the form

Whose beauty round me a sweet radiance shed;

At first I grasped her by the rounded arm,

Then strove to kiss her, but, alas! she fled.

“Good Lord!” I said, “has thus my idol fled

And am I left in this wide world alone?

’Twere sweeter far to slumber with the dead

Than stalk through life with her forever gone.

But flight is mine; I too can scale the skies.”

Then through the light, thin air I bounded on;

Ere long I once again beheld my prize,

Who flitted like the rays of early dawn.

I could not catch her, neither would she wait,

But on and on and faster still she flew

Till in the skies she lit at Venus’ gate,

Then from her shoulders her bright mantle threw.

Too well I knew the goddess Love had moved

The object of my care up to her home,

That she perceived my steps afar had roved,

That if I loved I to her house must come.

I reached that pearly gate and saw it close,

Then anguish seized me as I looked and knew

That gate was shut ’gainst none but Venus’ foes,

And they in Heaven and earth had long been few.

My lamentation fell on Venus’ ear

Just as she clasped her daughter to her breast;

She oped the gate to see who lingered near,

And said, “What child is this by grief oppressed?”

I durst not look upon her brilliant mien
Till grief abated, then I, trembling, said:
"O Venus! since thy face I now have seen,
Hope rises in my breast as from the dead.
Then hear my plaintive tale, my warm request:
The god of fortune led my feet to roam,
I wandered solitary o'er the west,
Returned to find thou'dst called my beauty home.
"Without her life to me indeed is sad,
Ah! where is home but with her matchless charms?
Then if thou'dst condescend to make me glad,
Restore thy daughter to my anxious arms."
"O child of earth!" she said, "vain thy request,
My daughter nevermore shall part from me;
When *Terra* was her home, upon thy breast
She leaned and begged thee from her not to flee.
"Return to earth; the skies afford no rest
To one who once, like thee, has faithless proved
With her again thou never canst be blest,
Then fly to earth and rove as thou hast roved."
This said, she shut the gate and all was still
Save now and then a song of praise within;
But, list! loud wailings all the ether fill,
They mourn o'er earth, the home and source of sin.
Pierced to the heart, I turned and quickly fled,
Yet knew not where to stay my wearied feet;
I thought to die and linger with the dead,
Or fly from earth, compared to this, were sweet.
From lofty heights my raving self I hurled,
But felt no jar when mid the rocks I struck;

I tore my hair and cursed the hateful world,
Then drew a dagger and my heart I struck.
The blood flowed freely from the gaping wound,
Yet it I felt not, only saw the flow ;
What, then, could I but linger on the ground,
And pass the days and nights in dec'rous woe ?
Though now amid my native hills, I said :
"Ah ! what is home when friends reject us there ?
At my return my dear companions fled,
And left me naught but misery and despair."
I could not stay, but rose upon the wind
And flew from rock to rock, from hill to hill ;
I trusted that by searching I might find
A place where darkness reigned and all was still.
Down, down into a dark and deep abyss
I sank, and hailed the darkness that was there ;
Ere long I felt the serpent's angry hiss
And heard the growl of mongrel, wolf and bear.
Welcome they were, for death I hoped would come
And free my wearied spirit from its clay ;
But death came not, so darkness was my home
For years and years, without one gleam of day.
Meanwhile through caves, o'er rocks, I groped along,
I ate not, drank not, yet I could not die ;
I felt huge reptiles round my bare feet throng,
And heard the wolf and panther's lonesome cry.
At length there rose a storm of wind and rain,
And lightnings played along from rock to rock ;
Time-worn, I stood a poor, dejected swain,
Welcomed each blaze and hailed the thunder's shock.

Peal fell on peal and blaze succeeded blaze,
Still welcome to the angry storm I spoke;
Cleft and on fire I saw the hovering haze,
And torn from crest to root each giant oak.

From every cliff a mighty torrent fell
And roared around me, beauteously grand;
I stooped to drink, but who my grief can tell
When every drop was changed to burning sand?
What truth within these words a poet spoke,
“’Tis well that things are not what oft they seem;”
Amidst this scene of storm and wrath I ’woke,
And thanked my God that it was but a dream.
BARDWELL, KY., September, 1878.

I SAW A DRUNKARD.

I SAW a drunkard on the street
All groveling in the clay;
There he had come to drink and treat
Quite early in the day.
His eyes were red, his face was swelled,
Alone he could not stand;
He seemed near lifeless, yet he held
A bottle in his hand.
“What do you here, old man,” I said,
“In such a bestial state?
Some iron hoof perchance will tread
Upon your silvered pate.
Come, let us go to yonder brook,
And wash your hands and face;

You'd better seek some shady nook
Than this unfriendly place."

Then to the limpid brook we went
And washed his swollen eyes;
I thought perhaps he would repent
And journey with the wise.

So to him then I kindly said:
"Old man, your home is where?
Who gives your wife and children bread
While thus you grovel here?"

Said he: "Kind friend, my home is gone,
My wife and child are dead;
I have, while in this world alone,
No place to rest my head.
The demon of the whisky bowl
Has made me prone to roam,
Has drowned all goodness in my soul,
Brought sorrow to my home."

"Then will you not renounce that sin,
And turn unto the Lord?
Let his sweet guidance be within
As given in His Word?"

"Too late," said he; "my head is white,
Hope from my breast is gone;
I cannot seek the paths of right
Since life is nearly done."

"'Tis better now than not at all,"
I to the drunkard said;
"You'd better turn than thus to fall
Among the wicked dead.

Here is a pledge I hope you'll sign,
By human kindness given ;
It says all sin you must resign
And turn your steps toward Heaven."

Then from the dirt again he rose
With fingers clasped in mine,
And thus a vow he did disclose,
"This curse I will resign."
The pledge was signed, he knelt and prayed
The Lord to cleanse his soul ;
And since where'er his footsteps strayed
He shunned the whisky bowl.

BARDWELL, KY., April 6, 1878.

BEYOND IS DAY.

COLD midnight's shadow overspreads,
While dread and silence sway ;
And yet the sun his radiance sheds
The same as yesterday :
Thus, Thou, my Lord, though hid from sight,
No less pour'st out Thy grace ;
And when this darkness wings its flight
I'll view Thy smiling face.

How sweet it were to-night to die,
Leave earth far in the haze,
To soar away beyond the sky
And greet those living rays !

The way is dark, my feet are worn,
 When shall my journey end?
 Burst, clouds! fly, darkness! usher, morn!
 Then take me, Lord, my friend!
 HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., December 12, 1879.

A MUSSEL SHELL.

WHILE walking on a sandy shore
 Which Ocean in his grandeur laves,
 I saw what seemed a golden ore
 Aglow beneath the moonlit waves.
 I spoke my blessings to the moon,
 Whose rays on such a treasure fell,
 Then sought the yellow, glittering boon,
 And, lo! 'twas but a mussel shell.
 BARDWELL, KY., July 10, 1878.

SMILE, PROVIDENCE.

STILL Death,* the archer, stalks the South,
 Oh, stay his lavish hand!
 Smile, kindly Providence on high,
 Smile on this smitten land!
 Art proves inadequate, no skill
 Checks the destroyer's reign;
 Smile, thou supernal Providence,
 On those who yet remain!
 BARDWELL, KY., October 16, 1878.

*Yellow fever.

ONE STAR ALONE.

(The Author's earliest poem in this collection.)

THE melancholy winds sweep on,
The night is growing dreary,
And I have sat with book in hand
And read till I am weary.

Alone one star peeps forth from out
A dark and mantling cloud,
While its bright gleams appear to-night
The Horseshoe Bend to shroud,

The argent moon has hid her face
Behind the distant hills,
And now far, far behind she leaves
Proud nature with the chills.

The sun has fled with his great light
Beyond the seas unknown,
And nothing's left to give us light
Except one star alone.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., December 20, 1874.

SOME AGES SINCE.

SOME ages since the people smoked
Dead leaves where'er they found them,
Nor once, 'tis said, from scarc'ty croaked,
For such were all around them.

In aftertime a goddess fair
Stood in the open heaven ;
With whirling leaves she filled the air,
Which o'er the land were driven.

The people, joyous at the sight,
With pipes engaged in smoking;
But, smoke denied them by the sprite,
They raised a mighty croaking.

To this the goddess did reply,
"I'll soothe your sore affliction;"
Then lightly on a hill near by
She breathed a benediction.

The turf her gentle slipper pressed
Henceforth inclined to rearing;
Lo, a tobacco plant whose crest
Full many a pod was bearing!

The seeds were scattered from an urn,
A crop appeared in season;
And when they found the leaves would burn,
Their joys were out of reason.

But by and by as they did smoke
They turned themselves to chewing;
They chewed and spit, what happy folk!
Though some at times were spewing.

Along the blissful ages flew,
Nor ceased the love for smoking;
But how they raged when naught to chew!
It was indeed provoking.

That smoke goes upward to this day,
And chewing ceases never;
Dear wreaths of smoke, fade not away,
But rise you up forever!

Let all the heavens, since they will,
Be darkened o'er completely;
Let every vale its presence fill,
And make us happy sweetly.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 17, 1880.

EXPERIENCE WITH CUPID.

(After Anachreon.)

THE fiery orb that lights the world
Above the mountains blandly whirled,
And all along his azure way
Was not one cloud of darksome spray;
The feathery messengers of joy
Each his sweet descant did employ,
And, wooed by zephyr's gentle wing,
The mead was strown with flowers of spring.
Happy to witness nature's smile,
My heart felt prone to rove awhile,
So o'er the mead and by the brook
I sauntered with attracted look;
It was an hour of happiness,
For in my heart was no distress;
I then had never known the pain
Of love nor its succeeding bane.

By chance there fell upon my ear
An urchin's accents sweet and clear,
And soon a lovely child drew nigh
And smiled before my wond'ring eye;
Within his hand a lily white
And pink of purple met my sight,

And o'er his back a dart he threw
Which first did not attract my view ;
And if it did, I took no note,
Nor thought with such that urchin smote.

I took him gently in my arms
And pondered on his matchless charms,
I kissed his sweet lips o'er and o'er
And thought I'd known no such before ;
He nestled down upon my breast
And smiled to know that place of rest.
With happy mien he raised his head,
And then in childish accents said :
"Stranger, if thee I such may call,
Whatever fortune thee befall,
Wherever it be thine to roam,
Oh, let this bosom be my home !"
Happy, when I his wishes learned,
I to the tender youth returned :
"Fear not, for thou shalt with me dwell,
Whether in palace, cot or cell ;
My care shall ever make thee blest,
Nor time shall tear thee from my breast."

This said, I pressed the anxious child
Some closer to my breast and smiled ;
His auburn locks he gently shook,
While innocence was in his look ;
He passed his fingers o'er my heart
And thence he drove his venom'd dart :
Supine to earth I languid sank
While he my ebbing lifeblood drank,
Then reveled o'er my woeful bane,
Like lions o'er their mangled slain.

Inflicting wounds from foot to head,
He to my gasping aspect said:
"Stranger, remember this behest,
Know each sweet has its bitter zest."

BARDWELL, KY., February 5, 1878.

MY SUMMER HOME.

Down in a lonely woodland
Where tempests seldom come,
Where trembling shadows haunt me,
Is seen my summer home.
There, in that cool seclusion,
Far from the world of sin,
I feel no breath of calumny
And hear no battle's din.

I no more have companions
Save those of nature rude;
On naught but what surrounds me
Do my reflections brood.
The wild birds of the forest
Come round my door and sing;
I join them in the chorus,
And make the woodland ring.

My house is clad with roses,
My room is filled with love,
My guests are gentle fairies,
Perhaps from courts above;
These fairies and the songsters
Have taught me how to sing,

So, during idle moments,
I tip the lyric string.
Sometimes, perchance, I wander
Far in the forest shade,
Or let the fairies take me
To some sequestered glade,
Where all, in happy concert,
Avert the day with song,
Nor think our rural visit
Unpleasant or too long.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 12, 1877.

A MOUNTAIN BOY.

My haunts are on the mountain,
My cabin in the wood;
Deep in the shadowy forest
I seek the pheasant's brood;
Or, far across these ridges
Ere morning suns appear,
With trumpet, dogs and rifle
I chase the bounding deer.
And when success is granted
I to my cot repair,
And there, with dog companions,
A bounteous feast I share.
Sometimes I take my basket
And to some river go,
Where long I troll with pleasure
Or watch the waters flow.

Among the things of nature
My spirit loves to dwell;
I never saw a city,
Nor heard a college bell.
Dear nature is my teacher,
Her precepts I obey;
Some star at night's my compass,
The sun is through the day.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 30, 1877.

WHEN I LEFT THE TOWN.

TO ELLEN.

O ELLEN! when I left the town*
Where ladies smile and darkies frown,
I hardly could hold peace of mind
To think that thou wert left behind.

And as I neared the craggy shore
Where waves clap hands and lift their roar,
I could do nothing but repine
And wish thy gentle hand in mine.

And now I know those charms of thine
Have shed o'er me their powers divine;
I feel that fever from above—
Now tell me, sweet, if this be love.

It may not be that raging flame
Which glows in hearts of greater fame,
But something like I've felt before
Excepting that I feel it more.

*McMinnville, Tenn.

Though, Ellen, I know but thy smile,
I know not that thou canst beguile,
Yet I believe I've found in thee
A heart that beateth true to me.

Now, if I sin, forgive me, dear,
Forgive, although I'm prone to err;
Forgive the words, I hope, I love,
Though simpler hearts they've failed to move.

I give my heart, oh! don't refuse it,
Nor once accept and then abuse it;
But take it, love, and give me thine,
That I no longer may repine.

I've seen the smiles of other faces,
And felt the power of other graces;
But, Ellen, none by far excel
Those which in thee forever dwell.

And, Ellen, who could fail to sigh
That looks upon that love-lit eye?
And who could now thy beauties see
And not doubt thy mortality?

Those cheeks, where smiles and dimples play,
Steal the beholder's heart away,
Those tresses which the winds unfurl
Bewitch each lover's eye, my girl.

Thy worthy name I must repeat
Until this heart shall cease to beat,
Thy smiles must haunt me till this night
Of darkness shall be changed to light.

Wilt thou be mine? say, Ellen, quick;
My anxious heart is growing sick;
If in thy power, oh! give relief,
Or I'm o'erwhelmed with clouds of grief.

Sweet, how I long to see that face
And clasp thee in one fond embrace,
There hold thee ever, day by day,
Till we have breathed this life away!

WALLING, TENN., January 14, 1876.

IT MUST BE LOVE.

TO ELLEN.

THE sun has set, the day is gone
And shades of night come rolling on;
Deep darkness hovers o'er the hills,
While every vale its presence fills;
And, as it clouds the earth and skies,
It hovers o'er my heavy eyes.
Asleep or 'wake, I hardly know,
Before me shadows come and go,
And, 'mid a train of virtuous fair,
I see thy beauties beaming there;
I rise, extend my trembling hand,
And seek thee 'mid the smiling band;
Away o'er hills and mountains high
Thy beauties like a falcon fly,
And, bounding swiftly in the rear,
I call thee, yet thou wilt not hear:
Weary at length, I quit the chase,
And thou dost turn thy smiling face.
We meet, and happy is the hour;

I yield to love, thy kingly power ;
With ^{an} ~~po~~ating lips and dancing eyes
I seek to kiss the costly prize,
When, onward through the realms of air,
Swift as an eagle flies my fair.
I wake, or seem to change at least,
To find my hours deprived of rest ;
Big tear-drops trickle down my face,
My feet are weary with the race ;
Ah ! Ellen, when we truly meet,
Shall we resort to flying feet ?
Say, must we race through dark defiles
Ere I enjoy those heavenly smiles ?

The weary night at length recedes,
Day, glorious day, o'er heaven speeds,
I rise to hail the radiant light
And thank my God I've passed the night ;
The sun emits his burning rays
As oft he did in other days,
He lights the valley everywhere,
And thence I pensively repair,—
I thence repair in hope to find
Some respite for a parching mind.
I reach the vale, yet am not free,
My thoughts are so much fixed on thee ;
My senses flit upon the breeze,
I find myself embracing trees,
And speaking in exulting tone,
"Ellen, at length thou art my own."

My senses come, alas ! for me
Thy fancied form is but a tree ;
Oh ! cruel are the hours that part,

Each heaps its tortures on my heart ;
Dark are the seasons yet to come
Shouldst thou not bless me at thy home.
Then, should we in our wand'rings meet,
Wouldst thou thy friend with kindness greet?
And should his love on thee descend,
Would his and thine together blend?

It must be love that haunts me now
And bids my tears so often flow,
It must be love that takes away
My rest by night and peace by day ;
Yes, to thy charms already I
Yield up my life and fain would die,
If dying for thee would but turn
Thy heart to mine, thy spirit mourn.

But why have I such frantic fears?
Why seek the woods and shed these tears?
I feel that thou and I shall meet,
And all our smiles in love repeat ;
Methinks the sun on me will shine,
And life's sweet joys be even mine.
Some rest and healing yet may greet
Each weary pilgrim's bleeding feet,
Each laborer, when his work is o'er,
Will find some comfort sweet in store ;
I journey on, though hope, the star,
At times gleams in the distance far ;
Surely some sweet siesta's wing
Will press me ere shall dawn the spring ;
Fortune's dim star on me may shine,
And Ellen, dear, be ever mine.

HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., December 15, 1879.

WILL NOT LOVE.

TO ELLEN.

PLEADING to your deafened ear
Shall my Muse forever sing?
If no more that song you hear,
Then her voice must cease to ring.
Music once awoke your soul,
Spring its joys could once impart;
Now, when notes of rapture roll,
None affect your hardened heart.

Beauties to your visage clung
When to love your heart was prone;
Words of kindness sought your tongue,
Now each happy trait is gone.
Let the spring its robes unfurl,
Let the world its kindness prove,
Let young Love his arrows hurl,
They no more your heart can move.

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 20, 1880.

ADIEU, MY LOVE.

TO ELLEN.

(On the Author's Departure for Florida)

ADIEU, my love; again, adieu!
Some giant power removes me now;
I saw your mountains cold and blue
Part from my sight 'mid whirling snow.
I left my home without a tear,
Bidding my hills in peace farewell;

But when I saw your dwelling near,
With grief I felt my bosom swell.

I had not sighed indeed to part
From scenes I'd viewed so oft through tears
Had you not power to hold my heart
In bondage through so many years.

But wherefore sigh to part awhile
From one my heart has loved so much?
I soon shall look on Ocean's smile,
And feel her balmy breezes touch.

Yet from the lonely Georgian shore
Where strife has made the people free,
Where mother country is no more,
O waves! I give myself to thee.

But by the grace of gentle seas
And Providence, my God and friend;
By Heaven's existence in the breeze,
Life, with its pleasures, may not end.

Nay! hope will rise and glow, though far
Above each cutting midnight breeze,
And, like the lonely Polar star,
Will guide me o'er the rolling seas.

Let Ocean smile or frown, her foam
Cleft, sunken, may be left behind;
Then, bidding farewell aqueous home,
My form again is unconfined;

Is freed where summer's lovely queen,
In gorgeous trappings, sits enthroned,

Where wood and field are draped in green
And birds with voices organ-toned.

Oh! many a laughing lake is there
To mirror back its song-rift isles,
Sweet fragrance filling all the air,
And jasmines strown o'er thousand miles.

But what are these to leaving you?
Can they relieve the lonely heart?
I'll sigh to see the ocean's blue
While it can hold us, love, ^apart.

Then laugh, old Ocean, while I rove,
On let your hungry waves be driven;
I'd sigh indeed to quit my love,
Embarking for the port of Heaven.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 28, 1881.

IS DEAF AT LAST.

TO ELLEN.

SWEETHEART whom I thought sincere,
Who my pleadings stooped to hear,
Is deaf at last;
Though I speak with brazen throat,
Though I use the timbrel's note,
She hears no blast.

Roarings from the dark, deep sea,
Matins from the citron tree
And apricot,

All a lover's sad lament,
With the pine tree's moan, I've sent—
She hears them not.

Jessamines from the hammocks deep,
Golden fruits in bounteous heap,
And shells from seas;
Plumes from wild birds timid, brave,
Views of placid lakes, I gave—
They failed to please.

Oh! the times my Muse implored,
Sweetheart yet the more ignored;
When parted we,
Said she: "I'll neglect no more,
'Tween us though as ne'er before
Should roll the sea."

Favored thus, I trusting roved,
She again has faithless proved;
My sweetheart, gone!
Never did I b'lieve a breast
Where so many virtues rest
Was wanting one.

Walking 'lone on Flora's shore
I shall hear old Ocean's roar
And hope, ere long,
Happy, gentle, waking Spring
Her remembered smiles will bring
To land of song.

At the morning's golden gate
I, condemned to sigh and wait,
Look o'er the sea;

Spring, with tidings, flits along,
Waves roll in with smile and song,
But none for me.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., May 20, 1881.

DARK NOVEMBER.

THE winds of dark November
Come whistling down the vale,
And in the scowling heavens
I hear an eagle's wail.
The morning dews are frosty
On all the garden flowers;
The leaves begin to wither
That clothe my grapevine bowers.

The nightly rains are chilly
And nurture not a plant;
I hear no blackbird's ditty
That once could me enchant.
I see the troops of summer
Retreating from the field,
For Autumn's stately soldiers
Their swords begin to wield.

Sear Autumn claims the booty
Calm summer leaves behind,
But the way in which he grasps it
Seems selfish and unkind.
O'er every hill and valley
Indignantly he glides,
Stripping the trembling branches
And in destruction prides,

Good-by awhile, dear Summer,
Too early taken away!
We'll mourn your absence ever
While Autumn thus shall stay,—
For in his hand's a sickle,
And in his glances frost;
See how proud nature withers,
How Summer's robes are lost.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 10, 1877.

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

UPON a mountain's lofty top
A modest lily grew;
One moonlight night I wandered forth
This pretty flower to view;
But when I'd seen and plucked the prize
And turned to move away,
There stood the fay who rules the mount
Full in the moon's bright ray.

Soon o'er the narrow grassy way
Which us two intervened
She moved with gently gliding step,
Then on her scepter leaned;
Smiling with looks of lovelier kind
Than I was wont to see,
She raised her shapely hand and spoke
In words well aimed at me:

"And you have climbed the mountain's side,
In Luna's silver ray,



There stood the fay who rules the mount,
Full in the moon's bright ray.

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To wander here alone and bear
My lovely flower away,—
The plant which I have nourished long
And placed my hopes upon,
Have sheltered with a hand of care
Since first its seed was sown.

“Remember, then, where’er that plant
Is taken I must go,
Whether about this mountain top
Or to the valley low.”
Then down the mount together we
Went skipping, hand in hand,
And on and on until that moon
Had lit some other land.

SPARTA, TENN., January 28, 1878.

THE HILLS OF WHITE.

THE hills of White,* so distant now,
I wish I could regain,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow
With rapture in their train.

The waters pure that burst from each
O’erhanging crag and hill,
I wish I now could once more reach
And sweetly drink my fill.

I hate these dismal swamps and bogs
On this broad river’s verge,

*The Author’s native county, Tennessee.

I long to smash these hateful frogs
That nightly sing my dirge.

Amid the hills of distant White
I ever wished to stay,
And now to them I'd wing my flight
And breathe my life away.

BARDWELL, KY., May 5, 1878.

ODE TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY, sister of Wretchedness!
Precursor of my woes! I've known you long
As life has throbb'd within my bosom's core;
Your hand did take me in its chilly clasp,
Your foot did rock me with such violence:
Your cabin held my suffering youth, and then
Your presence brought the blasting winter's touch.
Embarrassment came o'er me, nakedness,
Dependence, famine, sickness, sorrow, tears,
And desolation sought me in retreat;
I crouched behind my breastworks, yet they came,
Led by your fury; oft I cried and begged
For mercy, yet you heard me not; and I
Sometimes did fly as for dear life, yet you,
With all your host of tortures, chased me down.

I suffered out my wretched youth in hope
That other years would give me strength to tear
Your shackles off; I rose and strove and fought
In desperate struggle; but, alas! your fangs

Had pierced my bleeding breast so deep and long
I could not tear them loose; again I rose
And strove for years in deadly conflict 'mid
A scene of opposition, calumny,
Yet all in vain, I could not conquer, nay!
The chain was wrought of steel, and it has bound
Me all along these weary years; there is
No wrestling from its chilly, withering clasp.

O Poverty! to you I owe the woes
That now engulf me,—disappointed love;
I had been blest with other health and hope,
Success in love, and freedom from this dark
And smothering cloak of ignorance, had you
Not loved so well to hold me on your breast.

Then take me, Poverty! your child am I,
You've nursed me, led me all along this life;
But I submit not with a willingness,
And I have yielded not without a war;
Then take me, Poverty! but know my soul
Will war against you to eternity;
Not that I'm seeking ease or wealth or name,—
I only wish to serve my fellow-men.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., December 12, 1880.

P. S.—Twenty-six years later.

The wolf that came to blight my early home,
Whose molars tore my bleeding flesh for years,
And almost crushed my very life, is dead!
Thank God, is dead! The fight was fierce and long
Ere I could kick that beastly carcass from
My door and lock him out, nor did I slay
That beast alone,—it all is due the Lord;

But there are many wounds yet to be healed,
And I shall never cease to fight for men.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., August 11, 1906.

BEAUTEOUS FOUNTAIN.

BEAUTEOUS fountain, dancing, spraying,
Shedding floods of bounteous good,
Leaping with a spell of rapture
E'en when storms and darkness brood;
Springing from terrestrial mystery,
Basking in Aurora's ray,
Changing, seeming yet unaltered,
Parting, seeming yet to stay;

'Neath a summer's sky unclouded,
When proud Phœbus's glances broil,
Man, the solitary wanderer,
Turning from his daily toil,
Pauses here to look in wonder
On the joys which nature gives,
Breathes his blessing, beauteous fountain,
Drinks thy cooling sweets and lives.

From the cloud descends the eagle,
From the mountain and the wood
Come the bison and the reindeer,
But to taste thy crystal flood.
Every creature, living, moving,
Yields to thee that homage due,
Shares thy gifts of cool refreshment,
Marches on with vigor new.

Would my life, like thine, were perfect,
Yielding to a world like this
Tides of virtue thus enticing,
Waking thus a sense of bliss!

Would my love were thus emitted,
That the am'rous soul might come,
Howe'er sad from disappointment,
Finding there a heavenly home!

McMINNVILLE, TENN., June 2, 1877.

SEASHORE MUSINGS.

GUIDED by your light, O moon!
Here I trace the ocean's features;
Shoaling in the surf far out,
Strangely flash the finny creatures.

Walking on your shore, O sea!
All my early visions haunt me;
Here's the Spanish hulk that flew
Like these water fowls that taunt me.

Out in this cold, windy sea
Roar the sunken breakers nightly;
Crafts that stem this treacherous surf
Swim these combing waves but lightly.

Still I love you, ocean wild,
Love to read your heartless story;
Here shall be my evening walks
Gazing on your sullen glory.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., May 20, 1881.

TOM THUMKIN.

(The adventures of a raftsmen on the Caney Fork and Cumberland Rivers, and after the raftsmen's vernacular.)

Tom Thumkin, like the wild raccoon,
Grew rampant in the forest;
His hut, which broke the dark simoon,
Was daubed in style the hoarest.

In dreams the world rose on his eyes,
Big field for hope and quizzing;
He heard of cities kissing skies,
Of engines belching, sizzling.

At seventeen, said he: "I'll rip
Out on a tear for Nashville;
I'll see the world on such a trip,
Though I may get my cash ill.

He donned his suit, his new jeans suit,
Though rather tight the breeches;
He tugged and sweated at his boot
Until he popped the stitches.

A raftsmen hired him, soon they moved
In triumph down the river;
Poor Tom! ere long the oar he shoved
The cold winds made him shiver.

"Hard on the bow," the pilot spoke,
His voice ere now fermented;
Tom's fingers tingled on the oak—
The "scoot" he half repented.

Day rolled on day, the river's long,
Tom mostly fared but middling;
Though rare, he sometimes croaked a song,
Oft spent the nights in fiddling.

Night fell on night, the limestone hills
Of Nashville showed their coarseness;
"This pays me up for all my chills,"
Spoke Tom in raftsmen's hoarseness.

By now the sun was sinking low,
And when the raft was tied up
Each hill with beacons 'gan to glow
And keep the darkness dried up.

"Here's gingerbread in mountain heap,"
Bawled out a corner yeller;
"Bologna, peanuts, beer, so cheap,
Walk up, I'm bound to sell her."

Next, to a second-handed store,
Where goes the clothing mangy;
"Some dry goods, breeches 44—
This shop looks somewhat Grangy."*

"If there's a cheaper shambang," saith
The clerk, "I'm not a biped;
Pshaw! here's the stuff; I'll fit you. Faith,
What matter if it's striped?"

*After the methods of the Grangers who ran stores in the country districts at that time.

"I'll take 'em. Gosh! that striped cloth
Is wool both warp and fillin';
That stuff's the truck the devilish moth
Or rat can't get his bill in."

Night softly fell, our Tom she smote
And lulled him off to dreamland;
No matter where—in banker's cote,
Or 'neath a fetid cream-stand.

Day thundered in, the chickens crowed,
Sent high the clang of warning;
To Public Square our hero strode
Where hucksters crowd the morning.

He wore his striped suit, nor thought
Each passer's pate was "*holler*,"
Up jumped a chap in blue jeans coat,
And seized him by the collar.

"Thief! murd'rer!" thundered Tom, and kicked
The big policeman sprawling;
Up jumped a dozen more, he licked
And set them, too, a-bawling.

But when the crowd pushed up, the road
Tom's feet 'gan swift to tread on;
O'er dump carts, buggies, drays he strode
And down South Market sped on.

In what a pickle Tom had got
As first abroad he blundered!
Clerk, dog, guard, nigger, huckster, sot,
Right on his boot heels thundered.

Down Market Street they straddled high,
Still grew the rabble bigger;
Some civic troops that drilled awry
Fell in with clicking trigger.

Some shouted, "Murder, thief!" some "Fire!"
Some, "Catch the convict devil!"
Teams scared and flounced, buzzed many a tire,
Fell lamp-posts, fences level.

Some yelled, "A bank is robbed!" some "No!"
A strike among the niggers!"
Some whispered, "Gosh! Sells Brothers' show
Have turned loose all their tigers."

I stood where Mark cuts Broad in two
And saw the mob come kiting;
Old Waterloo's stampeding crew
Flew not with half such lightning.

Tom by me like an ostrich strode,
Then dog, tramp, scoundrel, nigger;
From wall to wall they choked the road,
Yet grew the hubbub bigger.

I strove to dodge, I felt the throe
Before the cyclone hit me;
No flickering now, I had to go,
Else well I knew they'd grit me.

The fire bells clanged and engines fried
As in our wake they rumbled;
Poor Tom, for slipped the feet he plied—
Heels over head he tumbled.

But ere poured in the pirate fleet
Tom flounced, and off he paddled;
He rounded to, struck Fillmore Street,
And like the wind skedaddled.

Cocks crowed, dogs barked, cows lowed, brayed mules,
The "younguns" joined in, weeping;
Rocks, sticks, chips buzzed, the fiendish fools
Down Lebanon Pike went sweeping.

They reached the Brown's creek bridge, and lo!
Pellmell the gang went streaking;
Some straddled o'er Mt. Calvary's brow
Without a tear drop leaking.

At Olivet the gate stood wide;
Tom thought he'd best run through it:
By Jove! he's trapped, they had his hide,
And every rascal knew it.

Tom fared but middling, round the dead
He scratched dirt, so 'tis quoted;
They seized him, yet not ere they shed
More'n half the teeth they toted.

They clubbed him, kicked him back, poor boy!
Chains now with tears he watered;
"What's that yer cotch?" belched Willis Troy—
Like monkeys long they chattered.

"Shet up," growled Tom; "you're fools and rogues,
I've rafted down the Cum'lin;
You think me thief 'cause wearing brogues—
My name is Thomas Thumkin."

"But what yer do in convict's clothes?
Just 'splain—go on, clodhopper,"
Tom did. "Dry up," the chatter rose;
"That stuff ain't worth a copper."

Up stepped a guard and croaked: "Hey, Jim!
You 'scaped us up at Tracy;
I'm glad, old boy, we've got you, hem!
You've proved so devilish racy!"

They took him by the big depot
Where smoked a roundhouse motley;
And when he squealed or kicked to go,
They plied the cowhide hotly.

Up, up the hill, a big black door
Swung back on grating hinges;
Where is the chap that passes o'er
Its threshold dread nor cringes?

The clerks, half breechless, sought their stores
To find their cheese and crackers
Half gobbled up, that tramps by scores
Had skinned their best "tobackers."

Days poked, poor Tom! the saw he shoved,
With gullet often dusty;
He thought of home and friends removed
While gulped he corn cake musty.

He wrote to home, his friends, a score,
Turned out, their purpose chinning;
Tom roams his wood, and swears no more
He'll try a world so skinning.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., November 28, 1882.

I MET THEE SMILING.

TO NANNIE.

I DEEMED my love at length was o'er
And thou e'er lost for whom I yearned;
I met thee smiling as of yore
And all save Hope again returned;
Yet Hope, e'en Hope, the banished dove,
That coming, parting, radiant thing,
Attending trembling, doubting Love,
Threw round the shadow of her wing.
Love met thee and he seemed to say,
"In thee no more I'll find content;"
Hope looked thereon, and turned away
And sought her home of banishment.
I fear to trust thee once again,
Though innocence there seems to brood;
I loved and trusted once, and then
My peace was wrecked, my hope subdued.
MANCHESTER, TENN., November 3, 1879.

FARE YOU WELL!

TO NANNIE.

FARE you well! May peace attend you
Through the vale I leave behind,
May each wounded heart befriend you,
Though your every thought's unkind!
Though we part, my prayers will greet you
Through the years you bid me go;
Should the fiercest fortune meet you,
Still those blessings you will know.

Oh! the anxious hopes that cheered me,
Thrills so long my sweetest pang;
Oh! the pledges that endeared me
Fall to ashes where they sprang.
How my pining heart has loved you,
Weltering at your feet a slave!
Your reproachful look has proved you
False to every vow you gave.

When a careless child I sought you,
Straying through your woodland wild,
Little treasured gifts I brought you,
Which you took and always smiled.
Where no curious eye could greet us
Pledged we then we'd never part;
Whate'er be the fates that meet us,
Each would hold the other's heart.

Like the morning skies that greet me
But ere noon with clouds are black,
Your dear love that used to meet me
Quits its early beaten track.
Fare you well! the hearts that love you
Fall beneath the cruel blow;
Though my kindness may not move you,
Soon my sorrow you will know.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., December 20, 1882.

GO, LOVE, TO THE WORLD.

TO NANNIE.

Go, love, to the world with your beauty,
And seek what you find not in me;

They, too, may make loving a duty—
I know that you long to be free.

Go, love, to another while youthful,
Your love-lighted visage will win;
But know he can ne'er be as truthful,
As constantly kind as I've been.

Give your heart to his fires as a fuel,
As fiercely he joins in the strife;
But, darling, remember how cruel
You break the dear dream of my life!

Go, leave me the world's cold derision,
They cannot reprove me too much,
And learn that your hopes are a vision,
A bubble that bursts with your touch.

Go, learn that deceivers are many,
The faithful and loving are few;
When a friend you have found not in any,
Come back and I still will be true.

So when in life's desert you welter,
With hopes that are mangled and low,
Remember in me there's a shelter,
Awaiting your pleasure as now.

Now, wandering by Jordan's cold river,
I give up the hope I once knew;
How peaceful my days had they never
Been crossed by a heart so untrue!

I'll strive not to grieve though you sever
The cords that my heart fondly wove;

'Tis better to lose you than never
To have had the sweet pleasure of love.
Then go to the world with your graces,
You've a cloudless and beautiful view;
You'll meet with more lovable faces,
But never a spirit as true.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., October 20, 1885.

SOON I'M COMING HOME.

TO NANNIE.

Soon I'm coming home, dear Nannie,
To your home, my spirit's home,
For the angels have been whispering
In my inmost heart to come.
I am growing weak and weary
In my efforts here to do;
I am sore from strife and discord,
So my thoughts now turn to you.

Will you promise first to greet me
When I reach the home above;
Promise, dear, first to embrace me,
First to give the kiss of love?
Promise soon to introduce me
In the homes of angels there,
For to you they've grown familiar
In the years you've known them, dear.

Men dislike to let me serve them
In this life, although I would;
Still they view me with suspicion
In my efforts to do good.

I am sure the Lord will let me
Serve the angels when I'm free,
That a place in Heaven awaits me,
But on earth it could not be.

MONTEREY, TENN., August 23, 1904.

TO MEET IN HEAVEN.

TO DELIA—WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

A BLESSED mission, friend, is thine,—
To wandering ones some joy restoring;
How could I wish thy fortune mine,—
A desert wide, a drear deploring?
To thee, my friend, I wish not what
The hand of fate to me has given;
Then let my path be this, thine that,
Till one day they converge in Heaven.

SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., April 6, 1880.

CHAT WITH THE DOCTOR.

While in a malarial section of Western Kentucky.

DOCTOR, good morning! I hardly expected
To see you from Bardwell so soon;
O'er my aches in your absence I just have reflected,
I've had colics since yesterday noon.

They drenched me with soda and pepper, then pounded
My stomach until I was blue;
I begged them for mercy, but still the licks sounded,
Then begged them to send after you.

That quinine, the ounce and a half which you gave me,
Was taken by eleven last night;
Of salts but nine glasses, sufficient to save me,
With blue mass, were swallowed all right.

That calomel you gave me to take every quarter,
In doses soon reached ninety-nine;
The Moore's pills I swallowed at times that were
shorter
Proved too much for a stomach like mine.

That rhubarb and aloes I'm sure must have helped me,
Fell my fever to a hundred and ten;
But those poultices, Doctor, I believe they have
"scelped" me,
And my teeth are as loose as a wen.

I think I'm improving, my chill in the morning
Now lasts but two hours and a half;
Good-by, Doctor. Hey! what means this next warn-
ing?
Here's the ninth cup of sage tea to quaff.

BARDWELL, KY., October 14, 1883.

WHOSE DOGGEREL'S THAT?

TO GREEN TEA.

(In reply to some doggerel, published in a newspaper, criticising "Roving Footsteps.")

WHOSE doggerel's that? join in and laugh,
Why here's a cup of tea to quaff;
What rhymer now invokes his Muse
His limping cant thus to diffuse,

And screens a name, to say no worse,
That might add luster to his verse?

“Hold, Bob, be calm; it's not a foe!”
From what he prints 'tis hard to know;
Ha! it's a minnow nibbling; wait,
It has not swallowed yet the bait.
Who places all this prose in meter?
What waiter makes his *tea* no sweeter?
Has he not yet been taught his realm,
And would he wield another's helm?
My Muse, awake! your “Steps” are traced,
“A fool” believes your songs misplaced;
Look out for verse! a yard or two
Of cant that fool has aimed at you.

I thought my Muse a harmless thing
While love alone she joyed to sing,
I thought my love, though often spurned,
Was what in others' breasts had burned;
Hold! did I not presume too much?
This critic never felt its touch;
It seems a drought in early years
Befell him, withered all his tears;
Ah, barren soul! another drought
Would blot your weak existence out.

Whose big instruction's this, old friend?
Who called for this advice you send?
I mayn't be old, I mayn't be big
With wisdom like this withered fig,
I may not yet have smitten the lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire,
But when I drink I'll not apply
To founts like yours so early dry;

Then pass your sickening tea, old brat,
I do not drink it weak like that.

Who thinks he'll scare me? Pshaw! I'll crow,
Though filthy liquids round me flow;
What! shall my Muse forsake, because
This rhymers prints his homespun laws?
No! love's a sweet, congenial theme,
'Tis not a fancy, not a dream;
Were love in every angel's breast
As weak as that his soul expressed,
Then Heaven were sundered, earth were rent,
And all the gleaming planets spent.

Make ready, critic, still peruse,
I'll write on whate'er theme I choose,
I'll court the girls that let me, friend,
Believe my wooing's not at end;
I'll ride the frog pond's waves, nor fear,
My dugout I'll presume to steer;
I'll sing of love's bewitching fever,
Nor call for tea, though kind the giver.
Then shut your ears, I'll print my song,
No matter whether right or wrong;
And when your kind advice is needed,
I'll have those crippled zigzags heeded.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., February 26, 1882.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

LAND whose shores the ocean laves
Evermore with sportive waves,
Where the blushing vineyard spreads,
Where the sun his glories sheds;

Land where bloom the cotton fields,
And the fig its fragrance yields,
Where warm hearts their kindness prove—
Land of beauty, you I love.

War has swept his withering breath
O'er you ; suffering, ruin, death
Mark his footsteps, yet is seen
Liberty with smiling mien.
Here a people, free to roam,
Cling to each beloved home,
Here a clime, serenely bright,
Pilgrims seek with true delight.

Happy land, I've loved you long,
Loved your forests rife with song ;
Wandering through some spicy grove,
I am happy, filled with love ;
I shall drink your waters sweet,
Gather flowers that hide my feet,
Mid your varied scenes I'll roam,
Native land, my own dear home.

ROWLAND, TENN., November 14, 1881.

THE DRAGON WHISKY.

(A Prohibition Song, sung in the tune of "Sweet By and By," at a Prohibition Meeting July 6, 1887.)

THERE'S a dragon abroad in our land,
And its victims recoil at his breath,
Yet a host, in his deadly command,
Follow onward and downward to death.

Chorus.

Let us rise in our might
Till this dragon is slain on the field;
Let us fight for the right,
And our foe in his valor must yield.

He obstructs every prospect of youth,
E'en the virtues of age feel the blow;
His commands are the dirges of truth,
And his music the wailings of woe.

He invades the bright homes of our land,
And has pushed his grim force to each door;
On each highway is gleaming his brand,
While his footsteps are welt'ring in gore.

Beggars fall in his wake but to die,
Conscience wilts in his blighting caress,
Children lift to the night winds their cry
For a father the sods lately press.

To the front with the sword and the shield,
'Tis a battle of wrong and of right;
But this monster must die on the field,
For the Lord will prevail in his might.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN.

CAUGHT THE WILDWOOD NOTE.

TO MOLLIE.

TELL me whence your charming lyre
To your fingers did aspire,
How you tuned it thus to ring
With the melodies of spring?

Was it mid some happy throng
That you set it first to song?
Or where shades of Oakdale float
That it caught the wildwood note?

Was some mother dryad there
With a hand of gentle care,
Teaching in her pensive way
How to catch the sweetest lay?

Heaven, e'er holding kind control,
Breathed inspiration in your soul,
Speaking through your tuneful lyre
Shades of love and notes of fire.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 4, 1876.

WHAT IF I SHOULD?

TO MOLLIE.

SAY, what if I break out again
With doggerels like I used to prate,
Then would you tolerate the strain?
I pray it mayn't too harshly grate
Upon an ear so chaste as yours;
Your heart is a forgiving thing,
Your soul these harsh attempts endures,
In peace then let my harshness ring.

They tell me, Mollie, that our days
Are whirling like a fly wheel on;
I hardly see the sun's bright rays,
In daily toil, ere they are gone.

Here is another Christmas waiting
To greet us with his knickknacks steaming;
Here is another New Year prating
Loud at our door, his big eyes streaming.

Let New Years come, one day they'll find
Our heads begrayed like Autumn frost;
But let them come, they but remind
Us that in age there's little lost.
No, as the years roll by, each day
I find myself grow younger, friend;
Then roll, ye years! I'll prate and play
My rustic organ to life's end.

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., November 26, 1882.

MY SOUL IN SONG.

TO MOLLIE.

DID not I see your fingers move
To notes that spoke in tones of love,
Rebound the living keys along,
Thus sweeping off my soul in song?
I gazed upon the instrument
And wondered not, its tones were lent;
I knew the melodies it spoke
Forth from your heavenly spirit broke,
I knew the airs I heard it roll
Were as they lived within your soul;
I gazed upon your calm, fair face,
To-day my eyes' loved resting place,
I knew a soul was peering through
Those tender eyes of ocean blue,

That, pictured in your angel mien,
Was most of heaven earth had seen.
Each shadow drew its length away,
The twilight grew as bright as day,
My eyes were fixed immovably
Upon the soul that spoke so gay;
If in my heart grief had a place,
Your music ravaged every trace.

Dear lady, strike those keys once more,
And let me know my raptures o'er;
No sweeter pain I ever knew
Than when your music through me flew.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., September 11, 1881.

THE LOVES OF LIFE'S MORNING.

TO MOLLIE.

THIS heart, in the days of my youth,
Was free from the shadows of care;
I gave it to Mary in truth,
The loves of life's morning to share.
But ere had departed the morn,
A blight of destruction befell;
The love from my Mary was torn
By fortune too cruel to tell.

Some others I've tremblingly tried,
To know that they, too, can forsake;
No heart in which I can confide
As yet I have chanced to o'ertake;
But shall I conclude that the earth
Can afford not a trustworthy heart?

Shall I meet with more amiable birth?
Such, love, let me trust that thou art.
May I come with bright hope unto thee,
Sweet goddess of beauty and love,
And find in thy treatment of me
All kindness a mortal can prove?
May this bosom, love, nestle with thine
To joy once again, as it did?
Though it long has been 'customed to pine,
Its griefs and its fears shall be hid.
Then save me, oh! take me at last
From a pilgrimage weary and long;
Let me yield, ere the journey be past,
A season to pleasure and song.
The pathway is rough I have trod,
It has led me o'er desert and sea;
I shall rest from the dangerous road
If greeted with kindness by thee.

HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., July 29, 1879.

COME, FANNY, MY LOVE.

TO FANNY.

DEAR Fanny, if this little note be amiss,
I hope you'll not harshly reprove;
But to-morrow, my dear, should it not interfere,
Let us walk through your meadow and grove.
Come, Fanny, my love, that shyness remove,
And cease to regret and deplore;

Come thou to my arm, that shelter from harm,
And let us go walking once more.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 30, 1876.

FALL OF ICARUS.

(From Ovid's Latin.)

Now Dædalus hated Crete—
Banishment he had to meet;
Touched with love at home to be,
Saw before him spread the sea.
This he said, "From native home,
Though I'm shut by ocean's foam,
Lo! here spreads the open sky,
To whose paths I'll mount and fly;
Minos owns all things beside,
There his power cannot preside."

Saying this he pensive starts,
Turns his thoughts to unknown arts,
Nature must be changed, he thought,
Feathers artfully he wrought;
First the least then greatest feather
Places he with care together,
That whoever looked thereon
Might believe they thus had grown.
Then the center of each wing
Binds he with a flaxen string,
Seals with wax each quilly end,
Each he gives a gentle bend,
That, though shaped with hands, they might
Seem the wings of birds in flight.

Heedless boy, Icarus stood
Gazing on in laughing mood ;
As the feathers fly around
At them makes he many a bound.
Now he dents the yellow wax,
Still the boy his sire doth vex ;
Now the wearisome task is o'er,
And a joy he sees in store ;
Next he tries the new-made wings,
Lo ! upon the air he swings.

Pinions for the son are wrought,
Then Icarus thus is taught :
"O my son ! the middle way
Don't forsake, the ocean's spray
Would thy pinions load, nor fly
Upward near the burning sky ;
Turn not then thine eyes to see
Radiant orbs, but follow me."

As he spoke this last command
Fixed he wings with trembling hand,
Tear drops down his visage run
As he kisses oft his son ;
On the air his form is flung
Like a bird which leads its young
From its nest, he fears his boy
May not well his wings employ.
Now he moves—"My son," said he,
"Cleave the pathway after me."

Shepherds, fishers, bent an eye,
Thought them gods within the sky ;
Jononian, Samos, Delos, stand
On the left, on other hand

Rise Labyrinthos, Calymne,
Lands where hums the freighted bee.
Now the boy rejoiced in flight,
Looked and soared to dizzy height;
Near the sun his wax did yield,
Naked arms struck airy field:
"O my father!" cried he now,
Then the sea that rolled below
Drowned his cries, but took his name;*
Thus arose his deathless fame.
Then his father cried, "O son!
Whither art thou erring gone?"
Far below, neglected, strowed,
Feathers on the billows rode;
"Curst the arts," said he, "that bore
My lost son from Cretan shore."
Then he reared a tomb and laid
His loved boy beneath its shade;
Here the land assumed his name,
So forever lives his fame.

ROWLAND, TENN., October, 1881.

MALEDICTIONS.

BORN in a noxious hour when sickness smote
And fortune stood in regions far remote,
When gods allowed the head but little brain,
What can I by my efforts now attain?
In vain I con the page of classic Greek,
Or knowledge in the fields of science seek;

*Icarian Sea.

In vain I ask my meager Muse to sing
And lift my fancy on her flimsy wing.
I now no more my hopes to Hymen turn,
Nor feel the fires of Venus in me burn;
Whene'er I seek the mountain's solitude
Grim hydras, griffins, hyppogriffs allude:
I'll go and sink myself in seas of ice,
Or look on Gorgon and be turned to gneiss.
BARDWELL, KY., November 1, 1878.

VOYAGER OF THE SEA.

TO ARSEY—WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

I SEE your ship has quit the shore,
Oh! may the gales that round it roar
Have mercy, and the seas that roll
Ne'er lash above your conquered soul.
Go, voyager of the dark, deep sea,
Your home mid tempests dread must be;
But watch one star with beckoning ray,
'Twill guide you o'er the watery way.

HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., October 4, 1881.

EACH LINE A TORCH.

TO ARSEY.

MAY ne'er such doggerel as here you find
Flow from your honest heart to taint mankind:
If I could write, how would I fix it? Well
I'd lift men higher, yet I cannot tell.

I'd make each line a torch, each word a flame,
To guide men on to usefulness and fame;
And yet, somehow, my friend, I never knew
Just how to do the thing I'd like to do.

LONGWOOD, FLA., May 29, 1881.

HERE WOULD I LIVE.

TO ARSEY.

I WEEN old Jupiter to-night
Will thunder from his heavenly height,
As twelve o'clock repeats its jolt
He'll turn loose every thunderbolt;
Eölus rolls his winds along,
Big clouds of dust are in the throng;
Why does not Neptune interfere
And check this wrath of Jupiter?
No, let it storm till mountains tilt,
Of hickory logs my house is built;
And, b'lieving it will stand the fray,
I sit and dream the hours away.

How strange things seem! I may be dead,—
From mortal things my thoughts have fled;
I tremble on the stony way*
Where many a Greek forsook his clay;
Here are the steps I must descend,
What god will now my soul befriend?
The steps are past, here is the grove
Where gloomy sprites are wont to rove.

*From Greek mythology.

Foul vapors in the distance rise,
I see them darken o'er the skies;
It is Avernus! Jove, forbid
That in this lake my soul be hid.
Seen dimly through the clouds of spray
Is Charon rowing on his way;
"O Charon! will you take me o'er?
I can't endure this gloomy shore."
"A penny half," the devil said,
To which I humbly bow my head.
The boat is on the rocky shore,
Behold its worn and battered oar;
Old Charon's beard is white with age,
Long he has faced the tempests's rage;
His boat is leaky, cleft and worn,
For it a million souls has borne.

Across the lake we slowly move;
Adieu, at last, thou gloomy grove!
Far o'er the lake against the skies
The towers of Pluto's palace rise,
Acanthus there my destiny
Will speak, and bid me hither flee.
The boat drops anchor at the gate,
What devils strange my soul await!
Cerberus, that long-dreaded dog,
Is yelping like a moorland frog;
Ah! will Elysium be my home?
Or must my soul in darkness roam?
Acanthus loud my name may call,
I will not see that judgment hall;
But yonder comes a fiendish host,
O Jove! now tell me, am I lost?

Pshaw! Arsey, such a devilish dream,
'Tis well things are not what they seem;
Here through my window let us view
The lightnings' flashing, dazzling hue;
Those clouds are empty, not a drop
Of rain has struck my cottage top.

Look yonder where those thunders grate
A mountain rests its pond'rous weight;
There is a palace* under ground,
How tired the feet that tramp its round!
Crawling through holes, you reach each room;
Superbly dread you'd think the gloom.
Yestreen those silent depths I viewed,
The way with broken blocks was strewed;
There many columns, scars revealing,
Rose from the floor and kissed the ceiling,
As many, prostrate, blocked the floor,—
Destructive hands had gone before;
A thousand spears from overhead
Stuck through my heart a sense of dread;
What grander scenes beneath the sun
Than caverns like this awful one?

But let us quit this noted sight
To climb the mountain's dizzier height;
Peaches are ripe and dangle free,
A zephyr rustles every tree.
Look out upon the smiling fields,
What pond'rous corn that valley yields!
Still farther on, the Cumberland,
Whereon my feet so often stand.

*Higginbotham Cave.

Amid these scenes my days are spent,
Then should I now my choice repent?
Here would I live to rove and rove,
Here would I live to love and love.

These days are rolling swiftly on,
And, Arsey, they must soon be gone;
Let me enjoy them, life to me
Has now a charm I did not see.
Back to this room, my tramping o'er;
Through musty volumes late I pour;
I trace the wars of former age,
Or wander o'er the poet's page;
Sometimes the midnight strikes its gong
And finds me reading prose or song.
There was a time the Muses wooed,
A time I courted solitude;
I sometimes yet in moonlight stroll
To linger where mad waters roll,
I still enjoy the lonely glen,
But I am not inspired as then.
No! once my soul was filled with song,
A thousand numbers there would throng;
How different now my feelings prove!
They are not so replete with love;
Where once consuming flames could glow
Are naught but smoldering ashes now.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., August 20, 1880.

NO VIEW BUT NIGHT.

TO MARION.

I FIND the world is hard, my friend,
I find the world is hard;
Unpleasant to a guide of truth,
Unsuited to a bard.

I entered it with prospects fair,
With effort's fond delight;
But, veiled by clouds of constant care,
I have no view but night.

Friend, if you entered life with hope,
You find that hope is gone,
And all the flowers that lined your path
By wintry tempests blown.

Then, voyager on the sea of time,
Believe no fortune's smile;
Though fair those promises at first,
They only can beguile.

HORSESHOE FALLS, TENN., January 7, 1878.

THE RAINDROPS POUR.

TO MARION.

O MARION! ope your door to-night,
The wind is fierce and wild;
And I, from Cumberland's snowy height,
Have fled, a hopeless child.

The raindrops pour upon my face,
And long since fled the light;

Than at your house no resting place
Can comfort me to-night.

"Yes, Robert, you shall share my room,
And sleep upon my bed ;
I know how dreadful is the gloom,
How clouds their torrents shed.

"Come now beside my fire and dry
Your clothes and cease to roam ;
Remove that tear drop from your eye
And make this house your home."

BARDWELL, KY., October 2, 1878.

DID LOVE EVER RAVAGE?

TO FLORENCE.

DID love ever ravage your heart like the savage
That yearly defaces the granite?
Or pillage your breast and keep you from rest
When you come to reflect and to scan it?

When love first emerges, it often diverges,
And sometimes it fills us with sadness ;
But as it grows older its flames, which are bolder,
Float high on an ocean of gladness.

Now when it is vain it addles the brain,
And sinks in delirium the heart ;
It banishes peace, to find no release,
Which nothing again can impart.

When gentry that claim you endeavor to tame you
By melodious accents and kindness,

Don't love them a bit till you know that the fit
Has bound them in fetters and blindness.

Sweet Florence, we know that love brings us woe
If 'tis immortality's ray;
But should it resign and leave us supine,
Oh! what could induce us to stay?

WALLING, TENN., November 13, 1875.

WITHOUT THEE, WHAT IS LIFE?

TO FLORENCE.

WITHOUT thee, what is life, my dear?
A vacuum, is it not?
A wandering through this desert drear,
Or pause within some cheerless spot.

There is no beauty in the clouds
When thou art gone from me;
There's gloom within the light that shrouds
The land and lingers on the sea.

More joy my yearning heart would share,
If wrecked on ocean isles,
Than when at home without thee there
All radiant in those heavenly smiles.

Then, Florence, may thy smiles return
And beam on me again,
Restoring to my bosom morn,
And breaking sorrow's heavy chain!

BARDWELL, KY., January 29, 1878.

LET ME FLY FROM EVERY CARE.

TO FLORENCE.

LET me fly from every care,
And upon thy bosom languish;
Let me clasp thy form so fair,
That I may suppress this anguish.

If my fate were joined with thine,
Happy would my days be passed;
Spotless bliss would e'er be mine,
Mine to cherish to the last.

I would kiss thee o'er and o'er
With the same unquenched desire,
I would know regret no more
Ere this breath of mine expire.

Lady, where could be my home,
But with thee, but e'er with thee?
From thee could I ever roam?
Not on land, not on the sea.

Mt. PISGAH, TENN., April 19, 1876.

ANGELS THROG THY PATHWAY.

TO FLORENCE.

THE big bright sun, the pallid moon,
The stars, the nymphs that be,
The blushing flowers, dame nature's boon,—
All love to look on thee.
How many angels from above
Thy blissful pathway throng!
How many sprites, with wings of love,
Shield thee from every wrong!

And what must be the bliss of him
Who claims thy fervid kiss?
His bowl is leveled to the rim
With joy and spotless bliss.
And who in life could once repine
That blissful life to share?
Oh! would this arid heart of mine
Could win a girl so fair.

Now, if the heart within thy breast
And mine could nearer be,
To me 'twould be a source of rest,
A fount of living glee.
Like checkers in the heat of game,
I move my heart to thine;
And if it please thy honored name,
Give thine a move to mine.

At thy command thou hast my heart;
It from thee do not shove,
But let it mingle as a part
With thine in blissful love.
The heart is true I offer thee,
'Tis no seducer's heart,
Though well I know it cannot be
As blameless as thou art.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 20, 1876.

SMILING YOUR ONLY DUTY.

TO FLORENCE.

BLANDLY smile on, lovely lady,
Smile as smiles some sunny May day,

Smile away in all your beauty,
Smiling seems your only duty.

Sweet enchantress, how you charm me!
How those smiles of beauty warm me!
Cast your smiling on me ever,
Let that smiling leave me never.

When my tears in woe's pavilion
Far outnumber half a million,
At your smiling all is over
And I am your ardent lover.

When all others are beguiling,
Smile on me as you are smiling;
When my form with dust is leveled,
Smile o'er me with hair disheveled.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 26, 1876.

WHEN I LEFT THE HILLS.

TO FLORENCE.

O LADY! when I left the hills
Which, like Parnassus, once arose,
From whose recess flowed myriad rills
Of limpid verse and florid prose,

I left my Mary sad and lone,
Lamenting o'er my long adieu;
But since that fatal hour is gone,
Her heart has proven most untrue:

And now my heart from her I take,
To give to whom? O dear! to thee;

Wilt thou accept it for my sake?
Please take the paltry boon from me.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., October 30, 1876.

I SAT ALONE.

I SAT alone in mountain glen,
Enshrouded by the gloom,
Where all, away from haunts of men,
Was silent as the tomb.
While in that deep, sequestered place
I bowed my head and pondered;
I thought of loved ones far away
From whom I long had wandered.
And as the thought grew more impressed
Of distant ladies' charms,
My gentle Florence, whom I love,
Fell weeping in my arms.
My soul, surprised, though gratified,
Was roused as if from sleep,
Yet I commanded voice to say,
"My dear, why dost thou weep?"
She laid her head upon my breast
Still sobbing bitterly,
Then raised her swollen eyes and said,
"My dear, why not love me?"
"My darling Florence," I replied,
Canst thou not plainly see
That wherso'er my footsteps rove
My love is all for thee?"

"Oh! yes," responded she, "I know
Thou sayest thy love's for me,
Yet I have never been convinced,
Nor can I plainly see."
Said I, "Then what step can I take,
My dear, to further show
That for thee is the truest love
That in my heart can glow?"

Said she, "Discard that darkling frown,
And smile on me again;
Oh! smile in love, for nothing less
Can soothe this doubting pain."
I clasped her to my haggard breast,
Was in the act of kissing,
When suddenly, like mystic night,
My senses all were missing.

How long I in that state remained
To me it is unknown;
I know that when my senses came
My doubting elf had flown.
O time! can I forget those charms?
O love! wilt thou deceive me?
May Heaven guide her steps aright,
And teach her to believe me!

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 5, 1876.

MOURNING THE FATES OF LOVE.

OH! like the plaintive midnight wind
My heart was once attuned to sing;

To loving was my soul confined,
Hence did it plume the Muse's wing.

But what despair came o'er my way
When others' hearts it failed to move!
What could I then, through all my day,
But stroll and mourn the fates of love?

With heavy heart and tearful eye
I from my native country fled,
To seek beneath another sky
Some heart that would my pleadings heed.

Along the weary, slippery road
I thought my foolish heart would break,
For thoughts of leaving my abode
Did every sad emotion wake.

But as my footsteps onward roved
My heart was more and more relieved;
I half forgot the ones I loved,
And thought the foolish only grieved.

To-day while friends surround my way,
While here beneath another sky,
My thoughts will wander to that day
When frequent tear drops filled my eye.

I often think how strange it was
That I should love a girl whose eyes
Were turned on me in scorn, alas!
Who wished me 'neath some distant skies.

My cares have turned from earthly things
To linger with the Lord of love;

And all that woe or hatred brings
I lift in prayer while thus I rove.

And may I learn to shun the smile
That, like the lightning, can but mock;
And may I pause and think awhile
Ere comes rejected friendship's shock.

BARDWELL, Ky., September 2, 1876.

CARR HERON.

IGNOBLE land,* awake from dreams of old,
And smile again to hear my lowly lay;
Oh! give an ear, the half is yet untold
Of bloody deeds and tyrannizing sway.
Thy myriad hills which waved with corn and hay
In other days, ere war had swept them clean,
Are dark and desolate till this late day
Of loveliness, and nothing there is seen
But solitary shrubs and vegetation mean.

Oft hath the tide of war swept o'er thy face
The scenes of desolation and of woe,
And strowed thee with the bones of Adam's race
And checked civilization's rapid flow;
Oft hast thou felt that fierce and dreadful blow
Which nations strike to gratify their rage,
And yet again it may be thou must know

*Supposed to be the words of a refugee Confederate soldier at the close of the rebellion, many of whom sought shelter in Mexico and South America.

That direful struggle ere revolving age
Shall wipe thy sacred name from time's eternal page.

O dismal land! thou hast been stripped of beauty,
The prowler's hand hath plucked the fairest flower,
Yet there survives one heart that does its duty
In striving to reanimate thy power;
And yet, with lightning's speed the fatal hour
Is drawing nigh when thou must powerless be;
Those who oppressed thee once will soon devour
Thy sweets, and leave thee like an inland sea,
Which will make nations blush only to look on thee.

Yes, war's fierce storms have raged within thy breast
With all-consuming hate, with deadly ire,
And dimmed the beauties which thou once possessed
With ceaseless anger and with raging fire;
Oh! thou are fallen 'neath thy ruling sire
To rise no more ere Gabe shall sound his horn;
For till this earth in blazes shall expire
Thou must remain polluted and forlorn,
Without a nation's wail, without a son to mourn.

Yet thou, O ruined and dishonored State!
Art far more splendid in my pensive gaze
Than Britain which is ever styled the Great,
Or any other nation now that sways;
And why does it my very soul amaze
To view thy crumbling fragments as they stand?
It brings back joys and thoughts of other days
When I was blithe in heart, cast on thy strand,
To circumnavigate thy then resplendent land.

Thou art the land in which Carr Heron lit
In his descent from realms of endless light;
Thou wert his home till love's enchanting fit
Urged him to fly to regions far from sight:
And since his sad and solitary flight
I've wandered long in search of some kind heart
To comfort mine, as each drear day and night
Rolls silently and gloomily athwart
Thy rough and broken vales which not one smile impart.

I long have wandered through thy ruined heap
Without one lovely hand to clasp in mine,
Where Carr alone was often seen to weep,
And o'er his vanities and fate repine;
Thy hills which cities crowned when fame was thine,
Which now are strown with vestiges of yore,
Without one brilliant gem of worth to shine,
Have been my only charms to wander o'er,
My only sweets in midnight's stillness to explore.

Ignoble land, thou art forever done,
With thee, dear land, no longer dwell the brave;
Thy destiny is o'er, thy race is run—
Oh! thou art sunken in an endless grave:
Farewell awhile! I turn to breast the wave
Which bore Carr Heron from thy murmuring strand;
Farewell! the billows which thy border lave
Enkindle love for some far-distant land—
But give an ear, farewell! I give my parting hand.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., January 12, 1876.

ROCK OF AGES.

(Lines written on the face of a cliff.)

DEAR rock of ages, firmly stand
 Against the shocks of endless time
 Here in this dark, romantic land,
 Whose scenes are lasting and sublime,
 Where eagles spread their pinions wide
 O'er Caney Fork's majestic tide.

Huge rock that once o'erhung my head,
 Again I scratch thy towering form,
 Before my youthful thoughts are dead;
 Shield me from life's perplexing storm
 Till I may banish cares and fears
 And cease this frequent flow of tears.

Dear rock, whose form hath stood the blast
 Of time, give us thy pitying eye;
 Know that time's wheel is rolling fast
 And bringing mortal struggles nigh
 A certain, oft a nameless, grave,
 Where fall the timid and the brave.

Old weather-beaten monarch, stand
 The dreadful shock of coming ages,
 Like some lone tomb on Egypt's sand,
 Of which we read in history's pages;
 But, shrouded in thy darksome hue,
 We leave you now and bid adieu!

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., July 10, 1875.

STILL THY FRIEND.

TO RACHEL, ON RETURNING TO MT. PISGAH, TENN.

THOUGH, lady, Time has rolled his wheel
Since I left Pisgah's cherished grounds,
Yet in my breast that warmth I feel,
That former warmth which knew no bounds.
And now that I my footsteps turn
To where I many an hour must spend,
Again, dear girl, I fondly yearn
To teach thee I am still thy friend.
Yes, thou in friendship art my own,
Cemented to my anxious heart;
For thee my warmest prayers have gone,
For thou hast claimed my better part.

February 22, 1876.

WANDERING FROM THEE.

TO RACHEL, ON LEAVING MT. PISGAH.

SINCE I must quit the much-loved spot
Where love in me was first created,
Since now I view a dreaded lot,
I feel my spirit agitated.
But could I be e'en as thou art,
Or, least, what thou appear'st to be,
I would not feel this strife of heart
In wand'ring lowly far from thee.
Though disappointments may be thine,
Or may have been in times removed,

But tell me, friend, what has been mine?
Alas! to love and not be loved.

As we've long been conjoined as friends,
Dear girl, shall we not thus remain?
Friendship's a boon which Heaven sends
For earthly bosoms to retain.

My love extends both far and wide,
To all the virtuous and the fair;
And since with these thou dost abide,
Wilt thou accept a goodly share?

Friendship and love are but the same,
He that's a friend's also a lover;
The difference is but in the name:
Then wilt thou take my love forever?

Now if these sentiments offend,
I know forgiveness dwells in thee;
I would not lose thee as a friend,
For what I am still let me be.

But wherefore should my pen relate
The secrets of my love-lorn heart?
For thou art pure and cannot hate,
But only fervent love impart.

In thee I've found no cause of woe,
But a fond heart forever true;
May it this sorrow never know
Which mine now feels in this adieu!

June 22, 1876.

SOME OTHER DAYS MUST COME.

TO RACHEL.

SOME other days must pass, my love,
Beneath these amber skies,
Ere this nomadic spirit move
And your dark mountains rise.

Some other days of toil must come,
And dec'rous woe return,
Ere I shall see your rural home
And feel your kindness burn.

Too oft, alas! yon sun must rise,
And soar the clouds amid,
Before I see the hills I prize
And love as once I did.

Yet howe'er long those days may seem,
They'll soon be quickly past;
To you they'll flit a gentle dream,
To me a cutting blast.

For wheresoe'er my footsteps grope,
That same defeat is there;
While you, the brilliant brooch of hope,
Life's sweetest blessings share.

Oh, what a vacant life is mine!
For fruitless still I rove;
How sweet and jocund ever thine,
Pursuing flitting love!

Still, Rachel, let me deeply yearn
That future joy may come;

Whence would my pining bosom turn
If hope were not its home?

But if those joyful days I crave
On earth should never dawn,
Them I shall see beyond the grave
When earthly life is gone.

'Tis Heaven that bids me live in peace,
And bear this wretched lot;
Not once my daily prayer I'll cease
To wish such fate were not.

A will is mine to bear this fate,
A courage ever new;
I can't despond at fortune's trait,
Nor cease to think of you.

No, let me not despondent be
E'en when the storm is high;
I will not view the raging sea
With dread's despairing eye.

If wrecked not on the darksome main,
Where breakers still are dense,
A better footing I shall gain,
And know some bliss immense.

But why my common hope rehearse?
It is the same with you;
I whispered erst the same in verse
And bade a kind adieu.

BARDWELL, KY., May 14, 1878.

I WANT ANOTHER HEART.

TO RACHEL.

I WANT another Muse to sing
To thee some heavenly strain,
Since mine has wholly failed to bring
A joy to sorrow's reign.

I want some other eyes, my love,
That shed no bitter tears,
Since tears have had no power to move
A heart in all these years.

I want another heart to beat
To rapture than to woe,
For this its pulses will repeat
To sorrows I must know.

BARDWELL, KY., July 31, 1878.

ON IDA'S HILLS.

TO RACHEL.

ON Ida's hills my feet have strayed,
All pensive in the gloom;
There *ignes fatui* gently played
O'er mound and marble tomb.
No sound awoke that dreadful shade,
While gleams I stood to see;
And in a near protecting glade
I placed my thoughts on thee.
Thou art an *ignis fatuus* bright,
E'er flitting like a ray;

I pause to view thee with delight,
Then thou art passed away.
Still groping on, I bend mine eyes
To catch thy phase again;
I see thee gliding through the skies,
And own my search is vain.

Yet may not hope's resplendent sheen
E'er cease to gild my day,
Though Mississippi rolls between,
And thou art far away.
Then let me hope that we shall meet
Beneath our mountain sun,
And pass the hours in converse sweet,
As we so oft have done.

There's not a shadow of despair
To waver in my breast,
For thou art ever beaming there
In fancies truly blest.
Though severed from all nearer ties,
And thou o'er mount and main;
Though I but see thee in the skies,—
I trust we'll meet again.

St. Louis, Mo., April 25, 1878.

MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

TO RACHEL.

Now no more my native mountains*
To my rustic voice may ring;

*Cumberland Mountains.

Now no more my Highland fountains
To my barren lips may spring.

Friends I loved with true devotion
I shall see on earth no more;
Love, which gave my heart emotion,
Led me, bound me, now is o'er.

When we parted, faithful minion,
In our hearts we felt no pain;
Little thought we this dominion
Ne'er would see us meet again.

Time has made some rapid marches
Since I took your parting hand,
Painting o'er our facial arches
Signs of care that aye will stand.

BARDWELL, KY., October 10, 1878.

'TIS BUT MY MUSE.

TO RACHEL.

No foreign notes attention seek,
'Tis but my Muse, she needs not speak
The name of one thine influence reared,
Just list to notes thou oft hast heard;
In woe or weal, afar or near,
Those notes thou hast been pleased to hear,
And now, while severed once again,
I feel that thou wilt hear that strain:
Though when to thee my Muse would sing
And strike to love the lyric string,
Such rapid numbers crowd the tongue
She cannot sing as once she sung.

My memory flits o'er life's dark line
When every heart forsook but thine,
When love, long wearied on the wing,
To none save thee in peace could cling,
When all the world ignored my call
Until I reached thy generous hall,—
All these with sweet emotions throng,
And swell to length my Muse's song.

Through whate'er land in life I've roved
Thy heart has ne'er inconstant proved,
And wheresoe'er 'twas mine to go
I loved thee, yet I said not so.
Oft when I bounded o'er the wave
Which filled with trembling e'en the brave,
Forgetting all the world beside
To thee I'd turn, in thee confide.
In youth thou wert amid the few
Kind-hearted, beautiful and true;
Thy youth is gone, thou art the same
As when I first was taught thy name.
Full many a storm its force has sent
Against thee, yet thou art unbent;
Temptation oft has set his snare,
Yet thou wert never haltered there;
Though thunders roll, though shrieks the blast,
Thou art unchanging to the last.

Time might have taught me long ere now
We ne'er can speak the nuptial vow,
Yet I have hoped, as seasons sped,
On thy dear breast might rest my head,
And, in that sweet enjoyment, know,
While blissful years would come and go,

Though sickness smote and fortune lowered,
That kindness which my heart o'erpowered.
To live with thee, ah! sweet were life
E'en 'mid each storm and dangerous strife;
What though thy beauties disappeared?
Thine image would be still revered;
What though the frost of ages came?
Thy kindness would be still the same;
And when my early days were gone,
I should not plod the world alone.
'Tis sweet to think of what we were
And what we yet might be, my dear,
Yet into this reflection steals
A pang which now my bosom feels:
Of all my hopes, howe'er they shone,
The sweetest must be overthrown;
Those nuptial vows we ne'er shall breathe,
Thy breast to mine thou'lt ne'er unsheathe,
Yet I shall love thee more than thou
Couldst whisper in that sacred vow.
Time shall not check this am'rous tide,
Though wand'ring hence or at thy side;
The common world shall hardly know
My heart is thine where'er I go;
My Muse henceforth her song shall hold
Till we two meet, then all is told.
Some dire mishap attuned my soul
To wander to its earthly goal,
Yet may I turn full oft to thee
And claim thee as my sheltering tree?
And when I o'er this desert flee,
Wilt thou my sweet oasis be?

Yes, thou wilt be, for thou hast been
What I have never elsewhere seen;
Then while through this dark world I rove
I feel there yet is one to love,
And now, since other hearts have gone,
I feel that mine is not alone;
Thus let my days recede, but few
Are yet to rise and greet my view;
My evening shade, it seems, is here,
I'm loath to leave a heart so dear;
Yet while I live remember, love,
My thoughts are thine where'er I rove.
SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 10, 1880.

REMEMBERING THEE.

TO RACHEL.

REMEM'BRING thee, in western wild
I sit and bow my head;
Thine is a sad, reflecting child,
From thee forever fled.
Rememb'ring thee, I love to sit
Amid the lonely wood;
To thee my memory loves to flit
And o'er past pleasures brood.
SHORT MOUNTAIN, TENN., May 5, 1880.

OUR SUN HAS SET.

TO RACHEL.

OUR little sun of joy has set,
I saw its face repair;

But there's a twilight lingering yet
Our severed hearts may share.

And brooding o'er that blissful day
In which our hearts were one,
From toil may I not turn away
To ask again that sun?

Yes, often have I viewed the bound
Of all I now can know,
And trusted there might yet be found
Such light as used to glow.

Then let me search the world, my love,
Some feeble light may shine;
But I shall find no heart to prove
As pure, as true as thine.

No, earth affords no parallel,
Thine equal's gone before;
Such loving, constant spirits dwell
On Heaven's delightful shore.

How often in those distant years,
When first I bore life's load,
Thy gentleness would calm my fears
And guide me on the road!

Through many a varied, trying scene
Thy faith 'twas mine to prove;
How gloomy would this life have been
Had I not known thy love!

Oh! countless, wretched hours had borne
Their torture through my soul,

Hadst thou, with smiles as sweet as morn,
Not bid them calmly roll.

What offering have I then to make?
Thy heart I know was mine;
Here is a heart of suffering take,
I know that it is thine.

In love may it and thine be one,
Apart though they must beat;
Why can't I love and yet be gone
As when our faces meet?

There is a sweet, consoling thought
Somewhere within the Word,
That we together may be brought
And married in the Lord.

CARDWELL MOUNTAIN, TENN., September 15, 1880.

THE ARAB'S FATE.

OUT on Sahara's dreary waste
The Arab rears his tent in haste;
There, weary with the day's parade,
He slumbers in the cool, deep shade;
In lovely dreams the hours are lost,
He sees no foeman's armored host,
But wanders over happy fields
Whose earth refreshing fountains yields:
His thirst removed, he plucks the flowers,
Then seeks the shady woodland bowers,
Where nuts and fruits are hanging ripe,
And birds their merry descants pipe.

He wakes but, oh! how changed the scene!
Instead of fields of waving green
A cloud of darkness greets his eye,
While winds and sand around him fly.
On rolls the storm with fiery shade,
It tramples down his barricade
And buries deep, without remorse,
The struggling Arab and his horse.
O Arab! wretched is thy lot,
We only know that thou art not;
O'er thee is heaped a sandy mound,
And this is all thy burial ground;
Thy bones must lie unknown to friends,
Or strown to earth's remotest ends.

BARDWELL, KY., December 15, 1878.

AMPOTA SAPA.

"YES, I have seen you labor, dear,
To entertain our guest
From early morn till eventide
Without one moment's rest.

"And, dear, to see you labor thus
Destroys my joy of life;
So I've resolved, for your relief,
To take another wife,—

"Who shall be second in my love,
And subject unto you;
Who shall assist you in this work,
And all your hardships do,"

Ampota Sapa heard these words,
And was oppressed with grief,
For she could all the hardships do,
And needed no relief.

Then to her husband thus she spoke:
"And can this be your will?
The duties of our home I've done,
And I can do them still.

"For years we've fondly lived and loved
And every bliss enjoyed,
And can you wish at last to have
Our union thus destroyed?

"Not so! I trust that you'll beware
Of such a vile desire;
Can we not thus in union live
Until this life expire?"

Weeks passed, her husband now had made
A contract with another,
Then to his home alone he went
To tell his purpose further.

Ampota Sapa spoke again
Of all the joy they'd known,
And that with her he still should live
And know her kiss alone.

But to this talk he shut his ears,
List not to word nor wail,
But told her all that she could do
Was now of no avail.

She took the children, two small babes,
In arms and stole away,
First going to her father's house,
But there she did not stay.

Above the falls of Anthony
She launched a bark canoe,
And with those infants in her arms
She rode those waters blue.

Her death song loud and long she sang
Far out upon the wave;
Too late her friends espied here there
To save her from that grave.

Adown the stream she drifted fast,
While close her infants clung,
And loudly, lonely, sweetly still
Her death song thus she sung:

"Full many happy years I've passed
Beside this lucid stream;
Here I have seen the bounding deer
And heard the eagle's scream.

"My childhood here was gladly passed
In roving through the wood,
And here I've often gathered flowers
By this majestic flood.

"Here, too, I was the object of
My husband's truest love;
He met and wooed me on these banks,
And here we oft did rove.

"When home he came with fish and deer
From other distant shore,
I met him, clasped him to my heart
Ere he could reach the door.

"And then he kissed me o'er and o'er
And whispered in my ear,
'I think of you, beloved one,
While in pursuit of deer.'

"That day is past, inconstancy
Has settled in his heart;
His love is gone, he goes to take
Ickhoka's daughter's part.

"Then let my drooping spirit fly
To the Great Spirit's home;
In grief I will not stay when I
In other lands may roam.

"Farewell, farewell, each earthly joy!
Eternity is mine;
O husband! soon thou'lt know my fate,
But I will know not thine."

On went the bark, it neared the fall
And then a moment stood
Enveloped in a cloud of spray
From that majestic flood;

Then all was gone, and not a trace
Of them was seen once more;
No passenger or broken bark
Was ever borne ashore.

But ever after, in that fall,
A lonely voice was heard
To sing of that inconstant love
As sings some mateless bird.

And many still declare that she
Returns in fiery storms,
And hovers o'er that cataract with
Those infants in her arms.

WALLING, TENN., April, 1877.

TEARS OF SOME AVAIL.

I FAIN would have the clouds to move
And moisten all the plants I love;
Dry is the soil, and withered now
Are all the plants that fain would blow:
Not so, the vapors will not weep
But yet resolve to rest in sleep;
"Your tears," repeat the feathery skies,
"Your tears can save where nature dies;
Still shed them, let their generous flow
Nurture the fields that perish now."
Ah! then I will if aught can be
Effected by one tear from me;
Methought that vain must be my tears
As they have been in parted years;
Then they shall flow, the briny tear
Shall fall upon the myrtle sear,
And I shall weep both night and day
Till all this life is wept away.

WALLING, TENN., July 24, 1879.

BELOVED SPOT.

(On visiting Mt. Pisgah, White County, Tenn., January 8, 1880.)

BELOVED spot, more dear to me
Than else that yet has blest mine eyes,
Where springs of science bubbled free
And sunshine lit the cloudless skies;

In whose stanch walls my early years
Flew by me o'er dread precepts bent,
Where sped my youthful hopes and fears,
With many deeds I now repent,—

Once more these walls mine eyes behold,
The burial ground, each shadowy tree;
Each brings to memory scenes of old,
When here my footsteps bounded free.

And where are those with whom I strove,
Whose love and mine in each were lost?
A rigid fortune bade them rove;
Some now on life's dark sea are tossed;

And others, where indeed are they?
With me they wandered from this place;
From earth their spirits winged their way,
No more these sacred scenes to trace.

Like them, dear spot, I soon must be
Consigned to dust, my spirit fly;
Yet death will be less dark to me
If 'neath these shades my form shall lie.

Forever stretched beneath this shade
Where early friends in rapture trod ;
Where, filled with youth and hope, I played
So near my home—light were this sod.

Time, since I left this cherished spot,
No comfort to my soul has brought ;
Then, by the flippant world forgot,
Here let this body sink to naught.

Yes, take me, death ! My spirit fain
Would cleave the sky's mysterious way ;
Earth, take unto thy breast again
This broken, suffering mass of clay.

RETURNING AUTUMN.

THE lengthy days of summer fly
With Sol's oppressive ray ;
But let them go, I will not sigh,
Nor ask their longer stay.

Once more returns the chilling dew,
Dear harbinger of frost ;
The air is cool, the sky is blue,
These days I cherish most.

The leaves are growing yellow now,
And hushed the songster's sound ;
The summer blooms that graced each bough
Lie withered on the ground.

Some like the spring, for they are glad
To hear the woodland ring ;

I never did, my heart is sad
Because I cannot sing.

BARDWELL, KY., November 8, 1878.

A MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

My Lord, on thee to-night I call
To thank thee for thy watchful care,
Since wheresoe'er my footsteps fall
I find thy loving-kindness there.

Though often passions in me burn
While in my daily strife with men,
Yet when I to thy feet return
I find thy gentle smiles again.

On many a deep and stormy sea
My bark is tossed by fortune's hand;
Yet there, if still I trust in thee,
Thou art the same as on the land.

When clouds of sorrow cross my sky
And misery hovers everywhere,
I find a comfort when I fly
To thee and breathe my lowly prayer.

Then strengthen me in hope to-night,
And tear away each doubt and fear;
Equip my soul for glorious flight
From earth to that supernal sphere.

BARDWELL, KY., July 20, 1878.

SCENES OF THY CHILDHOOD.

TO EVA.

By the side of a river I wander alone
Collecting the spring flowers to send unto thee,
While the dewdrops of morning are brilliantly shown,
And the song of the mockbird floats sweet from each
tree.

The sun of Aurora peeps forth from the hills,
And glimmers and trembles in the lowering spray;
The breath of young Zephyr the willow grove fills,
And the goddess of April strows balm on my way.

The scenes of thy childhood, dear Eva, were here,
On the banks of this river thy infant feet strayed;
But thy friends and thy kindred, my loved one, are
where?

Here their ashes lie silent in death's gloomy shade.

In the distance the dwelling which once was thy home
Looms up in its ruins to startle a tear;
Wilt thou in the future to this sacred spot come,
And muse on the objects that once were so dear?

Come quickly, dear Eva, on pinions of love,
Come linger a moment where halcyons dwell;
Come, let us together exultingly rove
O'er landscape, through woodland, through grotto
and dell.

WALLING, TENN., April 4, 1877.

THINKING OF THEE.

TO EVA.

THE darkness of midnight incloses each hill,
The echoes and shadows sleep lowly and still,
And I am so anxious for morning to be,
And yet I am thinking, dear Eva, of thee;
And as the dark mirrors portray thee to me,
My vision grows brighter and clearer of thee.

Oh! wert thou before me in bright fancy's stead
To smile and to love me in darkness and dread,
How swiftly, how sweetly the hours would depart!
How gladly and truly would vibrate my heart!
But when I consider that valleys and glens
And rivers between us are counted by tens,
The thoughts of thee, Eva, are deeply impressed
And written forever inside of my breast.

Yes, truly between us obstructions arise,
Yet to thee on pinions my spirit now flies,
And, dear, shall it find thee in gloom and despair?
Or sweetly encircled by the gay and the fair?
Ah, no! but reposing in calmness and sleep
Upon thy soft pillow where Luna doth peep
Through the half-open window in silence and love
From her white throne of beauty in the regions above;
Where the lamp on the table burns faithfully still
And shines through the window on garden and hill;
Where buildings of granite in majesty rise,
And the spires of a city are piercing the skies.
Fain would I embrace thee, dear Eva, to-night
And list to thy accents till Luna's pale light,

That's now growing fainter and drearier still,
Shall melt into morning and all the land fill;
I fain would glance over thy beauties once more,—
Thy cheeks and dark tresses which still I adore;
Good-night, my dear Eva, thou bloom of the blest!
The spirit of poesy fades in my breast.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 16, 1876.

I DARE NOT LOVE.

TO EVA.

AFFECTION rests in calm repose
When perfect friendship soothes the mind;
The bosom smothers half its woes,
And heart in heart is then entwined.

I, who am marked by way-worn care,
Still fondly plead in rustic words
For friendship's blissful smiles to share
Entwinement in its golden cords.

Then let us, dear, in friendship's cords,
Unite our hearts for naught to sever,
Repel all angry looks and words,
And sip the sweets of joy forever.

I dare not say I love you, dear,
For love too often must be broken;
But let me say, while life is here,
I'll cling to friendship's solemn token.

Pure friendship never can corrode
Nor yield to fate's inclement blast;

And flowers upon its paths are strowed
With odors sweet that always last.

Then hear my solemn vow to-day,
Here's friendship for old friendship's sake;
Though we from virtue's paths should stray,
No time nor fate this pledge can break.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., January 29, 1876.

FORTUNE BIDS ME ROVE.

TO EVA.

THOUGH, lady, pensive was the mode
Of him whose love could once be traced,
Thou hardly thought'st his form had stood
'Mid dangers flying thick and fast;

Had risen on the nightly wind
And cleft the vapor's fiery pall,
Had left his loved one far behind
To heed the battle's dreadful call.

Yes, lady, 'mid the din and strife
Of tempests whose unceasing wrath
E'er hungers for each trembling life,
Unshielded lay my haggard path.

Though thus has been my fate on earth,
Though still through such 'tis mine to move,
Though poverty is mine from birth,—
I claim, I heired the power to love.

And now while fortune bids me rove
O'er stormy sea, on craggy shore,

Though whomsoe'er I now may love,
Believe me, we shall meet no more.

Shall meet no more? O cruel thought!
It thunders deeply in my soul;
No more those smiles which once I sought
Can greet me and my heart control.

Yet let me even now offend
A heart which ne'er its love can prove;
I'm something more than just a friend,
For thee my heart has beat in love—

Has beat in joy to know that one,
In all life's wide, deluding sea,
Refuses not for once to own
A feeling for a wretch like me.

Farewell! and should we meet again
To gaze and smile as once was ours,
'Twill be athwart this desert main,
I ween, in Heaven's delightful bowers.

WALLING, TENN., March 29, 1879.

MELTED ORE.

WE give to flames the yellow ore,
It glitters brighter than before;
Still as the searing fire's increased
The more from dross the ore's released;
Thus be it yours to glow more bright
When envious evil hurls its might,

Still bright'ning as each shaft is driven
Till shining like a star of heaven.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 12, 1882.

MY LOVED HARP, FAREWELL!

THERE'S a bird in the wilderness singing,
With the halcyon notes of the dove;
It sings of my lonely harp's ringing,
Its gorgeous elysium of love.
There's a bee on the syringa humming,
A voice in some lone fairy dell;
At sea is a gondola coming,—
They mumble, "O loved harp, farewell!"

There's a wave on the rocky shore breaking,
It breaks without life or control;
Then ebbs, but it leaves behind quaking
A sigh to the harp of my soul.
There's a voice on the wide western prairie,
That near my lone heart loves to dwell;
'Tis the voice of my long-absent Mary,
And it whispers, "O loved harp, farewell!"

WALLING, TENN., March 9, 1877.

RAMBLES IN MAY.

IF Spring, sweet Spring, could move the heart to joy
And cover in the past our worst regret,
We've surely felt all power she could employ
In hours of bliss we cannot soon forget.

Say, will the mockbird lend his thrilling note,
The painter wield his brush, to help us speak?
Not so! in memory still the eye will gloat,
Retouching here these pleasures cannot eke.

How sweetly smiled the gently hovering May,
And burst the flowers that lined the path we trod!
Then rung the pewit's laughing, twitted lay
From wahoo boughs that swung above the road.

Rocks, ridges, torrents, foaming waterfalls
And silvered skies beset the joyous scene;
Spray kissed us 'midst the ancient, broken walls
With envious touch, hung round us like a screen.

Then tell us not that pleasure shuns the stroll
'Mid nature when the heart is gushing o'er;
Still view we boulders, caves, see rivers roll,
And girls' sweet smiles, still hear the cascade's roar.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., May 15, 1883.

THE AUTHOR MOURNS HIS BURDEN.

PLEASE, Madam Muse! I beg thy grace once more,
Let not thy mantle crush this life of mine;
I'm but a friendless boy, unknown and poor,
And cannot print this song, though it is thine.

Go, seek the rich; they have the strength, O Muse!
To bear thy burden earth's highways along;
But if I must, this call I'll not refuse,
But yield my life to poverty and song.

WALLING, TENN., January 20, 1875.

RECEDING TIDE.

I HEAR the whistling, cutting blast,
I see the tide receding fast,
My boat is bounding off the shore
On waters wild, 'mid breaker's roar;
Cut loose the line that holds me here,
I will not wait for skies to clear,
I'll spread the sail and bend the oar,
Nor shudder though the tempests roar:
Then take me, waves; my head shall rest
Hereafter on your heaving breast;
Take me, wild waters, it is time
To waft me to some milder clime;
Break, wildest surf, I will be bold
'Mid dangers, though they stare me cold;
Blow, winds, I want a tempest's wing
To waft me to some place of spring;
And screaming water fowls, make way,
My boat shall burst the ocean's spray.

PENSACOLA, FLA., April 20, 1883.

I'LL RHYME OF THE TIMES.

TO EMMA.

DEAR Emma, I'll rhyme of the beautiful time,
Of roses the humming bird kisses;
Of the beautiful April, the forests of maple,
And girls that run wild after blisses.

Now if it's no sin, I first will begin
To give vent to the thoughts of my passion,

With a trembling hand, which is all I command,
And an air that is quite out of fashion.

This beautiful time, the theme of my rhyme,
The forests of wavering maple,
The flowers that bloom and spread their perfume,
All add to the beauties of April.

That infinite love which comes from above
Now deep, e'en unfathomable, lies;
And birds of gay wing, and all creatures of spring,
Reveal it to earth and the skies.

* * * * *

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 9, 1876.

YOU ARE SOON TO ACCEPT.

TO EMMA.

IF the story be true that I hear every day,
You are soon to accept little Johnnie;
Well, go, and may Happiness lend you her ray,
For the blisses of wedlock are bonnie.

Take his heart and his hand as a boon for to-day
And to-morrow, with cheerful endeavor,
And aver that ill humor can't tear you away,
But mingle congenial forever.

Yes, take him and on him your blessings bestow,
And give him your love-laden heart;
And let Mister Tep and all other chaps go,
To claim not the minutest part.

Then let elementary faith be reposing
 In Johnnie's ecstatic smile;
 Believe that each promise his heart is disclosing
 Is free from the shadows of guile.

There's naught of seduction in him, I aver,
 But uprightness is seen in his step;
 Then if you to this wee appeal will adhere,
 You'll take him in preference to Tep.

Then if you go with him, may happ'ness, too, go,
 But it leaves me alone in the field;
 For, alas! Marietta continues my foe
 And will not to my promises yield.

Good-by! If to Johnnie in wedlock you cleave,
 May the blessings of Heaven stand by you!
 Be faithful to him and his promise believe,
 And he never in life will deny you.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 24, 1876.

MAY MAPPINESS BE THINE!

TO EMMA, ON HEARING OF HER MARRIAGE.

I WISH for thee a happy lot
 While crossing life's uncertain sea,
 Since now thou art as I am not,
 Although I've vainly wished to be.
 May happiness be^{ever} thine,
 Embued with not a trace of woe!

May all the lights of Heaven shine
Upon thee, and their warmth bestow !

To thee may filial blossoms bloom
To glad the garden of thy soul ;
May not a day or night of gloom
Around thy head and husband's roll !

Let anger ne'er pervade thy heart,
But kindness as the years increase ;
Let envy dwell not where thou art,
Thy dwelling be the home of peace.

WALLING, TENN., May 10, 1877.

SUBMERGED IN TEARS.

TO EMMA.

AND did I see those azure eyes
Submerged in tears that glist'ning rolled ?
Behold a grief, like clouded skies,
Burst forth, that could not be controlled ?

I gazed, and as each trembling tear,
Like ocean's heaving wave, broke o'er,
I thought your spirit doubly dear,—
It showed a love no others bore ;

For you did rise when others lay
Indifferent and in earnest plead,
Nor did despair beset your way
Though words that wanderer failed to heed.

ROWLAND, TENN., September 14, 1881.

WELL, EMMA, YOU'VE BEAT ME.

TO EMMA.

WELL, Emma, you've beat me ~~ac~~ross the ravine,
From shadowy land to the real;
And now the great City of Love you have seen,
While with *me* it is only ideal.

Now, Em, how I envy you up there in Heaven!
And is it not more than I told you?
To you I am sure a first place has been given,
For I know they had long since enrolled you.

Yes, you have outstripped me; I did not intend
You should beat me across the deep hollow;
But now 'mid your greetings just say to each friend,
"Wait for Bob, for he soon is to follow."

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 22, 1907.

GATHERING PECANS.

Down by the Mississippi,
Soon after morning dawns,
Filling our willow baskets
And sacks with the ripe pecans;
Shaking the loaded branches
Where the squirrel gayly lives,
How else could we be than happy
And thankful to Him who gives?

The brown leaves crack 'neath our footsteps,
All the wood looks sear and lone.

And we haste to sheathe the harvest,
For we know 'twill soon be gone.
But the trees are sleek and lofty,
And the limbs are hard to shake;
Yet this is no great obstruction
If the harvest we would take.

When we've rambled through the woodland
And the evening shadows come,
When we've filled our sacks and baskets,
We shall turn our steps to home.
May our lives in peace be thus spent
That, when we have left this strand,
We, before the gates of Heaven,
With our baskets full, may stand!

BARDWELL, KY., October 23, 1876.

A PANORAMA.

WE'VE reached the mountain's summit now,
And yonder 'gainst the skies,
All crowned with rocks like glittering snow,
What wondrous prospects rise!
The landscape in the east behold,
How deep the valleys lie!
'Tis nature's canvas here unrolled
That meets the wandering eye.

When Moses stood on Pisgah's height
And viewed the land of bliss,
There spread before his anxious sight
No grander scene than this.

When death's dark hour to me shall come
And angels linger nigh,
May prospects of the future home
Thus happy greet my eye.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., November 11, 1878.

TO MY MUSE.

MUSE of heavenly inspiration,
Cast aside that gloomy sprite;
Let thy music fill the nation
In some fascinating light:
From the summit of each mountain
To the place where Venus reigns,
Pour thy music like a fountain,
Like a flood of Byron's strains.

Sing, oh, sing of lustrous heroes
With a soul-bewitching chime!
Sing of Washingtons and Neroes
Taken from the stage of time!
Let thy song be love-sick laden,
Woody by all that courts the fair;
Be of some enchanting maiden,
With disheveled, auburn hair.

No, my Muse, at last I'm sober,
Sobered by my touch with men;
Now that burning youth is over,
Let us sing some different then.
We will sing to make men better,
Lifting them to things above;

Strive to break each rankling fetter,
Soothing with our songs of love.

WALLING, TENN., January 21, 1876.

TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

RELIC of the days of wonder,
Just from o'er the mighty deep,
Can no time nor cannon's thunder
Wake you from your lasting sleep?

Rouse you, with your wondrous story
Of the days of ancient kings!
Tell us of Egyptian glory,
Breathe the wisdom age but brings.

Would that all your former knowledge
Those dark, barren lips could speak,
That the men of every college
Might those treasured accents seek!

Did you eat the hateful onion
When the pyramids were built?
Did you spill the blood that Bunyan
Says each pilgrim here has spilt?

Did you own the God of Heaven
In that dimly lighted day,
Or was all your homage given
To the bullock on your way?

Speak of things that passed around you
When they built each pyramid;

We will leave you as we found you
If you tell not what they did.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 21, 1878.

MOONS IN THE WATER.

I WALKED on the brink of a lake
While nature was resting in sleep;
Through the sky floated many a flake
That was mirrored far down in that deep.

O'er the lake's grassy margin I bent,
And below saw the face of the moon;
The rays through that water it sent
Seemed as bright as the sun's are at noon.

A stone in the water I threw,
And made the small ripples arise;
Then hundreds of moons came to view,
And danced till they dazzled my eyes.

I paused and beheld them awhile,
And saw them all blend into one;
Then again I beheld the moon's smile
As sweet as the smile of the sun.

WALLING, TENN., November 2, 1877.

MY SOURCE OF WOE.

WHEN will my Mary cease to frown,
And once again her kindness show?
When will she lay that hatred down
That's now the source of all my woe?

Long, long that cold neglect has been
A burdening pall for me to bear;
Cold, cold indifference I have seen,
But never one relenting tear.

These sad misfortunes, I must own,
To loving her are surely due;
These woes my heart so long have known
Sprang when my love she did eschew.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 4, 1877.

A HARP THAT RANG.

A HARP that rang in Scottish dale
Was strung to sweeter notes than these,
But now its thrilling numbers fail
To lull the pilgrim soul to ease.

Then since that harp has ceased to wake
Those soothing notes we loved so well,
My feeble harp these fingers take
And strive again that strain to swell.

Come hither, ye who love the wood,
The mountain nymph and flitting fay;
Come, ye who love the rolling flood,
And hear my youthful fingers play.

My home is where the beech and pine
In summer cast their deepest shade,
Where stars by night in splendor shine
And break the gloom of hill and glade.

I gather from the wild bird's song
The tune to which I set the string;
Then, mountain fays, around me throng
And help me in this feat to sing!

BARDWELL, KY., March 23, 1878.

WENT A-COURTING.

TO LIZZIE.

It is true your humble servant
Seldom was attuned to spark
Till the day he went a-courting
And beheld sweet Lizzie Clark.

When he met her on the plaza,
She to him was not made known;
But within his bosom something
Said: "The seeds of love are sown."

Lizzie, Lizzie, listen to me,
I've no passion from above;
But when first my eyes beheld thee,
By my heart, I thought of love.

And before thee now I'm standing
Asking but one smile of thine;
And if it in love be granted,
In return thou shalt have mine.

WALLING, TENN., December 31, 1876.

LIVE WITH ME.

VALENTINE TO LIZZIE.

FATE, diffuse thy languid wing
Should my soul to others cling,
Darksome shadows, dreams of night,
Wing this day eternal flight,
Star of fortune, blandly shine,
While I seek a valentine!

Silent thoughts that ever dwell
In my bosom's throbbing cell,
Back to action come again
All dissension to refrain,
Fruitful wisdom to enshrine,
While I seek a valentine.

Beasts of fields and birds of air,
Living creatures everywhere,
Choose their mates this very day
To assist them on the way;
Then, my dear, should I decline
Taking now a valentine?

Come and journey now with me
On life's dark, tempestuous sea,
Come along with me and know
All my pleasure and my woe;
Lizzie, grant this wish of mine,—
Be this day my valentine.

Down the vale of time together,
Spite of wind or gloomy weather,

Singing always as we go,
Happy are we here below,
Up to that celestial shrine
Where we'll be one valentine.

Wilt thou come and live with me
Blessed by heavenly Deity?
If thou'lt to my bosom cling,
Life shall be eternal spring;
May I tell this heart of mine
That thou art my valentine?

I will all my faults resign,
And will own no heart but thine,
I will all my days employ
Bringing thee domestic joy,
And will never more repine,
If thou'lt be my valentine.

Who can think of joy and bliss
That repose in wedlock's kiss,
Think of joy and bliss at home,
And not wish to have them come?
Then, oh! then, by grace divine,
Be to-day my valentine.

WALLING, TENN., February 14, 1877.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

EARTH affords no hope inherent,
Scarcely has one prospect given;
But one hope is left to soothe us,—
'Tis the blessed hope of Heaven.

When in scenes of deadly battle
Wounded fall and gasp for breath,
Bright the hope of Heaven blazes,
Soothes and comforts e'en in death.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 1, 1877.

A DEWDROP.

"PAPA, please come and tell me
What this is glimmering here
Upon this little rosebud,
And seems so bright and clear.
I saw it here when daylight
First stole across each hill,
And, like a star of morning,
I find it twinkling still."

"My son, it is a dewdrop
That dims your youthful eyes;
To you it seems enticing,
Yet at your touch it flies.
It brings to us instruction
Since thus life's prospects gleam;
But when we strive to grasp them
They vanish like a dream."

BARDWELL, KY., February 2, 1878.

WHEN LOVE IS ENDED.

WHEN love is ended, peace begins,
Perhaps I may be here mistaken;
When beauty's power no longer wins,
The life pulse ceases to be shaken.

Experience teaches me 'tis well
 To court not Love, the arch invader,
 That peace with him can seldom dwell,
 But I have never yet obeyed her.

And you who travel on life's road
 Must own in love there's no fruition,
 That joy is never round you strowed
 Till parts this kindred of ambition.
 The love in Heaven the angels know
 Is not the love that haunts us mortals;
 'Twould fill their gentle hearts with woe,
 And drape in mourning Heaven's portals.

But why should mortals be so wont
 To seek this fiendish peace destroyer?
 Why seek his chains in every haunt
 And dote so much on each employer?
 Forbear, if it be mine to say,
 The devil's in this hateful doing;
 God never placed within our way
 The deadly pangs we meet in wooing.

BARDWELL, KY., January 29, 1878.

WEEPING FOR THEE.

TO SALLIE.

SINCE now thou art gone and left us behind,
 We're weeping alone, distracted in mind;
 We're weeping for thee bereft of relief,
 For how could we be but o'erburdened with grief?

Since thou hast departed, ah! sad is the night,
We're half broken-hearted, obscured is the light;
The dark clouds are spraying, the thunders encroach,
The lightnings are playing, and tempests approach.

How rigid the crashes that quiver each tomb!
How vivid the flashes that scatter the gloom!
Fly home! we are weary and cease not to sigh,
The moments are dreary which roll darkly by.

Come, quickly draw near us upon the dark spray,
For nothing can cheer us when thou art away;
The gloom of the valley hangs dark on each tree,
Fly home, my dear Sallie, we're sighing for thee.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., January 17, 1876.

A GUSHING HEART.

TO SALLIE.

SAY, whither will a finite start
In search of words that prove
A doubting, aching, gushing heart
That gushes o'er with love?

No, tell me not 'mid severed thought
Such truths as this may shine,
There never was a fondness wrought
In time as true as mine.

No, never mortal love's its name,
By time and space subdued;
Mine is a bright, celestial flame,
Though bursting yet renewed;

For henceforth when I wish I know,
Though space be rolled between,
Before me as in Heaven will glow
Your beauty sweet, serene.

Then let this sphere of nature part,
No changes can it prove;
In Heaven I'll own this gushing heart
Is wholly, truly love.

QUEBECK, TENN., March 17, 1884.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

BIRD of free and glittering wing,
Is your mission but to sing?
Wherefore linger by the main,
Pouring forth your melting strain?

"I have come from distant land
To Atlantic's placid strand;
Weary, heavy, sad and lone,
From the Western hills I've flown.

"Though I gayest notes employ,
Yet my song is not of joy;
'Tis the notes of conquering woe
That so rapture-seeming flow.

"Once within the smiling West,
I with every joy was blessed;
But my home, my joy, my mate
Shared alike a woeful fate.

"Pilgrimlike I lowly flee
From the land so dear to me,
Seeking home and rest and friends
Where Columbia's Union ends."

Little pilgrim, come and share
All my pleasures and my care;
Come into my open door,
Where there's room enough and more.

Like to you in days of yore,
I was wandering on this shore;
But my Father bade me come,
And in sin no longer roam.

WALLING, TENN., March 10, 1877.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

HARK! a dreadful sea hath bound us,
Breakers roar on every side,
Lowering clouds of fire surround us,
Winds propel us o'er the tide.
Thunders roll across the heaven,
Lightnings play upon the wave,
Onward still our ship is driven—
Is it to an aqueous grave?

"Haven starboard! Lighthouse beaming!"
Cries the watchman from the mast;
See the distant beacon gleaming,
See it glimmer on the blast.

“Still the lightning! calm the thunder!
Jesus, every tempest check!
Fill my soul with love and wonder!”
Cries a voice upon the deck.

WALLING, TENN., June 6, 1877.

FORTUNE SQUANDERED.

TO L. K.

THOUGH thy fortune has been squandered
And sorrow thee hath pressed,
Though thy friends from thee have wandered,
Yet love is in thy breast.

Yet thy heart's but gently shaken
And feels but light despair,
Though it often is o'ertaken
By storms of heavy care.

Now thy home has all departed
And life with thee is lone,
Yet why should'st thou be sad-hearted
If earthly hope is gone?

Thou hast known, like me, dependence,
And smiled to know a friend;
Thou hast heard the cruel sentence,
“Thy blessings here must end.”

Thou hast learned that hopes are blighted,
That life's a slippery road;
That the kindest hearts are slighted
And taunted when abroad.

Then remember when dark weather
Or grief thy heart o'erwhelms,
Though we dwell not here together,
We shall in brighter realms.

MANCHESTER, TENN., January 21, 1878.

A WAVE ON SAND.

TO AN AUNT WHO SAID THE AUTHOR WAS FAMOUS.

LIKE a dewdrop on some flower,
Like a wave upon the sand,
Which continue but an hour,
Memory of myself will stand.

Fame is given to those who leave
Fabrics on the rocks of time;
Then myself do not deceive,
Pillared on some simple rhyme.

MANCHESTER, TENN., February 4, 1878.

WHERE SYLVAN SHADES.

WHERE sylvan shades are deepest
And birds their notes prolong,
Where rocks are steep and craggy,
Was born my love for song.

Where mountains lift their summits
And kiss the morning beams,
And rivers roll in swiftness,
I caught my favorite themes.

One day, while thunders rumbled,
And lightnings deadly flew,
The west wind, from some wild bird,
A long, gray feather blew ;

With youthful zeal I seized it,
Transformed it to a pen,
With which, in notes of rudeness,
I give my thoughts to men.

BARDWELL, KY., May 10, 1878.

LOVE'S FATAL FIRE.

ONCE I, in boyhood's tender days,
Dwelt near love's fatal fire,
And, lured by its ephemeral rays,
Each day a step drew nigher ;
And there I lingered as though I
My own could not control,
And now I writhe, yet cannot die,
In flames that wrap my soul.

Oh ! love has burned my suffering soul
For days, e'en months and years,
And still these flames that round me roll
Cannot be quenched with tears.
My life is void, its source is dry,
My hope is but despair ;
What could I wish then but to die
And flee from earth through air ?

How drear and tantalized this life!
And joy, where hast thou fled?
Dear happiness, with ardor rife,
Thou'rt numbered with the dead.
O grave, receive this languid clay!
Lord Jesus, take my breath!
I will not thus in torture stay,
When I can rest in death.

WALLING, TENN., April 14, 1877.

WAITING FOR YOU.

TO AMANDA.

If still you're in the Land of Flowers,
Down by the ocean blue,
Remember 'neath our oaken bowers
I sigh and wait for you.

But yonder comes the train, O joy!
I see the smoke ascend;
And does it every breath employ
In bringing me a friend?

Still nearer, nearer does it roll
As though it were on wings,
And to my longing, anxious soul
My loving friend it brings.

The train has stopped, how glad am I
To see your smiling face!
I cannot know another sigh
And feel your glad embrace.

TULLAHOMA, TENN., May 17, 1877.

STEEPED IN BLISS.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE creature, whither go
On your tiny wings of snow?
Sipping sweets from every flower,—
Joy must live within your power.

On the fairest flowers of spring
You recline your golden wing,
There you find your true delight
In repose by day and night.

Purest honey is your meal,
Love and happiness your weal;
Naught but pleasure round you strowed,
Not a sorrow marks your road.

Could my life be such as yours,
Could I cling to rosy bowers
That reclined to know my kiss,
I too would be steeped in bliss.

But ill fortune's fearful wrath
Howls upon my gloomy path;
Hours of joy with me are few,
Love for love I never knew.

Think not, butterfly, of me
While you wander o'er the lea,
For a tear would dim your eye
If you knew how sad am I.

WALLING, TENN., April 18, 1877.

FAR FROM MY LOVE.

A SOLDIER TO HIS VENUS.

WHERE bloom the rose and touch-me-not,
And rivers wander free,
Where gayety's the lover's lot,
I once was blithe with thee.
Then thou couldst call my thoughts away
From life's perplexing task,
And rambling far, by night or day,
In love's bright beams to bask.

Oh! far from thee, loved one, I roam,
Far from my native hill;
And when I think of thee and home,
My heart grows cold and still.
To think of thee while in the strife
I wield the gun and sword
But makes thee dearer far than life
And round my spirit cord.

And though I wander still from thee
Far from my native glen,
Though far from all that's dear to me,
I love not less than then.
And could I see that face once more,
All beaming in its smiles,
As I have seen it, love, before
Amid those deep defiles,

These hardships which I now endure
In camp and on the field

Would not another pain procure,
But all to trifles yield.
But soon these flames of war will cease
And rest like sleeping tide,
And to thy home I'll come in peace
And linger by thy side.

WALLING, TENN., April 4, 1877.

THE SKY IS DARK.

THE clouds that rose above the sea
Have darkened o'er the sky;
The stars that loved to look on me
No longer greet my eye.
Now who will dare to guide my soul
Through loneliness so dread?
Who will this darkness from me roll
And radiance round me shed ?

The vault of life is ever dark
To him whose paths are crossed;
From fortune's sun comes not a spark
When every hope is lost.
And where is happiness, the light
Which others fast pursue?
'Tis ever, cometlike, in flight
To regions far from view.

I follow on, and still pursue
This fay of earth and skies;
When faster I my steps renew,
It only faster flies.

Soon I shall lay my sandals by
And rest from sorrows rending,
And I shall to those regions fly
Where love with love is blending.

WALLING, TENN., August 10, 1877.

FIRST IS MY PEN.

TO CALEDONIA, WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

FIRST is my pen to trace this spotless leaf,
First here to speak the blessings all would breathe;
First would I tear away each cloud of grief,
And on your brow the richest garlands wreath.

LONGWOOD, FLA., May 1, 1881.

YOUR BEAUTY CONQUERS.

TO CALEDONIA.

Who, lady, 'mid this rose-clad vale
Where youth in splendor stands,
Where fall the martial note and tale,
Such beauty rare commands?

Let others ask a monarch's power,
I want no monarch's sword;
I'll take your beauty but an hour
And claim what kings afford.

I search the world, your face, it seems,
Is earth's most lovely show;
'Twill be an angel's face that beams
Where yours will cease to glow.

And what a glorious conquest, love,
To take this citadel,
Whose glittering turrets from above
Do yet my heart repel!

And what a fortress, what a field
Where late I've fought and bled!
Though vanquished, I can never yield
Till every pulse is dead.

My comrades rally forth to view
And storm the fatal prize,
But they have fallen mangled, too,
Your beauty's sacrifice.

Then plant upon your fortress brow
A truce ere night appears,
For blood will never cease to flow
While frown those dazzling spheres.

IRVING COLLEGE, TENN., June 24, 1882.

BE THOU MINE.

VALENTINE TO CALEDONIA.

FROM the big magnolia trees
Pipe the birds their sweetest lays;
Has some fay removed from these
All the cares of former days?
Wintry winds unheeded roar,
Still replete with joy they prate;
Days of anxious care are o'er,
Each this day selects his mate.

Cold I've heard the winter's moan,
Gathered sad my shattered love;
Could I not, without a groan,
Like those birds, forbear to rove?
Joy attend them with their mates,
On them brightest suns e'er shine;
Fortune likewise man awaits—
May I fix my heart on thine?

Be thou mine! What though the sea,
Life's broad main, seem broken, dread?
Notes of love I'll wake to thee
Till the tunes of life are sped.
Be thou mine! My fondest care
E'er would be thy comfort, love;
What were Heaven did I but share
Half the blessings thou couldst prove?

IRVING COLLEGE, TENN., February 14, 1882.

AN ANGEL'S MIEN.

TO CALEDONIA, WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THEY tell me that an angel's mien
More beauteous grows as ages roll,
That, beaming in his face, is seen
Fore'er the picture of his soul.
So, lady, as the seasons fly,
Your visage grows more sweetly bright;
While time bedims your comrade's eye,
Yours beams the more with heavenly light.

IRVING COLLEGE, TENN., December 28, 1882.

THORNLESS FLOWERS.

TO CALEDONIA.

LET the rose without the thorn
 Line your path as never mine;
 Hither sweetest joys be borne,
 While on guard may angels shine.

Let the storms that press my brow
 Lull their rage ere reaching you,
 Let the waves that beat my prow
 Nearing yours their peace renew.

Be each dearth of hope for me
 Famine for my lips alone;
 I am always blessed to see
 Yours a pleasure not my own.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 3, 1883.

THAT BEACON FACE.

TO CALEDONIA.

WHEN Sol, the great, is sinking low
 (Seen from your rock-girt hills),
 And drops his beams with lessening glow
 Among your native rills,
 Remember, love, those radiant beams
 Light up this lonely place,
 And fall on one who, in his dreams,
 Ere views your winsome face.

Know when the moon puts on her dress
 And seeks your native vale,

Though groping in a wilderness
Where night birds lift their wail,
I gaze upon that beacon face
Which guides my footsteps, too,
And as the broken path I trace
I hope for joys with you.

Here are some charms: I have the sun
Which your deep valleys warms,
But here the hills have not undone
Their blue, majestic forms;
And yet I know the same First Hand
Spread out these lakes and dales
That reared aloft your mountains grand
And shaped your blooming vales.

These waters have a sullen moan,
A dark, defiant look;
For me their charms have long been gone—
I love the mountain brook.

'Tis where the waters leap from rocks
And plunge in transport free,
'Tis where the cliff each tempest mocks,
My home shall be, my home shall be.

'Twould soothe my heart, whate'er its pangs,
Did we some oftener meet;
I know that sorrow drops its fangs
Where joy is so replete.
Time now, though dull, checks not its speed,
Still farther on I move;
But would I not be blessed indeed
To share your angel love?

Then gaze upon that lighted face,
I'll help you watch its glow,
And think that we shall once more trace
Those scenes we used to know.
Adieu! The sky takes on a glow
That bids me weltering fly;
Yet blessed would be my heart to know
Yours never knew a sigh.

BARDWELL, KY., August 9, 1883.

.. *THE WAVES WERE KIND.*

TO MINERVA.

MINERVA, long I waited by
The pier where guns were booming,
And ere the night I did descry
Your gallant steamer coming.

Far in the outlines of the west
I saw it first appearing,
And as it neared I knew 'twas blessed
With all that was endearing.

It bore your youthful charms to me,
That gentle heart of Heaven;
It bore across the waving sea
The fairest God has given.

The waves were kind that tossed your ship,
No vengeance were they wreaking;
And when the tempest pressed your lip
It hushed its awful shrieking.

We met on board the anchored ship,
And still your smiles were beaming ;
Alternately we kissed each lip,
Of bliss again were dreaming.

And since that hour I met you there
No sorrow you have given ;
Smiles still bedeck your cheeks so fair,
Which make your presence Heaven.

MOBILE, ALA., February 15, 1877.

HARBINGER OF JOY.

TO REV. J. W. LAMBUTH.

AGENT of our blessed Saviour,
Bound for China's distant shore
Harbinger of joyful tidings,
Leaving friends thou'lt meet no more,
Never in thine earthy stay,—
Bear the Saviour's humble story
All along thy dubious path,
Tell them of his love and glory,
Of the happy home he hath
For his children in that day.

NASHVILLE, TENN., September 18, 1877.

TIRED OF BOOKS.

I'M tired of conning Latin,
And Greek and Spanish too ;
I'm tired of maps and pictures,
And novels not a few.

I'm tired of books in general,
Of teaching and of school ;
Of all things that are tinctured
With literature or rule.

I sigh for crystal rivers
That dash through sunny vales,
For mountains set with forests
Where solitude prevails ;

For caverns, gorges, woodlands,
Where howling beasts may roam,
For I love not scenes domestic,
Nor nature's mien at home.

Give me old rustic nature,
Where nymphs of old preside,
And light shall be my footsteps
That roam without a guide.

My camp fire's blaze will crackle
As its white tongues lick the night,
And the wolves may howl about me
Till the morning breaks with light.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., September 20, 1877.

ON MY BOWER.

ON my bower of blooming roses
Dances many a brilliant hue ;
All of beauty there reposes
That can soothe the lover's view.

Humming birds are busy gliding
Round that love-awaking bower ;
In its depths the bee, in hiding,
Sips the sweet and leaves the sour.

Oh! that I could be the creature
Borne upon that gauzy wing,
I would fly without a teacher
And to those sweet roses cling.
There I'd sip the honey sparkling
In the morning's golden ray ;
There, in moments never darkling,
I would pass my life away.

WALLING, TENN., May 2, 1877.

A LAST GOOD NIGHT.

TO LESBIA. WORDS OF A DYING SOLDIER.

HOME and early friends I loved
From my vision long have moved,
'Mid the scenes of strife and blood
Oft my form has dauntless stood,
Oft from wounded breast and head
Many a sanguine drop I've shed ;
But my struggles now are past,
And my lifeblood trickles fast.
In the fort and open field
Others now the sword must wield ;
Where dear victory's flag I bore,
Now my feet will tread no more.

Home and friends, I love thee well,
More than words have power to tell;
Now no more my darkened eyes
View that home, those peaceful skies;
Yet, O Lesbia! let them turn
Once again to her I mourn;
I must bid this world adieu,
Yet the thought of leaving you
Brings more sorrow to my heart
Than all else from which I part.

Kneel beside me on this hearth,
Lesbia, I must sink to earth;
Through the realms of ceaseless day
Soon my soul will take its way,
But to be with you I'd fain
In this struggling world remain.
Place your hand upon my brow,
Shadows hover o'er it now;
I must bid those smiles adieu
Which I loved so much to view;
Let me press your gentle hand,
Death has not yet full command;
How my breath is shortened, oh!
I must meet the common foe:
Can you see the angel band
Waiting round me, o'er me stand?
Can you hear them bid me come
From this suffering to my home?
Darkness thickens, veils my sight;
Lesbia, now a last good night!

SUMMITVILLE, TENN., January 10, 1880.

FLIGHT OF KING CACHOO.

At Flupoo is a noted bog
Where long resided many a frog;
By night and day their croaking rose
Sometimes in verse, again in prose;
The summer, spring and autumn flew
And still they sang "Carook, caroo!"
One million frogs there were and one,
And happier frogs ne'er saw the sun.
Their king resided in a stump
Around which all the frogs would jump,
And, looking through his door, would say,
"Great king, we hail thy majesty;
Behold the frogs at thy command
All dwelling in this boggy land,
We own that thou art great and tall,
That we, thy humble slaves, are small;
We hail thy name, O King Cachoo!
Long life to thee, Carook caroo!"

The strain would fly from frog to frog
Until each native of the bog
Would join, and let the chorus flow
Like demons from the pits below.
The hunters who by chance did pass
That moorland on the turfy grass
Would pause to listen, then repeat,
"The life of frogs is surely sweet."

But sorrow to the gay oft comes,
And famine devastates their homes;
At length, within the season's train,
A summer came in which the rain

Refused to fall, and field and fen
Became as dry as hill and glen ;
The brooks and ponds, which could not stay,
Receded fast by night and day,
And soon, within that blighted bog,
Was suffering many an anxious frog.
Ah ! famine is a dreadful thing
E'en to a frog, who feels the sting
With strong sensation when it lights
Upon him and his comfort blights.

Distressing cries from every frog
Were wafted through that dreary bog,
And from the hills that stood afar
The echoes filled the nightly air ;
The king, who hitherto had been
Inside his house and rarely seen,
Into the moon's emollient blaze
His royal head at last did raise.
But what disaster there appeared !
And what distressing cries were heard !
His subjects, when they saw his head,
Came near to hear whate'er he said,
For, from the highness of their chief,
They thought perhaps would come relief.

The crying of the wretched broke,
And then in regal tones he spoke :
"Attention, all ye thirsty frogs
That jump in sand or sit on logs,
Indeed am I surprised to know
Distress has made our camp his foe,
For we have never known before
Such suffering in our very door ;

Ah! little did we ever think
We'd poise so soon on death's dark brink."
"But tell us what we now shall do,"
Intruded not by far a few,
"For see already dying here
Are hundreds of our brethren dear."
"Suppress," he said, "your rattling fuss
And you shall hear what's left for us;
Thy king was once in lands afar
Whose gates forever stand ajar,
The waters of whose bogs are pure,
And, rain or shine, they still endure;
Now let us, ere we perish, fly
From this dry fen and burning sky,
Nor stop until we drink and swim
In lakes beyond those mountains dim."

Then jumping from his mossy throne,
He added, "Let us now be gone!"
Jump fast succeeded jump, and high
He sprang as if to bump the sky,
While all in happy voices threw
On every side, "Carook caroo!"
His subjects, joining in the race,
Had often practiced in the chase;
Though weak and thirsty, high they sprang
And made the wakened echoes ring.

Almost a million frogs flew on,
And now the morning did not dawn
Till they had reached a wilderness
Far from the scenes of late distress.
Old King Cachoo seemed prone to lead,
For he was blessed with greater speed,

And as he, like a reindeer, flew
He croaked aloud, "Carook caroo!"
His subjects, bounding at his heels,
Rehearsed the strain with deaf'ning peals
Till thunders rose upon the wind
And lingered in the woods behind.

Full many that were young and weak
Soon could no longer jump nor creek;
Then, dropping from the train behind,
They to the hands of fate resigned.
Though hundreds died by day and night,
Yet hundreds joined them in the flight,
And thus this weary, thirsty throng,
All croaking loudly, flew along,
Till, at the end of many hours,
They halted 'neath some cypress bowers.

Full many miles must yet be passed,
It seemed their strength would hardly last,
And they had passed two days together
In which had been most sultry weather;
No water, food or rest as yet
A single frog had happ'ly met;
But now, all resting in the shade,
Old King Cachoo this fiat made:
"Hear, all ye frogs, ye weary host,
That seek the lake's delightful coast,
Two days and nights we've fled together
Regardless of this sultry weather;
Then let us rest eight hours or so
And seek refreshments, then we go,
For else we could not now pursue
Our march across those mountains blue."

Soon as the mentioned hours had sped
Cachoo raised high his royal head,
And with commanding voice he spoke :
"Now let each frog neglect his croak :
Some water in this moor we've found,
But insects do not here abound ;
Behold yon mountain's lofty crest,
Beyond it is a village blessed
With bugs and flies of every size
As fat as ever met your eyes ;
Thence let us now direct our train,
And drive the natives to the plain,
Then, in two nights of revelry,
See all the joys we wish to see."

As these last words his highness spoke
He uttered a tremendous croak,
Then toward the mountain swiftly flew,
While all his highness did pursue.
Up, up, o'er gully, rock and log,
With wiry spring arose each frog,
And soon across the mountain's crest,
Like hungry wolves, they onward pressed ;
Adown the other slope they flew,
All yelling loud, "Carook caroo !"
No limit now could check their bounds,
O'er rocks and cliffs, o'er logs and mounds
They sprang with wild agility,
While old Cachoo o'er trees would fly.

They soon were roaring o'er the plain
Just like a torrent swelled with rain,
There but a mile or two ahead
The village in its beauty spread.

The natives, at the frogs' hurrah,
Were startled with terrific awe;
Some said, "An avalanche," and some,
"The devils from the mountains come."
The gates along each palisade
Were shut and all secure were made;
The natives stood in arms aghast
Prepared to meet the coming blast,
And soon before the trembling walls
A million frogs sent forth their squalls.
Cachoo now lifted high his head
And in a rapid tone he said:
"We need no ladder here to scale
These little walls, they only rail;
Ye frogs, who climbed that mountain high,
Can o'er these flimsy palings fly;
All follow me, I'll go before,
And soon our hunger is no more."

The king had scarcely ceased to speak
When, like the lightning's blinding streak,
His highness shot into the air
And lit beyond the barriers where
The people, armed with club and knife,
Stood ready for the pending strife.
They shouted, "Kill the vicious foe,"
And blow from club succeeded blow;
But while they struck at old Cachoo
A million frogs around them flew,
All uttering such obnoxious cries,
And blinking such Satanic eyes,
The people dropped their clubs and ran,
While at their rear and in their van

The frogs with all their croaking flew,
"Carook caroo! carook caroo!"
Thus ran they through the quaking town,
Nor did they stop, but trampled down
The gates and palisade ahead,
And o'er the prairie wildly fled.

Old King Cachoo the frogs recalled
And told them they enough had squalled,
That they should now begin their feast
And after that give way to rest.
The frogs flew through the open doors
And covered all the kitchen floors;
Then, just as hungry frogs would do,
The cupboard doors they open threw,
And, eating there whate'er they saw,
It mattered not or cooked or raw,
The hunger they so long had known
Soon from their craving maws had gone.

The second night in revelry
Sped by, and as emerged the day
Old King Cachoo arose and said:
"Our time for revelry has sped,
Then let us now our march resume,
Nor fear the heat nor midnight gloom;
Two days and nights must yet recede
Ere we can cross this spacious mead,
And bathe our limbs within the pool
Whose waves are ever pure and cool."
Then croaking loud, "Carook caroo!"
He through the village alleys flew,
While all the train, like yelling hounds,
Flew after him with wondrous bounds;

A stalking villager was seen
Far out upon the velvet green,
And when the frog train met his view
He o'er the prairie wildly flew.

Sol rose to his meridian,
Then down the western heavens ran,
And still the frogs went croaking on
Just as they did at morning's dawn.

No rest, although by now the sky
Presented jewels to the eye,
They must with some sweet pool be blessed
Ere they could know one moment's rest.
So on and on and on they flew,
All croaking loud, "Carook caroo!"
Old Nox withdrew her sable pall
And let young morn on *terra* fall,
Yet not for once a moment came
When frog band hurried not the same.

Up rose the sun above the plain
And shot his fiery darts amain,
But not to pierce a silent host
Of frogs that groveled in the dust;
Cachoo still shot full fifty feet;
Each measured stroke he did repeat,
And soon upon their eager eyes
The lake they long had sought did rise.

"All joy!" arose upon the wind
And lingered on the plain behind;
"All joy! the lake of Ninnafoo
We reach at last, carook, caroo!"
The intervening space was crossed
And in the lake each frog was lost.

BARDWELL. KY., December, 1878.

LEAVES OF AUTUMN.

WHIRLING in the wooing breezes,
Yellow, barren, dying, falling,
Come the myriad leaves of autumn
Back into their mother's bosom.
Blushing in the silent woodland,
Day and night emitting fragrance,
Now no more is seen the jasmine,
Fragrant king of all the woodland.
Blushing in their ruby sweetness,
In their flimsy, gay apparel,
Stockings white as snow revealing,
Now are seen no more those maidens,
Round whose haunts our thoughts still linger.

But away upon the mountains,
Where the rocks are gray and craggy,
Where the hickory greets the heavens,
And the chestnut spreads its branches
In defiance to the whirlwinds,
And the vine is twisted, tangled,
Ripened nuts, pawpaws and berries,
Muscadines and grapes and chestnuts,
Hang upon the bending branches,
Waiting calmly but our coming.
Let us bid adieu the schoolroom,
Shut the books we long have studied,
Bid adieu to all but rapture;
Let us seek the silent woodland,
Where are charms that still can soothe us;
There is joy in every forest,

There are pleasures e'en in autumn,
Hanging, smiling, waiting for us.
HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., October 3, 1879.

A FAR-OFF DAY.

TO SARAH.

SWEET as the radiant flowers of May
Are thoughts that oft recall to me
The blisses of a distant day
When I embellished none but thee.

Fair Sarah, if I thee have wronged,
I hope thou'lt deem it not my will;
And why our love was not prolonged,
Just causes are our answers still.

And why we differ none can tell,
None know the cause that made us sever;
But when we took our last farewell,
Alas! I fear it was forever.

Since I no longer may adore
The beauties of thy comely form,
I must recall the bliss of yore
To keep my pining bosom warm.

Though, Sarah, we may yet resume
The love that in our breasts decayed,
I therefore will not yield to gloom,
Nor shall one precious memory fade.

WALLING, TENN., September 17, 1875.

LOVE TORN ASUNDER.

TO SARAH.

I NEVER thought that hearts entwined
Like ours could ever thus be riven
Till friendship's pledge its seat resigned,
And far from thine my own was driven.

Oh! every tie is torn asunder,
And every fondest hope is fled,
And now must grief our bosoms plunder
Like vultures feasting on the dead.

So now we part, I much regret
Thou hadst the power my love to gain;
I only wish we had not met,
I only know our love was vain.

WALLING, TENN., November 20, 1875.

NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO.

WHO's that whining at my bar
In this solemn hour of night?
"It is I from lakelets far,
I am weary in my flight."

Ah! mosquito, lift your wing
Yet to cleave the sable way;
I remember well you bring
Sorrow in your nightly stay.

Once again my dreams restored,
Moments pass me as before;

"Will you lift the net, my lord?"
Breaks my silent dreams once more.

"Will you lift this filmy grate?"
Come the accents sweet, forlorn;
"See, the hour is growing late,
Let me share your bed till morn."

Yes, the net I lift on high,
Sleep and wake with bleeding breast;
Fly, you vile mosquito, fly!
Treacherous elf, you steal my rest.

LONGWOOD, FLA., May 8, 1881.

WAILINGS OF AUTUMN.

DARK clouds are gathering in the sky,
While fierce and loud the mirk winds sigh,
And, shivering in the freshening breeze,
Here stand the naked, moaning trees;
And faintly in the distant west

The thunder rolls as it retires,
And, far beyond the mountain's crest,
Each echo falls and there expires.

The birds with gay and piercing note
No longer on the breezes float;
The myriad flowers that bloomed in May
Before the frosts now wilt away.

The bee has quit the field and dale
And in its dwelling folds its wing
To let the wintry winds prevail

Till March the welcome sun shall bring.

WALLING, TENN., November 12, 1875.

THE NIGHT WINDS HOWL.

THE night winds howl upon my way,
And from the angry cloud
The lightning flashes gild the spray,
And thunders rumble loud.

I feel a raindrop on my brow,
Another—now they pour;
Where shall my head unsheltered bow
Until the storm is o'er?

Not in the woods; O Fate, avert
That I should pass an hour
Where hungry monsters are alert,
- And torrents on me pour!

Impeded by this yielding clay,
What hope can cheer my soul?
What nymph will bear my form away
To where no tempests roll?

No, not a friend will hear my cries
Or know my woe to-night;
Then He alone who rules the skies
Can aid me in my plight.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN., November 20, 1877.

MORNING IN SPRING.

THE gloom of night has disappeared;
Out of the eastern plain
The sun's bright rays are shooting up,
And light the world again.

The soft, sweet zephyr moves along,
With balm upon its wing;
It wooes the warblers back to song,
The roses back to spring.

"*Bob White*" reverberates each hill,
In chorus speaks each tree;
With lowing speaks the kindly cow,
With humming speaks the bee.

The plowman moves to daily toil,
Rejoicing on his way,
And nature smiles refulgently
To see this vernal day.

WALLING, TENN., May 4, 1877.

BEAUTY OF THE SPHERES.

TO EDNA.

GLORIOUS beauty of the spheres,
Thou hast caught my fancied dreams
As the sylphs, when morn appears,
Catch the sun's emitted beams.

Then since thou hast caught my smile,
Lovely wanderer of the lea,
Even in life's darkest aisle,
Wilt thou hear my minstrelsy?

Catch the feelings of my breast
Breathed upon the vernal wind?
Would I not be truly blessed
If my song thy heart should find?

Edna, let me sing to thee
Since my heart is filled with song ;
Hear, oh ! hear my minstrelsy
When the hours seem dark and long.

BARDWELL, KY., May 10, 1878.

MY ARTLESS SONG.

TO EDNA.

AND did my artless song aspire
To melodies that soothed thine ear ?
Methought an urchin's feeble lyre
Could hardly reach so sweet a sphere.

Then let me still pour out my song
If still it find reception there ;
'Tis sweet to sing, though full of wrong,
When song is not all lost in air.

BARDWELL, KY., June 16, 1878.

THE ARTIST'S FEEBLE POWER.

TO EDNA—ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

How feeble the artistic power
That sought to catch the charm
Which lives with thee, e'er blooming flower,
And shields thee from all harm !
The outlines of that form he caught,
And, perfect as it is,
If placed with thee, 'twould fade to naught
And crush that fame of his.

But let me gaze upon it still,
And think its visage thine;
'Twill soothe, while toiling up life's hill,
To keep that shade with mine,
'Twill soothe in life's beclouded way
Thy gentle smile to see,
Though it exist a lifeless ray,
Resigned by all but me.

And when the frosts of age descend
Upon each glistening lock,
And thou approach thine earthly end,
Time's flight this shade will mock;
And when, my lovely wand'rer, thou
Hast parted from this sphere,
This will remain a witching show
To tell that thou wast here.

BARDWELL, KY., July 10, 1878.

MINE IS ETERNITY.

(Soliloquy of a dying soldier imprisoned at Vera Cruz,
Mexico.)

PROSTRATE here, my fevered breast
Knows no ease, my hours no rest;
Night and morning roll away,
Here I lie from day to day;
Every night, ere it can pass,
Seems as though it were the last.

Now the morning sun hath risen,
Welcome to this cruel prison,
Ere the night's dark vale was drawn
Thought I ne'er should see the dawn;

Now I bless the radiant light,
It has conquered tardy night;
With it comes a sweet relief,
I am freed from half my grief,
But each morning finds me here
Weaker grown with fevers sear.

Many a gloomy night and day
I have whiled the time away
Striding round this narrow room
In the sunlight, in the gloom;
Would I now some strength could claim
That I still might do the same!
Oft I've climbed this wall and viewed
Far out on the rolling flood,
Seen some mighty steamer move
Off to lands I so much love;
Then I sighed for friends and home,
Sighed for what did never come.
There I've stood remem'bring well
Events of my native dell,
Looming up in memory's eye
I could see my mountains high.
I ne'er thought my home so dear
Till I was imprisoned here;
Would my friends and early home
Back to me could once more come!
But those happy days are o'er,
They'll return to me no more;
Let these earthly yearnings fly,
Mine must be eternity.

WALLING, TENN., May 14, 1880.

THE ORB OF DAY.

TO MAGGIE—WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THE blazing orb of day has quit the sky,
How dim the other spheres while flamed his light!
But back his burning shafts are seen to fly,
And Heaven is lighted, yet this vale is bright.
Thus be your course, O happy mortal sphere!
While in your zenith let your virtuous light
So fill this realm that, though you disappear,
That light may live behind as sweetly bright.
IRVING COLLEGE, TENN., February 15, 1882.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

O MOON! you are setting to Rome,
And kissing old Pisa good night;
You play with the ocean's wild foam,
But me you just reach with your light.
O moon! yet how generous the light
You throw to this world from your throne!
Still watch us and guide us by night,
Though we know you've no light of your own.
So men sometimes stand by the way
And speak in a love-giving tone,
Thus changing the night into day,
Though men have no light of their own;
For every good thing that is seen,
Or word that brings joy to the home,
Is but a reflection, I ween,
Of things in that Heaven to come.
SUMMITVILLE, TENN., June 10, 1882,

TO MY SPHINX,—THE SILENT EDITOR.

(Setting forth some trials of the young Author.)

SAY, what do you want, Mr. Editor?

My sphinx of the modern time,
You speak not a word and you smile not a smile,
Though I send you my stories and rhyme.

I dress up my thoughts in their very best clothes,
And rush them around to your door;
In a fortnight or so they are hurried right back,
Or I hear of their fate nevermore.

Now what is it wrong, Mr. Editor?
The sphinx you have played long enough;
Is it blood or the hearts of all men that you want?
Neither story nor song is the stuff.

I'd call up the spirit of Byron, but then
That ghost would be surely too weak;
I'd hunt up the pen of Bob Burns, but alas!
That could not induce you to speak.

But why don't you speak, Mr. Editor?
You're driving me mad, don't you see?
I verily believe, like old Judas of old,
I'll hang myself soon to a tree.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 30, 1905.

LAST NIGHT OF 1877.

ANOTHER year goes fleeting by,
And leaves no trace behind
Save marks of care above the eye,
And moaning in the wind.

The night is dark, the moon is gone,
The clouds are big with snow,
And I, dejected and alone,
Watch moments come and go.

It seems so short a time since June,
Or e'en the month of May ;
I hardly saw one cloudless noon
Ere all had passed away.

Thus fade the days of life, alas !
We scarce begin to live,
When all our morns and evenings pass,
And life to death we give.

DARKEY SPRINGS, TENN.

OLD WINTER ON HIS THRONE.

HIGH amid his icy train,
Wrapped in driving sleet and rain,
With a heart as hard as stone,
Sits Old Winter on his throne.

At his nod the tempests rave
Out on Ocean's frigid wave ;
Then from sea to mountain go,
Strowing all the world with snow.

All the little brooks that strayed
In the sunshine and the shade
Now are silent in their bed,
Torpid, frozen, seeming dead ;

And the very mountains seem
Chilled and lulled into a dream;
See their lofty summits now
Seethed in storm and crowned with snow

Spring, the season's lovely queen,
Would not, dares not now be seen;
No, if she should now appear,
Winter would her tresses tear.

WALLING, TENN., January 14, 1877.

YOUTHFUL REVERIES.

SOME mountain fay may strike his lyre
Until the forest know his name,
But mine I strike to love and fire
Until the chords are wrapped in flame.
Awake, awake, ye silent hills!
I touch the string to love and song;
Give ear, ye vales and murm'ring rills!
The burning notes help to prolong.

O hills and mountains, long my lyre
Here at your feet hath lowly hung,
And there its music did expire
And there its dying song was sung!
But now comes back into its soul
The vital force it once possessed;
And now its notes of music roll
As though it were by Heaven blessed.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., May 2, 1876.

ON A TENNESSEE HILL.

ON a Tennessee hill I am sitting
In the weird, dancing rays of the night,
While round me the night birds are flitting
And seem to rejoice in their flight.
Before me a river is rolling
Whose banks teem with many a flower;
In a steeple the watchman is tolling
The old bell that tells us the hour.

The beautiful Luna is winking
From her throne in the regions above;
The gems of her mantle are blinking
And dropping their radiance of love;
A cloud in the distance is rising,
But a bright silver lining is shown;
No lightning or thunder surprising
From that snow-crested beauty is thrown.

The landscape a zephyr is wooing,
Sweet nectar I taste in its kiss;
What being of earth could be ruing
On such an occasion as this?
And yet not the beauties here given
Can claim every thought I possess;
I think of the beauties of Heaven,
The home of the One who can bless.

My reflections are winged unto Jesus,
Who dwells in Elysium bright,
The Being who loves us and sees us
In darkness as well as in light.

I think of his goodness and power
As shown in his gentle commands,
Of his love as revealed in the flower
And all the great works of his hands.

His voice is revealed in the thunder,
His glance in the lightnings that play;
How truly my soul's filled with wonder
To think of his infinite sway!
The planets in space that are rolling
In his power forever have been,
And yet us frail creatures he's calling
To come from the abyss of sin.

Sometimes I wish pinions were given
To carry me on like the dove,
I'd wing my fain spirit to Heaven
And bathe in his ocean of love;
To mingle congenial forever
In pleasures we know not below,
To be with the bountiful Giver
Of life and his blessings to know.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., April 24, 1877.

I GAVE MY HARP TO SORROW.

I GAVE my harp to sorrow
When first I struck its chords,
And still each dawning morrow
Adds sorrow to its words.

A blight of hope it speaketh
To ears that hear it not;

To sing of woe that wreaketh
Still, still must be its lot.
O sorrow! let your reign be
Some gentler if you will;
Despair, oh! let your strain be
Some smother in its trill.

Mt. PISGAH, TENN., April 23, 1877.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(From Mal. iv. 2.)

O SINNER! whose unguided feet
Still stray from love divine,
Avert that dreadful fortune which
May soon or late be thine.
Not unto thee if thou wilt strike
The devil's lyric strings,
The Sun of Righteousness will rise
With healing in his wings.
The righteous man has naught to fear,
No sins to be forgiven;
Earth's hopes and fears are but to cheer
Him on his way to Heaven.
To him who hears the sacred Word
And to its teachings clings,
The Sun of Righteousness will rise
With healing in his wings.
Recede, recede, each tempting phase
Of sin that leads me on!
Let heavenly light, with piercing rays,
Upon thy path be shown.

For unto him who loves his name
And to his teaching clings,
The Sun of Righteousness will rise
With healing in his wings.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., April 30, 1877.

I OFFERED YOU MY LOVE

TO ANN.

I OFFERED you my love one day
In truth and not for show,
And then you turned your head away
And coolly answered "No!"

What made you change within an hour
And strike that hateful blow?
Because 'twas then within your power,
Why did you answer "No?"

To offer you the boon of love
Was no offense, I know;
Then how could you the same reprove
By coolly saying "No!"

Perhaps you thought my love untrue
And that you'd give me woe;
Perhaps the word is sweet to you
That makes the echo "No!"

And now there's anger in your words
Which like a torrent flow;
Those words are like two-edged swords,—
They pierce the heart with *no*.

And was it any joy to you
To strike so fierce a blow?
Was there a spark of solace true
For you in answering "No?"

Good-by awhile! And when I come
To pay the debt I owe,
I guess that you, if found at home,
Won't think of saying "No!"

WALLING, TENN., April 15, 1877.

NO FAULT IN THEE.

TO MARY.*

ERE I beheld that eye where beams
Unsullied love and spotless truth,
Methought I saw within my dreams
An earthly beauty filled with youth.

I saw thee, though youth had departed
With half its dreams of bliss and love;
Thou hadst not changed, but still kind-hearted,
And fair and gentle as a dove.

And since that hour in which I met thee,
I've found thee true and unforsaking;
No causes have I to regret thee,
For love thy heart hath been partaking.

Dear lady, often have I thought
Thou wast designed for only me;
And this I say, because I ought,
Sweet girl, I find no fault in thee.

MT. PISGAH, TENN., June 3, 1876.

*This Mary was not Marietta.

SUFFER IT TO BE.

TO MARY.

LADY, who dwell'st among the rocky steeps
Which rise and grandly face the western sky,
Whose house is where the bear unhunted sleeps
And deep-toned owls by night ne'er shut an eye,—
Shall I not in this hour remember thee
Who once could bless me with such constant love,
Whose counsel will pursue where'er I flee,
And still the kindness of thy bosom prove?
Once we could meet and clasp in shady bowers
And gad from rock to rock, from hill to hill,
Or pass away the swiftly flying hours
Within the glen where all save us was still.
No foe was lurking near to hear our vows,
Or blight the joy that filled our bosoms then;
Not e'en the blackbird, from his vine-clad boughs,
Perceived us, such the aspect of the glen.
Those moments with their happy scenes have sped,
And life has come with all its bitter woes;
My footsteps from thy mountains long have fled,
And now I rest where Mississippi flows.
A land of strangers now must be my home,
Far from the friends whose love I deemed so pure;
And thou, alas! to me canst never come
To bless me in the cares I must endure.
But suffer it to be; contentment broods
Wherever fortune grants to me a home;
Here I can wander through the mossy woods,
Here over meadows, rocks and ridges roam.

O'er lake and river often in my hoy
I glide along, regardless of the wind;
Why should I not be here resigned to joy
As when my peace was to thy smiles confined?

But then there is a grief which haunts me here,—
Thy smiles and once commanding voice are gone;
None, love, save strangers, now my bosom cheer—
With them I now must rove or rove alone.
Roam on, sweet girl, who once possessed my love,
Roam on through vale and glen, o'er rock and lea;
My lot is cast afar, where I must rove
And seek contentment, though bereft of thee.

BARDWELL, KY., December 12, 1878.

LOVE A RIVER.

Love's a river; when emerging
Feeble truly is its force;
Little streamlets first converging,
Carelessly it takes its course.

On it moves, the little fountain,
Swelled by brooklet, dew and rain,
Till it rushes down the mountain,
Rolls a river o'er the plain.

On its way are many crosses,
Over rocks and falls must go;
Then again no billow tosses,
On in peace the waters flow.

Love's a river, rolling ever,
And, like others, it must be
Sometimes lost amid the desert,
Sometimes mingled with the sea.

ROLAND, TENN., September 3, 1879.

LOST IN A CAVE.

IN a cavern's deep recesses
Where proud nature but distresses,
Where these gloomy walls and river
Make our inmost spirits quiver,
Where our wailings for assistance
Have a deep, unheard existence;
Lost to friends who cannot trace us
To the cell where rocks embrace us,—
Thus we wander, nearly frantic,
In this cave, 'mid scenes romantic.
Soon our lights will be extinguished,
Then all hope must be relinquished,
Then what can we do but wander
Up and down this room and ponder,
Praying to the blessed Giver
Until death our souls deliver?
Ah! the light is waning, blinking,
Steadily its glow is sinking;
See, the shades are growing denser,
Walls and rocks appear immenser,
But, O joy! ere all is over,
We the welcome way discover.

WALLING, TENN., January 26, 1879.

THE BIRDS THAT CHEERED.

THE birds that cheered the leafy bowers
Have twittered out their strain,
And, like the sweet ephemeral flowers,
Returned to Heaven again.

The gaudy robes the forest wore
In summer's sultry glare
The ruthless hand of autumn tore,
And scattered everywhere.

The pigeon, from the mountain flown,
A warmer region finds,
And through each dark hiatus moan
The dread hyemal winds.

Each brooklet, river, lake, lagoon,
Reveals a glacial mien,
And clouds by night, which veil the moon,
Add darkness to the scene.

But wherefore sigh at winter's reign?
Let's hail his icy stay;
We'd hate the summer's gaudy train
If it ne'er passed away.

BARDWELL, KY., December 12, 1878.

THOSE MOMENTS.

WHENE'ER those moments reappear
Which sweetly sped in days gone by,
I will not weep e'en though a tear
Of sorrow rushes to my eye;

For they, alas! like other things
On which we dote with foolish care
Flew by me then on rapid wings
To leave behind a dark despair.

My hope of that far day is gone,—
My Mary whom I loved so well;
Ah! scarcely was her beauty known
When fate descended to repel.
Apart we wander, and no more
These hapless eyes can see her face;
The sooner now this life is o'er
The sooner ends this wretched race.

BARDWELL, KY., October 12, 1878.

ROAMING FOREVER.

Over hill and glassy meadow,
Through the green and shady wood,
By the clear, meandering river,
And the fisher's lone abode;
Over spreading fields and prairies,
In the mountain's cutting air,—
Oh! that I could roam forever
Free from life's perplexing care.

Through the streets of mighty cities,
On the railroad's clattering car,
On the deep and windy ocean
Where the billows wage their war;
Then among the clouds of heaven
In the balloon's car to ride,—

Oh! that I could roam forever
With my loved one by my side.

It is mine o'er earth to wander,
Mine earth's wondrous things to see;
But, alas! how fortune shuns me!
With my love I cannot be.
Yet why should I seem dejected
Though she bend not to my will?
Love is not denied in Heaven,
And my prayers are answered still.

Heaven bless her while I wander
Though I ne'er may see her more!
Guide her in the paths of virtue
Till this earthly life is o'er!
Though apart on earth we wander,
Though her love no more is mine,
On the golden streets of Heaven
May I see her beauties shine!

BARDWELL, KY., October 6, 1878.

MY AFFECTIONATE SIS.

TO ALTAMIRA, OR SIS.

My affectionate Sis, it can't be amiss
To demolish the rust of my pen,
While the stars in the skies are blinking their eyes,
And the old clock is telling us ten.

My pen was forgotten until its stock's rotten
And my ink is all druggy or dry,
And my poor sickly lyre long since did expire
With a moaning as sad as a sigh.

But this I awake for only thy sake
And shake up the drugs of my ink,
And call thee again to my unpolished brain,
As the moon looks afar with a wink.

Since I was forsaken and storms have o'ertaken,
And now that I'm not very well,
I've forgotten how to write in such stillness of night,
And almost forgotten how to spell.

With firmness I'll say in my own simple way
That thou art an amethyst rare;
And why I say this, my affectionate Sis,
Is because thou art matchlessly fair.

Yet if I should write my queer thoughts to-night
Wouldst thou, in all firmness, believe me?
Or reject each vow with a wrinkled brow
And think that I strive to deceive thee?

I know with true pleasure thou art a great treasure
Whom heavenly kindness hath given,
That thou art too fair such faint bliss to share
And ought to be carried to Heaven.

Yes, Heaven doth claim thee, and I could not blame
thee
To rise and fly heavenward so far,
But earth could not spare an angel so fair,
So I truly believe there'd be war.

But if thou shouldst go and leave us below
All earth would be lonely and sad;
For nothing could cheer our broken hearts here,
And we would in sackcloth be clad,

My doubly dear Sis, can it be amiss
 To speak of thy heavenly beauty?
 Then believe that I, with a smile and a sigh,
 Am only discharging my duty.

The enigma to me I have oft tried to see
 Is why thou wert placed here on earth,
 When I do believe and even conceive
 That thou art of heavenly birth.

Sis, there have been none since earth was begun
 Whom I love, whom I cherish like thee;
 And oft in my dreams thou art with me, it seems,
 But, alas! this is all that's for me.

My girl, I've long thought that cruel fates ought
 Ne'ermore to induce us to sever;
 If apart we are driven in our journey to Heaven,
 Let us claim love and friendship forever.

May hearts that repine ne'er give sorrow to thine,
 May pangs in thy bosom be few;
 But I must impart with a sorrowful heart
 To-night an affectionate adieu.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., September 25, 1875.

THAT PARTING WORD "FAREWELL."

TO ALTAMIRA.

WHAT word can fill the soul with sadness
 And cause the heart to swell,
 And thus destroy our earthly gladness,
 More than the word "farewell?"

Yet when I think of former bliss
Which time no more may tell,
May I not be too sad in this
Eternal word "farewell?"

Eternal? no, may it not be
Placed in my heart to dwell;
How could I ever breathe to thee
That parting word "farewell?"

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., November 6, 1875.

'TIS DONE.

TO ALTAMIRA.

'Tis done, dear girl, our youthful love!
Its fondest ray fades in my breast,
And I, like some lone, mateless dove,
Have neither friends nor place to rest.

And you were once my fondest hope,
The object of my youthful care;
Then how can you reject my love,
And anguish give you will not share?

Is this of love the final close?
Of hope the fondest, last adieu?
The pang which now my bosom knows
Adds fresh regret and sorrow, too.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., December 30, 1875.

THAT BEAMING EYE.

TO ALTAMIRA.

If, sometimes wand'ring by the brink
Of Venus' specious, crystal stream,
I lower my thirsty lips to drink,
I'm startled as from nightly dream;
For there I see that beaming eye
Bespeaking all it spoke of yore,
Recalling scenes of revelry
And votive plights, to be no more.

I see thee in my nightly stroll
In each sweet halo of the sky,
I see thee mirrored in my soul
Bedecked with love that cannot die;
But, oh! how sad the living troth,
That I can know thee but in fancies!
My wearied soul is ever loth
To know but what my thought enhances.

BARDWELL, KY., February 8, 1878.

THE HAND OF WAR.

WHERE the hand of war its wrecks has strown
And the shouts of victory long have gone,
Where a river's waves ne'er cease to lave
The sandy shore and the grasses wave,
And a sun in its glory long has shone,
Lies a locomotive wrecked and lone.

The track is gone and the bridge is crushed,
And this engine's scream has long been hushed;

The wheels that revolved with lightning's speed
And hurried a train o'er hill and mead
Are broken now, and the eating rust
Has screened them o'er with its yellow dust.

The valves are closed and the wreaths of smoke
The clouds and sky no longer mock;
The spirit is gone that used to thrill
The bosom with awe, and now how chill
The cylinder's touch! A lifeless heap
Is this engine now in its endless sleep.

There still hangs the bell whose clanging tone
Rang out by night on the mountains lone,
Or waked from sleep in the valley drear
The weary tramp or the trembling deer;
But the hand that rang it, like this heap,
Has sunk to decay in death's cold sleep.

I come to review, ere the day be past,
The wreck of rebellion's deadly blast;
Here strown o'er the plain are grassy mounds
Where soldiers repose in their narrow bounds;
Sleep on, ye wrecks of contending might!
Night's shadows are gathering, good night! good night!

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., August 25, 1879.

CEVILIA IN THE SKY.

CEVILIA, in the clouded skies,
Thence for some wee offenses driven,
With tingling hands and tearful eyes,
Is picking now the geese of Heaven.

Last night the moon and stars were bright,
And glowed like gaslights in the skies ;
But, clouded by the feathers' flight,
To-night they fail to greet our eyes.

How fast Cevilia's fingers move
As now the screaming geese she shifts !
Whene'er she picks the geese above
The down, like clouds of vapor, drifts.

Some wise philosophers may show
That snow is mist congealed in air,
Nor once, from observation know,
'Tis but Cevilia's feathers there.

Once o'er this world's delightful roads
Cevilia trod with beaming eyes,
But, for offenses to the gods,
Fate sent her weeping to the skies ;

And when the earth puts on her shroud
Of darkness and the north wind wakes,
Cevilia sits within the cloud
And strows abroad the feathery flakes.

WALLING, TENN., February 28, 1879.

SEARCH FOR MY LOVE.

TO K—— L——.

IN Northwest, e'en to lake's far shore,
'Mid rain and trying wind,
The roads I've wandered o'er and o'er
My truest love to find.

The house that sheathed from nights of fear,
The prairie, field and hill
Where thou didst wander, now appear,
But thou art wanting still.

Though in distress, thy beauties shone
In this deserted hall;
Though long ere this thy shade has gone
Which graced this crumbling wall;

Though tide of dark eternal years
Will roll ere thou once more
Shalt view this scene, and shed those tears
Thou oft didst shed before,—

How sacred is the sullen gloom
Which now that home appalls!
Blest be each dark and silent room,
Though it in ruins falls.

They sheltered thee when infancy
And early youth were thine,
When all save loving parents thee
To lowness did consign.

Not thou, but thy paternal friend
That darkened o'er thy name;
Thine and thy brother's to the end
Are blessed with spotless fame.

And while this world I wander o'er,
This long and dubious road,
How sweet to linger on the shore
Thy infant feet have trod!

Here lashes still against the shore
The wave thy steamer pressed ;
From thy nativity it bore
Thee on thy mother's breast ;

And when some future years had come,
Triumphant o'er those ills,
Thou bad'st adieu this distant home
And sought'st thy native hills.

Yes, many a year has passed since thou
By this dark river stood,
And, loved one, thou hast bloomed ere now
To perfect womanhood.

Then while sweet joy thy bosom fills
And friends 'tis thine to see,
While wandering 'mid thy native hills,
Wilt thou remember me?

Remember one who now must rove
Though tempests swell his sea,
Whose heart is long resigned to love
And thoughts are fixed on thee.

Nay, when my name thine ear shall greet,
One thought of what we were,
Of when we parted, or shall meet,
May give thine eye a tear ;

But lest an eye that tear perceive,
An ear should hear that name,
All thoughts of him thou'lt quickly leave
And revel on the same.

Since far away those mountains hoar
Thy beaming beauties hold,
In roving where thou'dst dwelt before
My heart shall be consoled.

CAIRO, ILL., January 15, 1880.

THE WINTRY BLAST.

JUST listen to the wintry blast
As o'er the barren hills it sweeps,—
Plaintive and weird as if to cast
A sigh where each dead lily sleeps.
And list to the murmur of Caney Fork's tide,
As the silvery waves on its bosom now ride;
Listen, how soft are the throbs that awake,
As swiftly the waters o'er rocky beds roam!
Sweet notes to the weary they constantly make
As they seek their eternal and fathomless home.

WALLING, TENN., October 11, 1875.

MY BARK IS WAITING.

TO MILLIE.

How many weary days must come
Before I see your face,
Before I greet you at your home,
And know your loved embrace!

My bark is waiting, love, to fly
Across the waters wide;
But Montezuma's Sea is high,
I cannot stem the tide.

How fast the mountain billows come,
Tossed wildly by the gale!
While madly thus they heap their foam
No seaman spreads his sail.

Behold a flame that quits the sky
And flies along the sea;
With deadly penetrating eye
It tracks the way for me.

And yet I would not quit this shore
Were tempests half as high;
I never saw such seas before,
Such blazes in the sky.

Until some other days have passed
Here must my dwelling be;
Then, heedless of the midnight blast,
I'll steer my bark to sea.

Then let me with the billows cope
That yearn to be my grave;
I'll triumph, prompted by the hope
We'll meet beyond the wave.

Then, when some other days have sped,
Look o'er your western plain,
And know, though tempest's power be dread,
I struggle with the main;

And by the favoring smiles of Heaven,
Which even mine may be,
Ere one brief season more be given
We'll meet beyond the sea.

TAMPA, FLA., May 3, 1881.

FITTING TYPE OF YOU.

TO MILLIE, ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

It has not yet been mine to trace
The beauties that adorn your face,
But here I gaze upon a form
Which, more than mortal, bears a charm,
Here do I look upon an eye
As witching as the evening sky,
A speaking lip, a pleasing brow,
Whose aspect bids my spirit bow.
Oh! if this lovely shade I view
Be but a fitting type of you,
If this beloved, bespeaking eye
Whose depths, so like the evening sky,
Be pictured from that living one
I never yet have looked upon,—
Then take me hence, I'll not forego
Those blessings I've so longed to know;
Those beauties I so yearn to see
I'd know in sweet reality,
This silence we would truly break,
And in unbroken raptures speak.

O friend! you are not now removed
So far but you are truly loved;
What though these lengthy years have stood
Between us like a mighty flood?
What if I never yet have seen,
Save in this shade, your lovely mien?
I do not love you less, for love
Has wings that through all spaces move.

Oft have I seen, in waters blue,
A picture that resembled you;
Oft have I fancied, in the wood,
Your graceful form before me stood;
But here these lips reproving speak
And tell me mine's a fancy weak.

Then let me gaze, no mortal dies
Unhappy, this before his eyes;
It fills a vacuum I have felt
While all these years their strokes have dealt;
But wait, these days will soon depart,
And I shall press you to my heart.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., September 21, 1881.

THREE LITTLE BOATS.

THREE little boats went out to sea,
But neither one bore you or me;
Three little white wings waved good-by
And sailed straight into the Southern sky.

Three little boats were draped in night
Out on a sea of foaming white,
Three little sailors watched the way
All through the night till break of day.

Out on a rosy sea one morn
Three little boats were onward borne;
Three little boats at eve were seen
Anchored safe 'mid the tropics green.

Far from the Northland dropped their sails,
Far from the reach of snows and gales;
No more in icy seas to roam,
Three little boats had found a home.

PENSACOLA, FLA., February 12, 1907.

O MEN OF WOE!

TO THE SOUTHERN POETS.

NEGLECTED men and crushed, O men of woe!
Whose lights were seen not, though they lit our way,
There scarcely yet is seen an afterglow
To tell us of that light,—our glorious day.
The South is blind; we waste no smile or word
To cheer our own, though sink they in despair;
Old and New England call, and they are heard,
But ne'er a bard who breathed the South's pure air.
O Southland bards! O men of woe! one day
The men who crush thee will repent, and then
The world will hear thy long-neglected lay,
Thy songs will be the joy and pride of men.
NASHVILLE, TENN., March 8, 1879.

*FAREWELL TO MY MUSE.**

O MUSE! you have sung of the dark-rolling flood,
While my footsteps were roving afar;
You have courted the shades of the deep-slumbering
wood,
And gleamed with the light of a star.

*Closing poem in "Roving Footsteps."

We have stood on the brink of old Cumberland's
height,

Where the rocks were cleft, barren and steep;
We have roved hand in hand, at the dawning of light,
Through valleys romantic and deep.

But now you forsake me, farewell, gentle Muse!

I'll wander through nature alone;
What species of song can my fancy diffuse
Since now your sweet guidance is gone?
Stay not, gentle Muse, in the courts of the sky,
For your parting has left me forlorn;
'Mid rocks of the mountain I'll linger and sigh
Till blessed by your welcome return.

HORSESHOE BEND, TENN., January 20, 1879.

